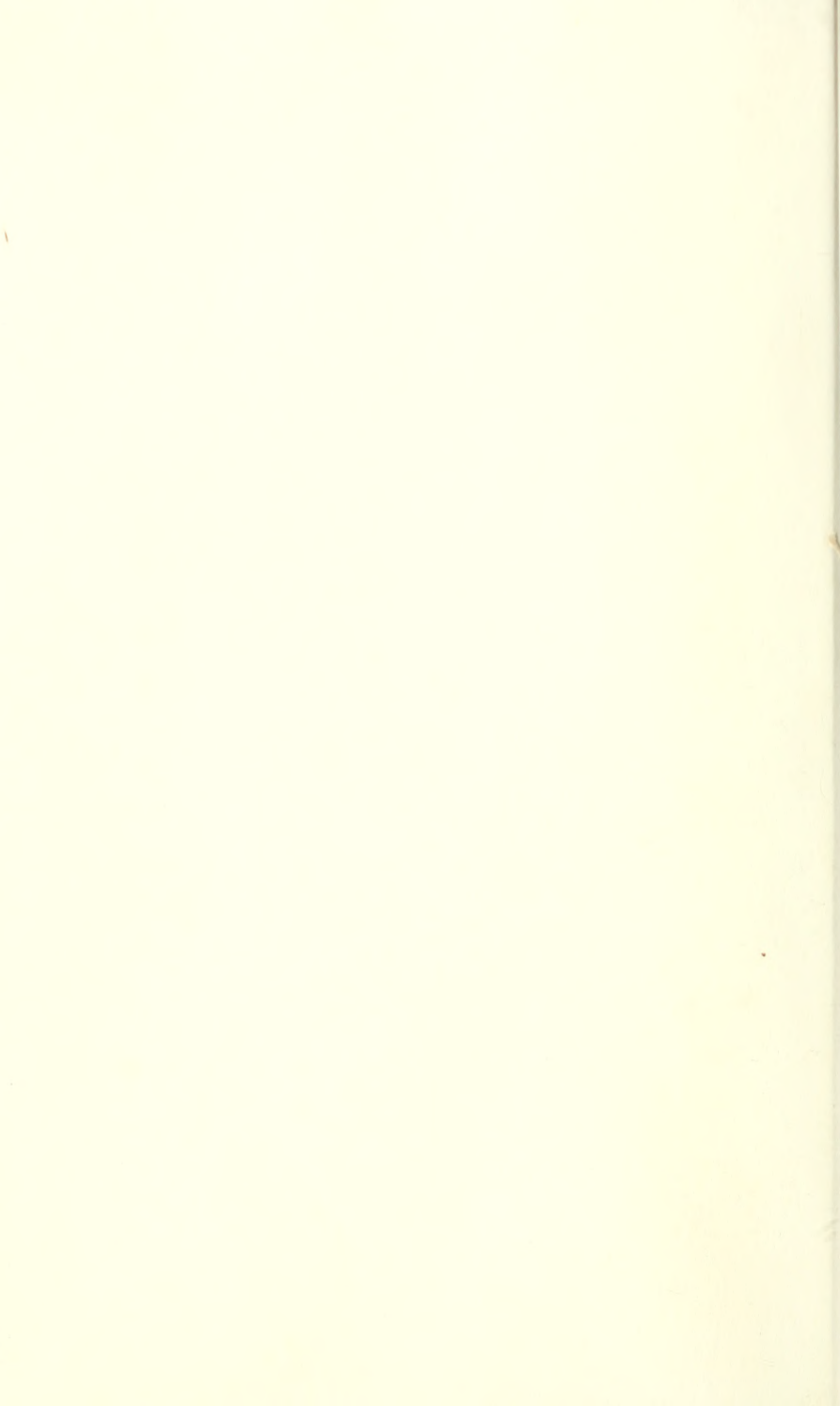




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REPORT
OF THE
Royal Society of Literature,
20, HANOVER SQUARE, W.
AND
LIST OF FELLOWS.
1907.

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Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom.

Founded in 1825 by H.M. King George the Fourth.

Patron.

1901. *HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.*

COUNCIL AND OFFICERS FOR 1907-8.

President.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HALSBURY, F.R.S.

Vice-Presidents.

REV. THE MASTER OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, D.D.

SIR EDWARD BRABROOK, C.B., V.-P.S.A.

J. S. PHÉNÉ, Esq., LL.D., F.S.A.

THE BARON DE WORMS, F.S.A.

JAMES CURTIS, Esq., F.S.A.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD AMHERST OF HACKNEY, F.S.A.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G.

J. HENNIKER HEATON, Esq., M.P.

REV. H. G. ROSEDALE, M.A., D.D., F.S.A.

M. H. SPIELMANN, Esq., F.S.A.

Council.

PERCY W. AMES, Esq., LL.D., F.S.A.

THE VEN. ARCHDEACON BEVAN, M.A.

S. H. BUTCHER, Esq., M.P., D.LITT.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD COLLINS, LL.D., D.C.L.

REV. F. STJOHN CORBETT, M.A., F.R.HIST.S.

PROF. W. J. COURTHOPE, C.B., D.LITT.

EMANUEL GREEN, Esq., F.S.A.

REV. A. A. HARLAND, M.A., F.S.A.

H. M. IMBERT-TERRY, Esq.

PROF. J. W. MACKAIL, M.A., LL.D.

JOHN MURRAY, Esq., M.A.

PHILIP H. NEWMAN, Esq., R.B.A., F.S.A.

E. H. PEMBER, Esq., K.C., M.A.

G. W. PROTHERO, Esq., D.LITT.

ROBERT W. RAMSEY, Esq.

R. INIGO TASKER, Esq.

Officers.

Treasurer.—SIR EDWARD BRABROOK, C.B.

Hon. Foreign Secretary.—REV. H. G. ROSEDALE, M.A., D.D., F.S.A.

Secretary and Librarian.—PERCY W. AMES, Esq., LL.D., F.S.A.

Auditors.—{ ERNEST KIVER, Esq., F.R.C.O., A.R.A.M.
{ BARON PERCY DE WORMS.

PN
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Ser. 2
v. 28

Royal Society of Literature.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

APRIL 24TH, 1907.

IN the unavoidable absence of the RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HALSBURY, SIR EDWARD BRABROOK, C.B., *Vice-President*, took the Chair.

THE Notice convening the Meeting was read by the Secretary. The Minutes of the Anniversary Meeting of 1906 were read and signed. The following was presented as the—

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

THE Council of the Royal Society of Literature have the honour to report that since the last Anniversary Meeting, held on April 25th, 1906, there have been the following changes in, and additions to, the number of Fellows of the Society.

They have to announce the loss by death of—

PROFESSOR DR. DIETRICH KERLER, of the University of Wurzburg (elected Foreign Honorary Fellow 1905).

REV. CANON MACCOLL, D.D. (Fellow 1867–8–9; re-elected 1902).

REV. ERNEST HILL, M.A. (elected 1893).

And by resignation of—

DR. H. B. BAILDON.

On the other hand, they have much pleasure in announcing the election as Ordinary Fellows of—

REV. CANON BEECHING, D.LITT.

REGINALD BLONFIELD, ESQ., A.R.A., F.S.A.

CORNELIUS BROWN, ESQ., F.S.A.

S. H. BUTCHER, ESQ., M.P., D.LITT.

BASIL CHAMPNEYS, ESQ., B.A.

A. A. R. CHINAPPA, ESQ., M.C.P.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD COLLINS, LL.D., D.C.L.

PROFESSOR W. J. COURTHOPE, C.B., D.LITT.

W. L. COURTNEY, ESQ., LL.D.

AUSTIN DOBSON, ESQ., LL.D.

JOHN DE GREY DOWNING, ESQ., B.A.

SIR CHARLES ELIOT, C.B., K.C.M.G.

PRINCIPAL FAIRBAIRN, D.D.

W. WARDE FOWLER, ESQ., M.A.

HIS HIGHNESS THE RULING PRINCE OF BARODA.

- THE RIGHT HON. LORD BURGHCLERE, P.C., D.L.
 SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, F.R.S., F.G.S., D.C.L.,
 D.Sc., LL.D.
 EDMUND GOSSE, Esq., LL.D.
 W. H. HADOW, Esq., M.A.
 THOMAS HARDY, Esq., LL.D., J.P.
 REV. W. A. HEARD, M.A., LL.D.
 REV. CANON HENSLEY HENSON, B.D.
 MAURICE HEWLETT, Esq.
 G. HUMPHREYS-DAVIES, Esq.
 SIDNEY LEE, Esq., D.LITT.
 REV. THE HON. EDWARD LYTTTELTON, M.A.
 PROFESSOR J. W. MACKAIL, LL.D.
 PROFESSOR A. S. MACKENZIE, M.A.
 E. R. NORRIS MATHEWS, Esq., F.R.HIST.S.
 PROFESSOR J. E. B. MAYOR, D.C.L., LL.D.
 JOHN MURRAY, Esq., M.A.
 E. H. PEMBER, Esq., K.C., M.A.
 F. W. PEMBER, Esq.
 SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, Bt., LL.D., D.C.L.
 HENRY PROCTOR, Esq., M.R.A.S.
 G. W. PROTHERO, Esq., D.LITT.
 PROFESSOR G. G. RAMSAY, LL.D., D.LITT.
 THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON, D.D.
 THE REV. THE WARDEN OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.
 THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH,
 OXFORD.
 THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY, D.D.

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF
OXFORD.

A. W. VERRALL, ESQ., D.LITT.

A. B. WALKLEY, ESQ., B.A.

THOMAS HUMPHREY WARD, ESQ.

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, ESQ.

THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,
D.D.

J. C. WRIGHT, ESQ.

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE WYNDHAM, M.P., D.C.L.

Since the last Anniversary Meeting the following "Transactions" have been issued to the Fellows: Vol. xxvii, parts i, ii, and iii.

A *facsimile* of an autograph MS. of *Christabel*, by S. T. Coleridge, with an excursus and textual and other notes, by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, is now ready, and will be presented to each Fellow of the Society. The work is published for the Society by Mr. Henry Frowde.

The Balance-sheet for 1906, showing the financial state of the Society, after being laid on the table for the information of the Fellows, is printed with this Report as follows:

Royal Society of Literature.

Dr. CASH ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1906. Cr.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Balance forward	...	...	117 19 3	By Rent and House Charges	...	...	251 15 9
Dividends on Investments	...	...	213 11 8	Salaries and Commissions	...	...	152 2 0
Entrance Fees and Compositions	...	...	78 15 0	Stationery and Postages	...	...	29 9 11
Subscriptions	...	...	256 4 0	Printing...	...	...	50 5 6
Sale of Publications	...	...	14 0 5	Library	...	...	10 18 0
Sale of Books from Library	...	...	56 10 3	Balance—Cash at Bank and in hand...	...	...	276 1 7
H. Direk's Bequest	...	...	33 12 2				
			£770 12 9				£770 12 9

Vouchers produced. Examined and found correct.
 April 19th, 1907.
 ERNEST KIVER,
 PERCY G. DE WORMS.

BALANCE-SHEET, DECEMBER 31st, 1906.

<i>Liabilities.</i>		£	s.	d.	<i>Assets.</i>		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Amount owing for Rent	...	...	57	10	0	By Investments—						
Entrance Fees received in 1906	...	...	...	...	78	15	0	£200 India 3½ per cent. Stock,	203	5	0	
Dr. Richards' Fund at date, viz.—	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1931 ...	...	...	...	...
Principal as estimated, and ac-	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	£1659 2s. 11d. Queensland 4 per	...	...	...	...
cumulated interest, brought	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	cent. Stock, 1924 ...	1766	19	10	...
forward	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	£1667 7s. 7d. Victoria 4 per	...	...	...	...
Interest received in 1905	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	cent. Stock, 1881 ...	1667	7	7	...
Sales of Publications ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	£2119 10s. Canada 4 per cent.	...	...	...	...
								Stock, 1904 ...	2140	13	11	...
									...	...	...	5778 6 4
Decreased Value of								Cash at Bankers ...	...	...	...	267 9 10
Investments ... £97 0 0								Stock of Publications (as estimated) ...	...	...	...	250 0 0
Paid out towards ex-								Dr. Richards' Fund, Investments, and Cash—	...	...	...	...
penses of New Pub-								£500 Consols ...	428	2	6	...
lications ... 58 6 8								£1800 Metropolitan 3½ per cent.	...	...	...	...
								Stock ...	1809	0	0	...
								£200 India 3½ per cent. Stock...	203	5	0	...
Balance, being surplus at 31st Dec., 1906								Cash at Bankers ...	242	17	9	...
									...	...	...	2683 5 3
									...	...	...	£8979 1 5
									...	...	...	£8979 1 5

Examined and found correct according to Messrs. Coutts & Co.'s Statement of the Consols and Inscribed Stocks in their possession.
April 19th, 1907.

ERNEST KIVER.
 PERCY G. DE WORMS.

The following Papers have been read before the Society since the last Anniversary Meeting :

I. April 25th, 1906. Sir Edward Brabrook, C.B., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *The Poetry of Crabbe*, by Professor J. Churton Collins, M.A., D.Litt., Hon.F.R.S.L.

II. May 23rd, 1906. The Rev. Dr. Rosedale, F.S.A., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Bartram, the American Traveller*, by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, Esq., M.A., Hon.F.R.S.L.

III. June 15th, 1906. The Rev. H. G. Rosedale, M.A., D.D., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *The City of Prague*, by the Count Lützow, D.Litt., Hon.F.R.S.L.

IV. June 27th, 1906. The Rev. H. G. Rosedale, M.A., D.D., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Pierre Corneille*, by Dr. M. A. Gerothwohl, F.R.S.L.

V. November 28th, 1906. J. Henniker Heaton, Esq., M.P., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on '*Umr Khayàm*', by A. Rogers, Esq., M.R.A.S.

VI. January 23rd, 1907. The Rev. H. G. Rosedale, D.D., F.S.A., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *The Golden Litany*, by Wm. E. A. Axon, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S.L. Also a Paper on *Books from the Library of Ben Jonson*, by Robert W. Ramsey, F.R.S.L.

VII. February 27th, 1907. Sir Edward Brabrook, C.B., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *The Earliest Italian Influence on English Literature*, by Sidney Lee, Esq., D.Litt.

VIII. April 10th, 1907. Sir Edward Brabrook, C.B., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *The Greek Method of Notation*, by Professor J. P. Mahaffy, C.V.O.

The Secretary, acting also as Librarian R.S.L., has drawn up the following report of donations to the Library of the Society since the last Anniversary. These are classified under the several headings of Governments or Societies, Home, Colonial, and Foreign; Public Institutions, and Individual Donors.

SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Home.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—Journal to date.

EAST INDIA ASSOCIATION.—Journal to date.

MANCHESTER GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Journal to date.

ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE.—Proceedings.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.—Proceedings and Transactions.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Geographical Journal to date.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.—Proceedings.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.—Transactions and Proceedings to date.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.—Transactions and Proceedings to date.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON.—Proceedings to date. *Archæologia*, Vol. LIX, Part II.

SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL ARCHÆOLOGY.—Proceedings to date.

GOVERNMENTS.

Colonial.

NEW ZEALAND.—From the Registrar-General. Statistics of the Colony of New Zealand, 1905.

SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Colonial.

CANADA, DOMINION OF.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.—

Proceedings and Transactions.

——— Geological Survey, Annual Report, N.S.,
with Maps.

AUSTRALIA.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.—

Journal and Proceedings.

NEW ZEALAND.—NEW ZEALAND INSTITUTE.—Transactions

and Proceedings. From Sir James Hector,
Director Colonial Museum of New Zealand.

Foreign.

BELGIUM.—SOCIÉTÉ DES BOLLANDISTES.—*Analecta Bollandiana.*

DENMARK.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF NORTHERN ANTIQUARIES,
COPENHAGEN.—*Mémoires*, N.S.

FRANCE.—LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE DE L'UNIVERSITÉ D'AIX.—
Annales des Facultés de Droit et des Lettres d'Aix,
Tome I, Nos. 1-4, Tome II, No. 1.

ITALY.—ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, TURIN.—*Atti*,
continued to date.

ITALY.—ROYAL LOMBARD INSTITUTE, MILAN.—*Rendiconti*, 8°. Ser. ii continued to date.

RUSSIA.—IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, ST. PETERSBURG.—*Bulletins*.

The Society has received the following from individual donors :

BAILEY, THOMAS ARTHUR, F.R.S.L., *Author*.—The Hour of Reverie and other Poems.

BURNS, THOMAS, F.R.S.L., *Author*.—Visions from Nature.

CARSON, THOMAS G., *Author*.—Man's Responsibility. New York and Lond., 1905.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS.—The Purgatorio and Paradiso of the Divina Commedia of Dante. Translated into English verse by C. Potter.

HONYMAN, GILLESPIE TRUST.—The Argument *à priori* for the Being and Attributes of the Lord God. By William Honyman Gillespie. Edinburgh, 1906.

MANEN, JOHAN VAN, *Editor*.—Transactions of the First Congress of the Federation of European Sections of the Theosophical Societies. Amsterdam, 1906.

MANEN, JOHAN VAN, *Editor*.—Transactions of the Second Annual Congress held in London in July, 1905. Lond., 1907.

PILLAY, C. T., *Author*.—The Solution of Religions.

RAY, SASANKA NATH, *Author*.—The Prasad Translation in Bengali blank verse of Milton's "Paradise Lost." Book I.

SUM, DR. ANTONIN, Hon. Secretary, Bohemian Section, Austrian Exhibition, Earl's Court, 1906.—A Memento.

The thanks of the Society are due to the respective Editors and Proprietors of the following Journals for presentation copies: The *Athenæum* and the *Edinburgh Review* to date.

The subscription has been continued to the New English Dictionary.

The list of names recommended by the outgoing Council as the Officers and Council for 1907-8 having been submitted to ballot, the scrutineers, E. H. Coleridge, Esq., and Dr. M. A.

Gerothwohl, reported that the House List was unanimously adopted by the meeting. The list will be found *ante*, on the leaf facing the commencement of the Report.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS.

BY SIR EDWARD BRABROOK, C.B., F.S.A.,
Vice-President.

I AM once more honoured by our noble President, the Earl of Halsbury, with authority to address you in his stead on the occasion of the close of another year of the Society. I must first pay the due tribute of respect to the memory of those whom we have lost—our Fellows, the Rev. Malcolm MacColl and the Rev. Ernest Hill, and our Honorary Fellow, Dr. Kerler. Canon MacColl was born, according to one account in 1834, according to another in 1837, and was the son of a sheep farmer in Inverness-shire. He was educated in Edinburgh and at a theological institution in Glenalmond, and was ordained in 1858 or 1859. He spent a year at the University of Naples, served for another year as chaplain to the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, and in 1871 was preferred

to the rectory of St. George, Botolph Lane, London. In 1884 he was made a canon of Ripon Cathedral. His contributions to literature, though numerous, were chiefly of the nature of theological and political controversy, and call, therefore, for no observation from me; but his works on 'Life Here and Hereafter' and 'Christianity in relation to Science and Morals' stand on a higher plane. He was the friend of Döllinger, of Gladstone, and of Liddon, and won himself an influential position in politics.

Mr. Hill was the headmaster of a once famous school, the Abbey School, Beckenham. Neither he nor Canon MacColl made any contribution to the transactions of our Society; but at the last meeting of the Council we were favoured with a promise of an early communication from Canon MacColl, which is lost through his death.

It was only as recently as 1905 that the Society did itself honour by conferring a Diploma of Honorary Fellowship upon Dr. Dietrich Kerler, chief Librarian of the University of Würzburg, Knight of the Order of St.

Michael, member of the Historical Commission of the Academy of Sciences in Munich, whom many other societies besides our own had delighted to honour. The only communication we have since received from him was a letter in which he acknowledged, with many expressions of gratitude, his receipt of the diploma. We now learn, by a communication from Herr Oetker, the rector of his university, that our distinguished Honorary Fellow died on March 3rd, 1907, and we have in return expressed our feelings of regret.

We have supplied the place of these three deceased Fellows and of one gentleman who had resigned his fellowship by the election of fifty new Fellows, many of them persons of the highest standing in literature and society. I doubt whether, in all the eighty-four years since the Society was first constituted, there has been a single year in which its ranks have before been so largely augmented both in quality and quantity. We have, therefore, to congratulate ourselves most heartily on the Society's prosperity.

I am bold to assert that the accession of these

distinguished men to our body gives promise also of a great increase in the usefulness of the Society. They come, not as mere sympathisers and lookers-on, but as fellow-workers, and as men earnestly desirous to promote the object of the Society. Seven of them have consented to serve upon our Council, and you will have the satisfaction by your votes to-day of appointing them to that position. There could be no stronger evidence of the reality of their desire to co-operate with us.

Let me remind you of the object for which we are incorporated by our Royal Charter, the integrity of which we successfully vindicated not very long ago. It is the advancement of literature, which we are empowered to effect by the following methods :

(1) By the publication of inedited remains of ancient literature, and of such works as may be of great intrinsic value, but not of that popular character which usually claims the attention of publishers.

(2) By the promotion of discoveries in literature.

(3) By endeavouring to fix the standard, as far as is practicable, and to preserve the purity of the English language.

(4) By the critical improvement of English lexicography.

(5) By the reading, at public meetings, of interesting papers on history, philosophy, poetry, philology, and the arts; and the publication of such of those papers as shall be approved of.

(6) By the assigning of honorary rewards to works of great literary merit, and to important discoveries in literature.

(7) By establishing a correspondence with learned men in foreign countries, for the purpose of literary inquiry and information.

In all these branches of our work we shall have, I am persuaded, the cordial sympathy and active co-operation of our new Fellows and Counsellors, but especially in that part of it which is concerned with the encouragement of good literature, with the preservation and promotion of its influence in society at large, and with upholding the continuity of our literary

heritage. I take leave to quote in this connection the forcible words of one of their number, to which they have all assented. "It will be generally agreed," he says, "that the dangers which threaten to lower the standard of judgment in literature and taste are on the increase. Many tendencies inherent in the constitution of modern society co-operate to undermine the authority of the best literary tradition. The vast growth in the number of writers and readers, the strain and hurry of social life, and the calls made upon the press to adapt itself to every ephemeral demand, all serve to discourage the cultivation of the more permanent forms of literature. The result is more and more to weaken those influences which educate a sense of style; to confirm an impression that the popular taste, however lawless, is the sole measure of good and bad in writing; and to grant an impunity to license and affectation, which cannot fail to corrupt the purity of the English language."

On the part of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom I accept the statements

of our colleague, and adopt his definition of policy, which is that we should not attempt to lay down rigid canons of taste, or vaunt ourselves as a literary tribunal; but rather that we should make a united effort to maintain a high tradition of letters, which, while based on the examples of the classic masters, ancient and modern, should ever be renewed and vivified by close contact with the life of the community. The influence which the Society as a body may exert in this direction will necessarily be greater than that of its individual members acting singly.

The exact methods by which we should seek to make the influence of the Society felt can best be determined by discussion in the Council, but the following suggestions, derived from the same authority, are worthy of its consideration :

(1) We might, as opportunities arise, approach educational bodies and organisations, and public authorities having direct or indirect control over study and education, with a view to inducing them to give due weight, in their courses of instruction and subjects of examination, to English literature and composition.

(2) A systematic enquiry might be made by Fellows of the Society, or by competent persons acting under direction of the Council, into the reports and catalogues of books of literary institutes, free libraries, polytechnics, and other bodies, in order to see whether literature is properly represented, and to bring deficiencies to the notice of the authorities whose selection of books affects the public taste, so as, if necessary, to induce them to spend more money on providing (*a*) the best editions, (*b*) a large number of chief copies, of the English classics.

(3) Societies and associations more or less connected with literature might be invited, in cases where it may seem advisable, to arrange for lectures tending to promote the study of the best literature; and such lectures or courses of lectures might occasionally be delivered by Fellows of the Society.

(4) The Society might memorialise the authorities of such places of learning or education, especially the universities and public schools, as do not make adequate provision for the study and teaching of English literature, and

the practice of writing English, with a view to supplying that deficiency.

(5) The Society might initiate or assist movements aiming at the creation and endowment of professorships and lectureships, the establishment of prizes, and other means of encouragement of literary study and composition; and might approach wealthy and public-spirited individuals and bodies in order to obtain the funds requisite for these purposes.

I believe that all these useful manifestations of energy and others that may occur to the Council for more fully effecting our objects are well within the provisions of our existing bye-laws. That, however, will be a question for your Council to inquire into and decide; and if they should resolve to come before you at the next anniversary or at some special meeting to be called for the purpose with a proposal for any amendment of the bye-laws that may appear to be necessary, I do not think that you will be unwilling to make it.

The papers that, in pursuance of the fifth method prescribed by our Charter, have been

read at our public meetings during the past year, and have been, or will be, published in our Transactions, have well fulfilled the requirement of the Charter that they should be "interesting," and have traversed the wide field of inquiry that is there contemplated. If I may attempt a rough classification of them according to the scheme of the charter, we have had three papers on history, three on poetry, and three on the arts. In history, Professor Mahaffy's paper on the questions (1) With what notation did the Attic historians write their numbers? Can the proper answer help us to purify their texts? (2) Application to a disputed question in Greek chronology, viz. the date of Plataea's alliance with Athens; Dr. Sidney Lee's paper on "The Earliest Italian Influence in English Literature"; and Count Lützow's on "The City of Prague"—that beautiful town which, in the count's patriotic words, requires but to be known to be loved. In poetry, Mr. A. Rogers on "'Umr Khayâm," in which he sought to show that the famous version of Edward Fitzgerald, fascinating as it is, does not do justice

to the Persian original or to the moral attitude of the author; Mr. E. Hartley Coleridge on Coleridge and Wordsworth in their relation with the American botanist, William Bartram, whose journal of his travels furnished the material for some fine passages in their poems; and Professor Churton Collins on the "Poetry of Crabbe," to which attention was recently drawn by the centenary celebration at Aldeburgh. In the arts I may classify, though it is a late and not very beautiful specimen of the art of illumination, the fifteenth century Douce manuscript of "The Golden Litany of the Holy Magdalen," transcribed and ably commented upon by Dr. William E. A. Axon; and, in their bearing on dramatic art, Professor Gerothwohl's paper on "Pierre Corneille," and Mr. R. W. Ramsay's on "Books from the Library of Ben Jonson." To all these authors we owe an expression of our sincere gratitude for the instruction and the pleasure they have afforded us.

The Society has not neglected the first method prescribed by its Charter, and you will shortly, I expect, have delivered to you two excellent

works which are in preparation by Mr. Coleridge and Dr. Lee respectively, for Dr. Richards's fund.

It appeared at one time that the Society might have been called upon to exercise also the third method, when an assault was made by a person of high authority in the United States upon the system of English spelling. The movement so soon died out from its own inherent weakness that no action on the part of the Council became necessary, but I am sure you would have supported them had they taken any steps to oppose a proposal so objectionable from many points of view.

This review of the existing and prospective activities of our Society leads me once more to comment upon that association of certain specified academies in various countries which calls itself by the misleading title of the International Association of Academies—a title which does not rightly belong to it so long as it does not include this Society, the only academy in the United Kingdom qualified by Royal Charter to advance literature. In this matter, the

attitude of the Royal Society of London for improving Natural Knowledge towards a sister society, co-ordinate with it in authority—though no one of us would presume to assert that it is equal with it in renown—appears to me to be wholly incapable of defence. No fellow of that Royal Society has, indeed, ever ventured to define the principles which have actuated it in the matter; and I hope the time is not far distant when that Society will see that it is due to its own dignity and sense of justice to give this Society the redress to which it is entitled.

On the motion of the Rev. F. StJohn Corbett, seconded by Mr. Philip H. Newman, a vote of thanks was accorded unanimously to Sir Edward Brabrook for his Address and conduct in the chair.

FELLOWS OF THE SOCIETY.

The sign † indicates an Honorary Fellow. c = a Compounder.

Year of
election.

1894. †HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.
1901. MARCUS ANSLOW ALABONE, Esq., L.R.C.P.E.,
L.R.C.S.E., L.F.P.S., F.R.M.S., 3, Biddulph
Mansions, Elgin Avenue, W.
1899. ROBERT VICKERY ALLEN, Esq., Guilden Morden,
Royston, Hertfordshire.
1878. cPERCY WILLOUGHBY AMES, Esq., LL.D., F.S.A.,
V.P.E.S., F.C.I.S., *Secretary and Librarian*, 20,
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1898. cBARON PERCY DE WORMS, *Auditor*, 21, Lowndes
Street, S.W.
1897. cT. CATO WORSFOLD, Esq., F.R.Hist.S., Addison
House, Balham Hill, S.W.; 9, Staple Inn, W.C.

Year of
election.

1907. J. C. WRIGHT, Esq., Holmedene, Arundel Road,
Eastbourne.

1899. REV. J. J. WRIGHT, Atherton, nr. Manchester.

1907. THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE WYNDHAM, D.C.L.,
M.P., 35, Park Lane, W.; Saighton Grange,
Chester; and Carlton Club.

FOREIGN HONORARY FELLOWS.

Year of
election.

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1892. H.E. COUNT TORNIELLI BRUSATI.
 1856. M. LE COMTE ALEXANDRE FOUCHER DE CAREIL.
 1863. M. CHARMA.
 1899. H.E. THE HON. JOSEPH M. CHOATE.
 1906. PROFESSOR DR. H. CORDIER.
 1873. M. CLERMONT GANNEAU.
 1892. H.E. JEAN GENNADIUS, ex-Envoy Extraordinary
 from the King of the Hellenes.
 1879. CAVALIER DOTT. ATTILIO HORTIS, Trieste.
 1906. H. E. JEAN JUSSELAND, French Ambassador at
 Washington, U.S.A.
 1896. H.E. TAKAAKI KATO, Envoy Extraordinary and
 Minister Plenipotentiary from H.I.M. the
 Emperor of Japan.
 1854. DR. C. LEEMANS, Leyden.
 1897. ABEL LEFRANC, Secrétaire du Collège de France.
 1900. THE COUNT LÜTZOW.
 1891. M. F. J. DE SANTA ANNA NERY.
 1906. M. PAUL SABATIER, D.Litt.
 1897. J. M. W. VAN DER POORTEN SCHWARTZ ("Maarten
 Maartens").
 1875. ALBRECHT WEBER, Ph.D.
 1889. F. COPE WHITEHOUSE, M.A.
 1905. PROFESSOR DR. WILLE.

REPORT
OF THE
Royal Society of Literature,
20, *HANOVER SQUARE*, W.
AND
LIST OF FELLOWS.
1908.

Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom.

Founded in 1825 by H.M. King George the Fourth.

Patron.

1901. *HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.*

COUNCIL AND OFFICERS FOR 1908-9.

President.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HALSBURY, F.R.S.

Vice-Presidents.

REV. THE MASTER OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, D.D.

SIR EDWARD BRABROOK, C.B., V.-P.S.A.

J. S. PHENÉ, ESQ., LL.D., F.S.A.

THE BARON DE WORMS, F.S.A.

JAMES CURTIS, ESQ., F.S.A.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G.

REV. H. G. ROSEDALE, M.A., D.D., F.S.A.

M. H. SPIELMANN, ESQ., F.S.A.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD COLLINS, LL.D., D.C.L.

S. H. BUTCHER, ESQ., M.P., D.LITT.

Council.

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REV. CANON BEECHING, M.A., D.LITT.

THE VEN. ARCHDEACON BEVAN, M.A.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD BURGHCLERE, M.A.

REV. F. ST. JOHN CORBETT, M.A., F.R.HIST.S.

PROF. W. J. COURTHOPE, C.B., D.LITT.

W. L. COURTNEY, ESQ., M.A., LL.D.

PROFESSOR M. A. GEROTHWOHL, D.LITT.

EMANUEL GREEN, ESQ., F.S.A.

H. M. IMBERT-TERRY, ESQ.

PROF. J. W. MACKAIL, M.A., LL.D.

LAURIE MAGNUS, ESQ., M.A.

PHILIP H. NEWMAN, ESQ., R.B.A., F.S.A.

E. H. PEMBER, ESQ., K.C., M.A.

G. W. PROTHERO, ESQ., D.LITT.

R. INIGO TASKER, ESQ.

Officers.

Treasurer.—SIR EDWARD BRABROOK, C.B.

Hon. Foreign Secretary.—REV. H. G. ROSEDALE, M.A., D.D., F.S.A.

Secretary and Librarian.—PERCY W. AMES, ESQ., LL.D., F.S.A.

Auditors.—{ ROBERT W. RAMSEY, ESQ.
 { DAVID TOLLEMACHE, ESQ.

Royal Society of Literature.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

APRIL 29TH, 1908.

IN the absence of THE EARL OF HALSBURY,
President, BARON DE WORMS, *Vice-President*,
took the Chair.

THE Notice convening the Meeting was read
by the Secretary. The Minutes of the Anni-
versary Meeting of 1907 were read and signed.
The following was presented as the—

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

THE Council of the Royal Society of Literature have the honour to report that since the last Anniversary Meeting, held on April 24th, 1907, there have been the following changes in, and additions to, the number of Fellows of the Society.

They have to announce the loss by death of—

DR. H. BELLYSE BAILDON.

CORNELIUS BROWN.

THOMAS WILLIAM GREENWELL.

R. A. NAYLOR.

And by resignation of—

T. MULLETT ELLIS, ESQ.

H. LINDON RILEY, ESQ., LL.B.

On the other hand, they have much pleasure in announcing the election as Ordinary Fellows of—

SIR WILLIAM REYNELL ANSON, BT., D.C.L.,
M.P., Warden of All Souls College, Oxford.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, ESQ., C.V.O., M.A.,
Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, ESQ., Editor of 'Black-
wood's Magazine.'

P. HUME BROWN, ESQ., M.A., LL.D., Professor of
Ancient (Scottish) History and Palæography
in the University of Edinburgh.

FRANCIS GALTON, ESQ., D.C.L., F.R.S., Hon. Sc.D.,
Cambridge.

HENRY JAMES, ESQ.

GEORGE A. MACMILLAN, ESQ., Hon. D.Litt., Oxon.

THE RIGHT HON. DODGSON HAMILTON MADDEN,
P.C.(Ir.), M.A., LL.D., Judge of High Court
of Justice, Ireland, Vice-Chancellor of Dublin
University.

LAURIE MAGNUS, ESQ., M.A.

REV. JOSEPH B. MAYOR, D.Litt., Dublin; Emeritus Professor of King's College, London; Hon. Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

HENRY JOHN NEWBOLT, Esq., M.A.

REV. GERALD HENRY RENDALL, M.A., D.Litt., Headmaster, Charterhouse School.

SIR WILLIAM BLAKE RICHMOND, R.A., K.C.B., M.A.

GEORGE E. B. SAINTSBURY, Esq., M.A., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh.

J. L. STRACHAN-DAVIDSON, Esq., Master of Balliol College, Oxford.

WILLIAM WATSON, Esq., Hon. LL.D.

PAUL FERDINAND WILLERT, Esq., late Fellow and Tutor and Hon. Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

Henry Bellyse Baildon, M.A. (Cantab.), Ph.D., F.R.S.E., lecturer on English language and literature at University College, Dundee, University of St. Andrews, was born in 1859 at Granton, near Edinburgh. He had been a school-fellow with Robert Louis Stevenson, with whom he maintained a friendship till the novelist's death. He was educated at the Universities of Edinburgh, Cambridge, and Freiburg. Before being appointed to Dundee

he was lecturer on English in the Imperial University of Vienna. His publications included 'Robert Louis Stevenson: a Life Study in Criticism,' 1901, and numerous poems and essays.

Cornelius Brown was elected a Fellow of the Society in 1880, but resigned shortly afterwards, and was re-elected in 1907, in which year he was also elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. He died on November 4th of the same year. He was editor of the 'Newark Advertiser,' and wrote the 'History of Newark' in two vols., 4to, a work completed a few days before his death, and various biographical and historical works.

Mr. T. W. Greenwell was elected Fellow of the Society in 1877, and R. A. Naylor in 1887.

HON. FOREIGN SECRETARY'S REPORT.

DURING the past year, in accordance with the terms of our Charter, a number of scholars have been offered and have accepted the distinction of Honorary Foreign Fellows of the Society. The following list gives particulars of these and of others previously elected:

FOREIGN FELLOWS.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

Year of
Election.

1907. THEODORE GOMPERZ (Professor), Plösslgasse 4, Vienna IV, Emeritus Professor of Classical Philology, Member of the Academies of Vienna, Berlin, Copenhagen, Munich, St. Petersburg, Member of British Academy, Member of French Academy, D.Litt. Cambridge and Dublin, Member of the Upper House of Parliament, Knight of the Order "Ehrenzeichen für Kunst und Wissenschaft" (Austria-Hungary).

Chief work.—Griechische Denker, etc.

1900. LÜTZOW (Count), Château de Zampach, Hnàtnice, Bohemia, Hon. Ph.D. Prague, Hon. D.Litt. Oxon., F.R.G.S., Chamberlain of the Emperor of Austria, Member of the Royal Society of Sciences, Bohemia, Member of the Francis Joseph Academy, Bohemia.

Chief works.—Bohemia, a Historical Sketch; History of Bohemian Literature; Prague (Mediaeval Town Series); The Historians of Bohemia (The Ilchester-Oxford Lectures for 1904); The Labyrinth of the World, translated and edited.

1907. PETER ROSEGGER, Graz, Hon. Doctor, Heidelberg, Knight of the Order Eisernen Krone, Knight of the Preussischen Kronenordens, II Class, etc.

Year of
Election.

Chief works.—Die Schriften des Waldschulmeisters; Die Äpler; Waldheimat; Jakob der Letzte; Der Schehn aus den Alpen; Hoch vom Dachstein; Als ich jung noch war; Erdsegen; Mein Himmelreich; Sonnenschein; I.N.R.I.; Die Försterbuben.

1907. ARMINIUS VAMBÈRY (Professor), Budapesth University, Professor of Oriental Languages, C.V.O., M.L.L. Japanese, Austrian, Turkish, Persian, Italian high decorations.

Chief works.—Travels in Central Asia; Sketches of Central Asia; Āgataische Sprachstudien; Uigurische Sprachmonumente; Die Scheibani-cide; History of Bokhara; Central Asian Question; Arminius Vambéry: His Life and Adventures; The Coming Struggle for India; Das Türkenvolk; The Story of my Struggles; Western Culture in Eastern Lands; and many linguistic works.

BELGIUM.

1907. GODEFROID KURTH (Professor), 18, Piazza Rusticucci, Rome, Directeur de l'Institut Historique Belge à Rome, Professeur émérite de l'Université de Liège (histoire).

Chief works.—Les Origines de la Civilisation Moderne; Clovis; Histoire Poétique des Mérovingiens; La Frontière Linguistique en Belgique et dans le Nord de la France; Sainte Clotilde; St. Boniface; Notger de Liège et la Civilisation

Year of
Election.

au X^{me} Siècle; L'Eglise aux Tournants de l'Histoire.

1907. MAURICE MAETERLINCK, Abbaye de St. Wandrille (Seine inf.), France, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, Chevalier de l'Ordre de Léopold.

Chief works.—Le trésor des Humbles; Sagesse et Destinée; La vie des Abeilles et l'Intelligence des Fleurs; Pelléas et Mélisande; Monna Vanna; etc.

1907. D. GERMAIN MORIN (Doctor), Abbaye de Maredsous, Belgium, Associé Correspondant de la Société des Antiquaires de France, D.Litt. honoris causa, Oxford.

Chief works.—d'Anecdota Maredsolana (5 vols.); Travaux nombreux, depuis près de vingt-cinq ans, dans la Revue Bénédictine, et ailleurs; Edition Critique de la Règle Bénédictine. En préparation: Opera S. Caesarii Arelatensis pour le Corpus S.E.L., de l'Académie de Vienne (6 or 7 vols.).

1907. EMILE VERHAEREN, 5, rue Montretout, St. Cloud (S. and O.) France, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, Chevalier de l'Ordre de Léopold.

Chief works.—Les Flamandes; Les Contes de Minuit; Les Moines; Les Soirs; Les Débâcles; Les Flambeaux noirs; Les Campagnes Hallucinées; Les Villes Tentaculaires; Les Aubes; Le Cloître; Philippe II; Les Villages Illusoires; Les Visages de la Vie; Les Forces Tumultueuses; La Multiple Spendeur.

DENMARK.

Year of
Election.

1907. GEORGE BRANDES (Professor Doctor), 55, Havnegade 1 Sal, Copenhagen, Doctor of Esthetics, Hon. Professor of University, Officer of the French Legion of Honour.

Chief works.—Hovedstrømninger i det 19de Aarhundredes Litteratur (6 vols.) ; Danske Digtere, Charakterbilleder ; Søren Kierkegaard, En Kritisk Fremstilling i Grundrids ; Benjamin Disrachia, Jarl af Beaconsfield, En Litterær Charakteristik ; Ferdinand Lassalle ; Ludvig Holberg, Et Festskrift ; Indtryk fra Rusland ; William Shakespeare (I–III) ; Henrik Ibsen ; Fem Danske Digtere ; Samlede Skrifter, and many other works.

1907. HOLGER DRACHMANN (Herr. Comm.), Hornbeek, Denmark, Commander of the Order of Dannebrog (2nd class).

Chief works.—Digte ; Dømpede Melodier, Nyere Digte, m III ; Sange ved Havet Venezia ; Ungt Blod, Tre Fortællinger fra v. D. ; Lars Kruse—En Skildring fra Virkelighedens og—Sandets Regioner, m. Port ; Poul og Virginie ; Ranker og Roser ; Osten for Sol og Vesten for Maane ; Puppe og Sommerfugl, 2 Opl. ; Strandby Folk ; Melodramer ; Brav Karl ; Volund Smed. Melodrama ; Gurre, Et Drama ; Dædalus, Fortælling ; Hallfred Vandraadeskjold ; Don Juan, by Byron (translated by H. Drachmann) ;

Year of
Election.

Samlede Poetiske Skrifter; and many other works. (Since deceased.)

1907. VALDEMAR VEDEL (Professor Doctor), Néjsomhedsvej 17, Copenhagen, Dr. Philosophy, Professor of Comparative Literature at Copenhagen University.

Chief works.—Heroic Life—an outline study of the ancient heroic poetry; Chivalrous Romanticism of the Middle Ages; City and Citizen in the Middle Ages; The Bloom of Culture in the Cities, especially of Old Florence and Old Nuremberg; Dante; Swedish Romanticisms, Studies of Swedish Literature from 1780 to 1840; From Italy (Impressions and Emotions from a Journey); Studies of the Golden Age in Danish Poetry.

FRANCE.

1907. GASTON BOISSIER, Au Palais de l'Institut, Quai Conti 23, Paris VI, Secrétaire perpétuel de l'Académie Française, Membre de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, Grand Officier de la Légion d'Honneur.

Chief works.—Cicéron et ses amis; L'opposition sous les Césars; La Religion Romaine; La Fin du Paganisme; Les Promenades Archéologiques; Tacite; La Conjuration de Catilina; Mme. de Sévigné; Saint Simon.

1873. CHARLES SIMON CLERMONT-GANNEAU, 1, Avenue de l'Alma, 8^e Paris, Member of the French

Year of
Election.

Academy, LL.D., Membre-Correspondant de l'Académie des Sciences de St. Petersburg, etc.

Chief works.—Recueil d'Archéologie Orientale; Archæological Researcenes in Palestme, etc.

1906. HENRI CORDIER, 54, Rue Nicolo (16^e) Paris, D.Litt., Professor at l'Ecole Spéciale des Langues Orientales Vivantes.

Chief works.—Bibliographie des Œuvres de Beaumarchais; Stendhal et ses Amis; Molière jugé par Stendhal; Percy Bisshe Shelley; La Partie de Chasse du Roi Henry IV; Charles de Lovenjoul; Bibliotheca Sinica; Bibliotheca Japonica; Documents Inédits pour servir à l'Histoire Ecclésiastique de l'Extrême Orient; Ser Marco Polo.

1907. EMILE AUGUSTE FAGUET, Rue Monge 59, Paris V^e, Member of the French Academy, Officier de l'Instruction Publique, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur.

Chief works.—XVI^{me} Siècle, XVII^{me} Siècle, XVIII^{me} Siècle, XIX^{me} Siècle, études littéraires (4 vols.); Les Moralistes Français du XIX^{me} Siècle (3 vols.).

1906. JEAN ADRIEN ANTOINE JULES JUSSERAND, Washington, U.S.A., French Ambassador to the United States, Docteur ès Lettres, Vice-President of the Société d'Histoire Littéraire de la France, Member of the American Philosophical Society.

Chief works.—Histoire Littéraire du Peuple

Year of
Election.

Anglais ; La Vie Nomade et les Routes d'Angleterre au XIV^{me} Siècle ; Le Roman au Temps de Shakespeare ; Shakespeare en France ; Les Sports et Jeux d'Exercice dans l'Ancienne France.

1897. ABEL LEFRANC, 26, Rue Monsieur-le-Prince, Paris, Professeur de Langue et Littérature Françaises Modernes au Collège de France, Directeur-adjoint à l'Ecole Pratique des Hautes-Etudes pour l'Histoire Littéraire de la Renaissance, Président de la Société des Etudes Rabelaisiennes.

Chief works.—La Jeunesse de Calvin ; Histoire du Collège de France ; Les Dernières Poésies de Marguerite de Navarre ; Les Idées religieuses de Marguerite de Navarre ; Marguerite de Navarre et le Platonisme de la Renaissance ; Le Platonisme et la Littérature en France ; Œuvres Inédites d'André Chénier ; Défense de Pascal, Pascal est-il un Faussaire ? ; La Langue et la Littérature Françaises au Collège de France ; Les Navigations de Pautagruel ; de nombreux travaux sur Rabelais dans la Revue des Etudes Rabelaisiennes ; and many other works.

1907. PAUL MEYER (Professor), 16, Avenue de la Bourdonnais, 7^e Paris, Member of the Institute of France, Corresponding Fellow of the British Academy, Director of the École des Chartes, Hon. Professor in the Collège de France, Hon. D.C.L.Oxon.

Chief works.—Editor of twenty or twenty-five vols. of early French or Provençal poetry, with

Year of
Election.

introductions, glossaries, etc. ; essays on subjects connected with romantic philology.

1906. PAUL SABATIER, Chantegrillet, près Crest (Drôme),
Member of the Royal Academy of Rome, D.Litt.
Oxon.

Chief works.—Greek Text of the Didache ; Life of S. Francis of Assisi (translated into most languages) ; Speculum Perfectionis ; Tractatus de Indulgentia de Portiunculæ ; Elie de Cortone ; Actus Beati Francisci et Sociorum Ejus ; Fioretti ; Liber Aureus ; Opuscles de Critique Historique.

1907. LOUIS MARIE JULIEN VIAUD (Pierre Loti), Rue St. Pierre, Rochefort, France, Captain French Navy, Member of French Academy.

Chief works.—Le roman d'un Spahi ; Fleurs d'ennui ; Mon frère Yves ; Les trois dames de la Kasbah ; Pêcheur d'Islande ; Madame Chrysanthème ; Propos d'exil ; Japonneries d'automne ; Au Maroc ; Roman d'un enfant ; Le livre de la pitié et de la mort ; Fantôme d'orient ; L'Inde sans les Anglais ; La troisième jeunesse de Mme. Prune ; Les disillusionnées, etc.

GERMANY.

1907. ALOIS BRANDL (Professor), Kaiserin-Augusta Strasse, 73, Berlin, W¹⁰, Ph.D., LL.D., President of the German Shakespeare Society, Member of the German Academy, Professor of English Philology in the University of Berlin.

Chief works.—B. H. Brockes ; Thomas of

Year of
Election.

Erceldoune ; S. T. Coleridge ; Middle English Literature ; Shakespeare ; Schlegel-Tieck's Shakespeare ; Quellen des Weltlichen Dramas in England vor Shakespeare ; co-editor of Quellen und Forschungen, Palaestra, Archiv für das Studien der Neueren Sprachen, and Shakespeare Jahrbuchs.

1907. HERMANN DIELS (Professor Doctor), Berlin, W. 50 Nürnberger Str. 65^{II}, Professor of Classical Philology, Berlin University, Doctor of Philosophy, Secretary of the Akademie d. Wissenschaften, Berlin, LLD. Aberdeen.

Chief works.—Doxographi græci ; Sibyllinische Blätter ; Anonymus Londinensis ; Parmenides ; Elementum ; Poetae Philosophi ; Fragmente der Vorsokratiker (two editions) ; Didymos ; Organisation der Wissenschaft (in Kultur der Gegenwart) ; Die Handschriften der Antiken Ärzte (Sonderdruck aus Abh. der Berl. Ak. d. W.).

1907. ADOLF MICHAELIS (Professor of Archæology), Schwarzwaldstrasse 37, Strassburg, Dr. Phil. Hon. LL.D. (Cambridge and Edinburgh), Member of the Central Direction of the Imp. German Archæol. Institute, Member of the Imp. Russian Archæol. Society, Corresp. Member of the Academies of Berlin, Copenhagen, Goettingen, Munich, Paris, Vienna, Corresponding Member of the Austrian Archæol. Institute, Honorary F.S.A., Soc. Hell. Stud., Cambridge Antiquarian Society, Honorary Member Archæol. Institute

Year of
Election.

of America, Archæol. Society, Athens, Scientific Society (ἐπιστημονικὴ ἐταιρεία), Athens.

Chief works.—Taciti Dialogus; Der Parthenon; Geschichte des Deutschen Archäolog. Instituts; Ancient Marbles in Great Britain; Die Archäologischen Entdeckungen des 19 Jahrhunderts; O. Jahn, Griechische Bilderchroniken (edited and completed); Sophocles Electra ed. O. Jahn (revised); Apulei Psyche et Cupido ed. O. Jahn (revised); Pausaniæ Descriptio Arcis Athenarum ed. O. Jahn (Arx Athenarum a Pausania Descripta), entirely revised; A. Springer's Handbuch der Kunstgeschichte, I Das Altertum (entirely re-written).

1907. RICHARD FISCHER (Professor Doctor, Geheimer Regierungsrat.), 47, Joachim Friedrichstrasse, Halensee, Berlin, Dr. Phil., Member of the Academies of Berlin, Göttingen, Paris, and St. Petersburg.

Chief works.—Kālidāsa's Çakuntalâ, The Bengâlî Recension; The Assalayanasuttam; The Therî-Gâthâ; Vedische Studien; Die Heimat des Puppenspiels; Leben und Lehre des Buddha; Gutmann und Gutweib in Indien; Die Indische Literatur.

1907. ULRICH VON WILAMOWITZ-MOELLENDORFF (Professor), Eichenallee 12, Westend, Berlin, Member (ordinary, honorary, foreign, or correspondent) of the Academies in Berlin, Paris, of the British Academy, Academy in Rome (Lincei), Amster-

Year of
Election.

dam, Athens, Budapest, Copenhagen, Dublin, Goettingen, Helsingfors, Milan, Munich, Naples, Venice.

Chief works.—Kydathen; Antigonos von Karystos; Homerische Untersuchungen; Isyllos; Einleitungen in die Attische Tragödie; Aristoteles und Athen; Reden und Vorträge; Griech. Tragödien (translations), 3 vols.; Griech. Lesebuch; Griech. Litteraturgeschichte.

1905. JACOB WILLE, Heidelberg, Bunsenstrasse 9, Dr. Philosophie., Oberbibliothekar der Universitätsbibliothek, Heidelberg.

Chief works.—Philipp der Grossmüthige von Hessen und die Restitution Ulrichs von Württemberg; Phalz-gräfin Elisabeth Charlotte, Herzogin von Orleans; Bruchsal. Bilder aus einem Geistlichen Staat in Achtzehnten Jahrhundert; Elisabeth Charlotte, Herzogin von Orleans (Die Pfälzer Liselotte); and many other works.

1907. W. WUNDT, Leipzig, Goethestrasse 6, Dr. Medicine, Philosophy, and Law.

Chief works.—Menschen und Tierseele; Handbuch d. Mediz. Physik; Lehrbuch d. Physiologie; Grundzüge der Physiolog. Psychologie; Logik; Ethik; System der Philosophie; Völkerpsychologie (I, Sprache; II, Mythos u. Religion); Einleitung in d. Philosophie; Grundriss der Psychologie; Essays.

HOLLAND.

Year of
Election.

1897. J. M. W. VAN DER POORTEN-SCHWARTZ (Maarten Maartens), Zonheuvel Castle, nr. Doorn, Holland, LL.D. Utrecht, Hon. LL.D. Aberdeen, Hon. Lit.D. Univ. of Pennsylvania, Hon. Member Authors' Club, London, Hon. Member Authors' Club, New York.

Chief works.—The Sin of Joost Avelingh; An Old Maid's Love; A Question of Taste; God's Fool; The Greater Glory; My Lady Nobody; Her Memory; Some Women I have Known; My Poor Relations; Dorothea; The Jailbird (one act play); The Woman's Victory; The New Religion (a modern novel).

ITALY.

1907. ANTONIO FOGOZZARO, Vicence (Italy), Senator of the Kingdom of Italy, Member of the Royal Venetian Institute of Science, Letters and Arts, Knight Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

Chief works.—Miranda; Valsolda; Malombra; Daniele Cortis; Il Mistero del Poeta; Fedele; Idilli Spezzati; Ascensioni Umane; Poesie Scelte; Piccolo Mondo Antico; Piccolo Mondo Moderno; Il Santo.

1907. PASQUALE VILLARI, Florence, Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy, Knight of the 1st Order Pour le Merite of Prussia, Member of the

Year of
Election.

Institute of France, Senator of the Kingdom of Italy, Professor at the Regio Instituto di Studi Superiori, Florence.

Chief works.—Storia di Girolamo Savonarola ; Niccolo Machiavelli, e i suoi tempi (translated into English by Mme. Villari) ; I Primi due Secoli della Storia di Firenze ; Discorsi Critici e Storici.

PORTUGAL.

1907. JOAQUIM THEOPHILO BRAGA (Professor Doctor), Travessa de Santa Gertrudes, 70, Lisbon, Doctor of the University of Lisbon, Government Professor of the Highest School of Literature, Full Member of the Portuguese Academy, President of the Literature Section of the Academy.

Chief works.—Christian Legends ; Cameos and National Sentiment ; Modern Ideas of Portuguese Literature ; Patria Portugueza ; Vision of the Times, an epic in 4 vols. ; History of Portuguese Literature, 15 vols. ; History of the University of Coimbra, 4 vols. ; Alma Portugueza, a patriotic epic poem ; Viriathos ; Os Doze de Inglaterra (poem) ; Gomes Freire, historical drama in 5 acts.

1907. JOSÉ DUARTE RAMALHO ORTIGÃO (Senhor), Calçada dos Caetanos 30, Lisbon, Librarian of the Royal Library of the Ajuda, Full Member of the Portuguese Academy, Honorary Member of the Institute of Coimbra, Corresponding Member of

Year of
Election.

the Royal Academy of Spain, of the Royal Academy of History of Spain, and the Royal Academy of San Fernando of Spain.

Chief works.—As Farpas, a series of social, political, artistic, and literary studies ; Hollanda ; John Bull ; O Culto da Arte em Portugal.

SPAIN.

1907. DR. DON RAFAEL DE ALTAMIRA (Señor Professor), University of Oviedo, Spain, Professor of University, Oviedo, C de la Real Academia de la Historia, etc.

Chief works.—Historia de España y de la Civilizacion española.

1907. MENENDEZ Y PELAYO (EX^{cmo.} Señor Don Marcelino), The University, Madrid, Doctor of Philosophy and Letters, Professor of Literature in the University, Madrid, late Dean of the Faculties of Philosophy and Letters of the University, Madrid, Chief of the Biblioteca National, Madrid, Life Librarian of the Royal Academy of History, Academician of the Royal Spanish Academy, etc.

Chief works.—Historia de las Ideas Esteticas en España ; Los Heterodojos Espanoles, etc., etc.

U.S.A.

1899. JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE, 60, Wall Street, New York, and Stockbridge, Mass., U.S.A., LL.D. of eight Universities, D.C.L. of Oxford and two

other Universities, late American Ambassador to Great Britain, Hon. Bencher Middle Temple.

Chief works.—Addresses on Abraham Lincoln, Admiral Farragut, Rufus Choate, The Supreme Court of the United States.

A cursory glance at such a list will at once indicate how high is the standard which the Council has set before itself in making all such appointments. They have endeavoured to secure men in the first rank of Literature, and only such.

The thanks of the Society are due to H.M. Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Sir Edward Grey, who kindly agreed to forward the diplomas to the Hon. Fellows in the various countries through official channels.

It is with very great regret that I have to record the death of our new colleague, Herr Holger Drachmann, the well-known Danish poet. His books were not only popular amongst his fellow-countrymen but achieved almost European distinction. The directions which he had given with regard to the disposal of his earthly remains caused the news-

papers of the countries of Europe to draw attention to him, but he was, as indicated by his letters, in addition to all else, a courteous and gracious man, whose loss all men of letters must regret.

During the year we have had the pleasure of a visit from Professor Alois Brandl, who came to England on the invitation of the Council. He has expressed himself highly satisfied with the reception which the Council arranged for him. Such visits, whether official or otherwise, are much to be desired, and are much appreciated by the English Fellows. I am expressing what is but the feeling of a large section of the present Fellows when I say that I hope that in the near future other foreign Fellows will do us the honour of accepting the Council's invitation to visit this country.

The thanks of the Council as well as my own are due to those who so enthusiastically assisted in the arrangements for Dr. Brandl's entertainment.

It is difficult to select from the vast amount of literary work which has been done on the

other side of the sea some publications for special notice; I will therefore draw attention to those which have come under my notice, as especially connected either directly or indirectly with our foreign Fellows.

Dr. Morin is at the present moment engaged on his *Magnum Opus* 'St. Caesar of Arles.'

Whilst Professor Mayor on our part has been vindicating the credit of Shakespeare against the attacks of Tolstoi, one of our Fellows in Belgium, Maurice Maeterlinck, has been doing the same in the pages of the 'Petit Bleu' of Brussels. The article appeared in January of last year, whilst Professor Brandl, in the 'Shakespeare Jahrbuch' for 1907, has published another defence from his own pen.

In this connection, too, it may be interesting to note that Dr. Gustav Becker has contributed an article to the 'Jahrbuch' in which he endeavours to propound the result of his researches into the sources of 'The Tempest.' He seems to have discovered in 'Noches de Invierno' (winter nights), by Antonio de Eslava, the key to the problem.

I feel specially bound to call attention to No. 4 of 'Les Manuscrits Français de Cambridge,' to which Professor Paul Meyer has devoted much time. Vol. IV is a detailed list of the MSS. in Gonville and Caius College, Vols. I, II, and III having been those respectively of St. John's College, the University Library, and Trinity College, also by Professor Meyer.

The most recent publication of our Fellow, M. Emile Verhaeren, is a book of poems entitled 'Les Héros.' It consists of a series of short pieces relating to the heroic achievements in Flanders. It is patriotic and manly.

Probably one of the most important literary productions of the past year is a work by our honoured Fellow, Dr. Brandl, entitled, 'Geschichte der Altenglischen Literatur,' Part I. It is a most exhaustive and scholarly treatment of the subject during the first thousand years of our era.

Dr. Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, in the 'Wochenschrift für Wissenschaft' of last November, has drawn attention to an important book by Georg Misch, of Berlin, 'Autobiographie

im Altertum,' of which he speaks in the highest terms.

Dr. Wille, of Heidelberg, has brought out a charming little volume on Elizabeth Charlotte, Herzogin von Orleans, which, under the shortened title of 'Die Pfälzer Liselotte,' has gained considerable popularity in Germany.

An interesting treatise was read on October 24th, 1907, by Professor H. Diels, Secretary of the Academy, before that body. The work is one of great merit, and is extremely erudite. It is entitled, "Beiträge zur Zuckungs-literatur des Okzidents und Orients." This is the first of a series, and relates to the Greek texts on the subject. The writer carries us back to the time of Ptolemy, and reproduces the MSS. relating to convulsions and fits, together with much interesting matter. This paper has been printed in the transactions of the Berlin Academy.

Signor Menendez Pelayo, Professor of Literature at the University of Madrid, has recently produced a book which shows the critical tendency of literary efforts in Spain entitled,

‘Origenes de la novela Española,’ a copy of which I hope we may soon own in our library.

Another Foreign Fellow, Mr. Valdemar Vedel, has just published a work on mediaeval romances entitled, ‘*Ridderromantiken i fransk og tysk Middelalder.*’ This is a rather new departure in Danish writings, and marks a distinctly educational movement in the literature of that country.

There are three other works which will have an interest to English readers to which I draw attention :

A book of poems entitled ‘*Regrets,*’ by a young man of Liège, has been recently published by Lemerre, of Paris. The author, the Chevalier Ernest de Laminne, shows very remarkable ability, and some of his verses are worthy of the classical French poets. It has already run into a second edition.

Riehl’s ‘*History of Criticism,*’ which has just appeared in a revised edition, in which the writer principally compares Locke and Hume with Kant in a new and vivid manner.

D. Schäfer published last Christmas his

‘World’s History of Recent Times,’ a work in two volumes, and which has already run through three editions. It ought to be interesting to English readers as indicating the views of a learned German with regard to the development and progress of the world’s history. The writer is seeking to raise the political ideals of his nation.

Such are but a few of the many able literary productions which have come to my notice. I shall hope a year hence to be able to render such a list more complete. I have in conclusion to thank the Hon. Foreign Fellows themselves for the uniform courtesy they have shown me in what must have seemed to them a somewhat lengthy and monotonous correspondence.

H. G. ROSEDALE.

Since the last Anniversary Meeting the following “Transactions” have been issued to the Fellows: Vol. xxvii, part iv; vol. xxviii, part i.

The Balance-sheet for 1907, showing the financial state of the Society, after being laid on the table for the information of the Fellows, is printed with this Report as follows:

Royal Society of Literature.

Dr.

CASH ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1907.

Cr.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Balance forward	...	...	276 1 7	By Rent and House Charges	...	...	288 12 5
Dividends on Investments	...	...	227 12 9	Salaries and Commissions	...	...	195 18 0
Entrance Fees and Donation	...	...	14 14 0	Stationery and Postages	...	...	45 13 6
Subscriptions	...	...	352 16 6	Printing	...	...	65 5 0
Sale of Publications	...	...	7 4 6	Library	...	...	4 16 3
Sale of Books from Library	...	...	12 0 0	Balance—Cash at Bank and in hand...	...	...	334 19 6
Returned Income Tax	...	...	44 15 4				
			£935 4 8				£935 4 8

Vouchers produced.

Examined and found correct.

ERNEST KIVER.
PERCY G. DE WORMS.

April 24th, 1908.

BALANCE-SHEET, DECEMBER 31st, 1907.

<i>Liabilities.</i>	£	s.	d.	<i>Assets.</i>	£	s.	d.
To Amount owing for Rent	57	10	0	By Investments—			
Entrance Fees and Donation received in 1907	14	14	0	£200 India 3½ per cent. Stock, 1931	204	0	0
Dr. Richards' Fund at date, viz.—				£1659 2s. 11d. Queensland 4 per cent. Stock, 1924	1708	18	5
Principal as estimated, and accumulated interest, brought forward £2683 5 3	2683	5	3	£1690 11s. 6d. London County 3½ per cent. Stock	1724	7	9
Interest received in 1907	78	7	8	£2119 10s. Canada 4 per cent. Stock, 1904	2130	2	0
Sales of Publications	18	19	2		5767	8	2
Increased value of Investments 18 7 6	18	7	6		324	19	6
	2798	19	7	Cash at Bankers	250	0	0
Paid out for expenses of New Publications	257	17	3	Stock of Publications (as estimated)	...	...	...
	257	17	3	Dr. Richards' Fund, Investments, and Cash—			
				£500 Consols	418	15	0
				£1800 Metropolitan 3½ per cent. Stock	1836	0	0
	257	17	3	£200 India 3½ per cent. Stock... ..	204	0	0
Balance, being surplus at 31st Dec., 1907	6270	3	8	Cash at Bankers	82	7	4
					2541	2	4
					£8883	10	0

Examined and found correct according to Messrs. Coutts & Co.'s Statement of the Consols and Inscribed Stocks in their possession.

April 24th, 1908.

ERNEST KIVER.
PERCY G. DE WORMS.

The following Papers have been read before the Society since the last Anniversary Meeting :

I. April 24th, 1907. Sir Edward Brabrook, C.B., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *The MSS. of Coleridge's Christabel*, by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, Esq., M.A., Hon.F.R.S.L.

II. May 29th, 1907. The Rev. Dr. Rosedale, Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Roger Bacon and Francis Bacon : a Comparison*, by Howard Candler, Esq., M.A.

III. June 26th, 1907. E. H. Pember, Esq., K.C., Member of Council, in the chair. A Paper on *Dante's British Allusions*, by Wm. E. A. Axon, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S.L.

IV. November 27th, 1907. Sir Edward Brabrook, C.B., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Some Verdicts of Dante in the Inferno*, by E. H. Pember, Esq., K.C., F.R.S.L.

V. January 22nd, 1908. The Right Hon. Lord Collins, Member of Council, in the chair. A Paper on *Tolstoi as Shakespearean Critic*, by Rev. Joseph B. Mayor, Litt.D., F.R.S.L.

VI. February 26th, 1908. Ernest Hartley

Coleridge, Esq., M.A., Hon.F.R.S.L., in the chair. A Paper on *Anna Jane Vardill Niven*, authoress of '*Christobel*,' a sequel to Coleridge's '*Christabel*,' by Wm. E. A. Axon, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S.L.

VII. March 25th, 1908. The Rev. Dr. Charles Taylor, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Sir Richard Fanshawe*, by Professor J. W. Mackail, LL.D., F.R.S.L.

The Secretary, acting also as Librarian R.S.L., has drawn up the following report of donations to the Library of the Society since the last Anniversary. These are classified under the several headings of Governments or Societies, Home, Colonial, and Foreign; Public Institutions, and Individual Donors.

SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Home.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—Journal to date.

EAST INDIA ASSOCIATION.—Journal to date.

MANCHESTER GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Journal to date.

ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE.—Proceedings.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.—Proceedings and Transactions.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Geographical Journal to date.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.—Proceedings.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.—Transactions and Proceedings to date.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.—Transactions and Proceedings to date.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON.—Proceedings to date. *Archæologia*, Vol. LX, Part I.

SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL ARCHÆOLOGY.—Proceedings to date.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—Calendar.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—Archives Classified Papers, 1606–1741.

GOVERNMENTS.

Colonial.

NEW ZEALAND.—From the Registrar-General. Statistics of the Colony of New Zealand.

SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Colonial.

CANADA, DOMINION OF.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.—Proceedings and Transactions.

CANADA, DOMINION OF.—Geological Survey, Annual Reports, N.S., with Maps.

AUSTRALIA.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.—Journal and Proceedings.

NEW ZEALAND.—NEW ZEALAND INSTITUTE.—Transactions and Proceedings. From Sir James Hector, Director Colonial Museum of New Zealand.

Foreign.

BELGIUM.—SOCIÉTÉ DES BOLLANDISTES.—*Analecta Bollandiana*.

DENMARK.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF NORTHERN ANTIQUARIES, COPENHAGEN.—*Mémoires*, N.S.

FRANCE.—LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE DE L'UNIVERSITÉ D'AIX.—*Annales de la Faculté des Lettres*, Tome I, Nos. 1-2.

ITALY.—ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, TURIN.—*Atti*, continued to date.

——— ROYAL LOMBARD INSTITUTE, MILAN.—*Rendiconti*, 8°. Ser. ii continued to date.

RUSSIA.—IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, ST. PETERSBURG.—*Bulletins*.

The Society has received the following from individual donors :

CHAPMAN, MRS. EDWARD J.—A Drama of Two Lives.
By E. J. Chapman.

COUNCIL OF THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—Presidential Address on Chemical Research. By Professor R. Meldola, F.R.S.

HORNE, JOHN, *Author*.—A Canny Country Side.

LEFRANC, PROFESSOR ABEL, Hon. F.R.S.L., *Author*.—*Resumé* of Lectures on Rabelais delivered at the College of France.

LÜTZOW, THE COUNT, Hon. D.Litt.Oxon., Hon. F.R.S.L., *Author*.—History of Bohemian Literature.

PARSEE HIGH PRIEST OF BOMBAY.—Avesta, Pahlavi and Ancient Persian Studies.

ROGERS, ALEXANDER, *Editor*.—The Shah Namah of Fardusi. Translated from the original Persian.

ROWLANDS, JOHN, F.R.S.L., *Author*.—God is Love ; a Poem.

SPARKE, ARCHIBALD, F.R.S.L., *Author*.—A Bibliography of the Dialect Literature of Cumberland and Westmorland and Lancashire North-of-the-Sands.

TOWN CLERK, Guildhall.—Calendar of Letter-books preserved among the Archives of the Corporation of the City of London. Letter-book H. 1375–1399. Edited by Reginald R. Sharp, D.C.L.

The thanks of the Society are due to the respective Editors and Proprietors of the following Journals for presentation copies :

The *Athenæum* and the *Edinburgh Review* to date.

The subscription has been continued to the New English Dictionary.

The list of names recommended by the outgoing Council as the Officers and Council for 1908-9 having been submitted to ballot, the scrutineers, Professor P. Hume Brown and the Rev. H. Anderson Meaden, reported that the House List was unanimously adopted by the meeting. The list will be found *ante*, on the leaf facing the commencement of the Report.

The revised Bye-laws were unanimously approved and adopted by the meeting.

FELLOWS OF THE SOCIETY.

The sign † indicates an Honorary Fellow. c = a Compounder.

Year of
election.

1894. †HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.
1899. ROBERT VICKERY ALLEN, Esq., Guilden Morden,
Royston, Hertfordshire.
1878. cPERCY WILLOUGHBY AMES, Esq., LL.D., F.S.A.,
Secretary and Librarian, 71, Lewisham Park,
S.E.; and Authors' Club.
1861. cTHE RIGHT HON. LORD AMHERST OF HACKNEY,
F.S.A., 8, Grosvenor Square, W.; Didlington
Hall, Brandon, Norfolk; and Athenæum Club.
1905. DAVID ANDERSON-BERRY, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.E.,
23, Grosvenor Crescent, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
1907. SIR WILLIAM REYNELL ANSON, Bt., D.C.L., M.P.,
Warden of All Souls College, Oxford; and
Athenæum Club.
1902. REV. HUGH JOHN DUKINFIELD ASTLEY, M.A.,
Litt.D., East Rudham Vicarage, King's Lynn,
Norfolk.
1903. †THE RIGHT HON. LORD AVEBURY, D.C.L., LL.D.,
F.R.S., 6, St. James's Square, S.W.; High
Elms, Down, Kent; and Athenæum Club.

Year of
election.

1868. WILLIAM E. A. AXON, Esq., LL.D., 3, Albany Road, Southport.
1901. REV. ALBERT BAGE, Ph.B., 5, Rhodes Street, Halifax.
1905. REV. THOMAS ARTHUR BAILEY, Bawn House, Farnley, Leeds.
1904. FREDERIC WILLIAM BANKS, Esq., Beau Morice Chambers, 2, Garden Court, Middle Temple; 87, Eccleston Square, S.W.; Junior Constitutional Club.
1903. †REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A., J.P., Rector of Lew-Trenchard, Lew-Trenchard House, N. Devon.
1907. REV. HENRY CHARLES BEECHING, M.A., D.Litt., *Council*, Canon of Westminster Abbey, 3, Little Cloisters, Westminster.
1907. ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, Esq., C.V.O., M.A., F.R.Hist.S., Fellow of Magdalene College, Magdalene College, Cambridge; Hinton Hall, Haddenham, Isle of Ely; Tremans, Horsted Keynes, Sussex; and Athenæum Club.
1905. THE VEN. HENRY E. J. BEVAN, M.A., Archdeacon of Middlesex, *Council*, The Rectory, Chelsea, S.W.; Quatford Castle, Bridgenorth, Shropshire.
1872. REV. FREDERICK A. BILLING, M.A., D.D., LL.D., 7, St. Donatt's Road, Lewisham High Road, S.E.
1907. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, Esq., Editor of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' 45, George Street, Edinburgh.

Year of
election.

1907. REGINALD BLOMFIELD, Esq., A.R.A., M.A., F.S.A.,
51, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W.; Point Hill,
Playden, Sussex; and Athenæum Club.
1898. WILLIAM BOLTON, Esq.
1902. DR. C. W. BOTWOOD, D.Sc., Ph.D., 74, Micklegate,
York.
1902. WILLIAM A. BOWEN, Esq., LL.B., Mombasa,
East Africa.
1865. cSIR EDWARD BRABROOK, C.B., V.-P.S.A., V.-P.S.S.,
past President of the Anthropological Institute,
Vice-President and *Treasurer*, Athenæum Club,
Pall Mall, S.W.
1898. CHARLES ANGELL BRADFORD, Esq., F.S.A.,
4, Park Place, St. James's Street, S.W.
1902. cJOHN POTTER BRISCOE, Esq., F.R.Hist.S.,
F.L.A., City Librarian of Nottingham, Central
Free Public Library, Nottingham; Elm Villa,
38, Addison Street, Nottingham.
1894. †REV. STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE, M.A., LL.D.,
1, Manchester Square; and Athenæum Club.
1907. P. HUME BROWN, Esq., M.A., LL.D., Professor
of Ancient (Scottish) History and Palæography
in the University of Edinburgh, 20, Corrennie
Gardens, Edinburgh.
1907. THE RIGHT HON. LORD BURGHCLERE, P.C., D.L.,
M.A., *Council*, 48, Charles Street, W.; Fitzroy
Place, Surrey; and Brooks's Club.
1904. THOMAS BURNS, Esq., 25, Diana Street, Newcastle-
upon-Tyne.

Year of
election.

1907. SAMUEL HENRY BUTCHER, Esq., M.P., D.Litt.
Dublin, D.Litt.Oxon., LL.D., Glasgow and
Edinburgh, *Vice-President*, 6, Tavistock Square,
W.C.; and Athenæum Club.
1907. THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM BOYD CARPENTER,
D.C.L., D.D., LORD BISHOP OF RIPON, The
Palace, Ripon; 2, Morpeth Mansions, S.W.;
and Athenæum Club.
1862. †JOB CAUDWELL, Esq., Spencer Park, Wandsworth
Common, S.W.
1900. MAJOR W. BOUGHTON CHAMBERS, Inspector of
Factories, Custom House, Bombay.
1907. BASIL CHAMPNEYS, Esq., B.A., Hall Oak, Frognaal,
Hampstead, N.W.; and Athenæum Club.
1899. †ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, Esq., M.A., 167,
St. James's Road, Croydon.
1907. THE RIGHT HON. LORD COLLINS, M.A., LL.D.,
D.C.L., Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, *Vice-
President*, 3, Bramham Gardens, S.W.; and
Athenæum Club.
1899. †JOHN CHURTON COLLINS, Esq., M.A., Litt.D.,
Professor of English Literature in the Univer-
sity of Birmingham, 8B, Portman Mansions,
W.; and Athenæum Club.
1899. H. MARTIN COOKE, Esq., St. Vincent's, Eastbourne.
1906. RICHARD COOKE, Esq., A. and M.C.P., F.R.G.S.,
Archbishop Abbot's School, Guildford.
1892. STANLEY COOPER, Esq., 27, Banbury Road, Oxford.
1900. cREV. W. HARGREAVES COOPER, F.R.G.S., Rich-
mond, Penzance.

Year of
election.

1901. cREV. FREDERICK STJOHN CORBETT, M.A.,
F.R.Hist.S., *Council*, The Rectory, St. George-
in-the-East, London.
1886. cH. C. CORKE, Esq., 178, High Street, Southampton.
1907. WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE, Esq., C.B., M.A.,
D.Litt., LL.D., late Professor of Poetry in the
University of Oxford, Civil Service Commis-
sioner (retired), *Council*, The Lodge, Wadhurst,
Sussex; and Athenæum Club.
1907. WILLIAM LEONARD COURTNEY, Esq., M.A., LL.D.,
Editor of the 'Fortnightly Review.' *Council*, 53,
Gordon Square, W.C.; and Authors' Club.
1903. †S. R. CROCKETT, Esq., M.A., c/o A. P. Watt and
Son, Hastings House, Norfolk Street, W.C.;
and Authors' Club.
1896. WILLIAM THOMAS CROSWELLER, Esq., M.S.A.,
F.I.Inst., F.Z.S., Kent Lodge, Sideup.
1890. cJAMES CURTIS, Esq., F.S.A., *Vice-President*,
179, Marylebone Road, N.W.; Glenburn,
Worcester Road, Sutton, Surrey.
1904. JOHN HERBERT DAWSON, Esq., 111, Lower Seedley
Road, Seedley, Manchester.
1903. MISS VIOLET DEFRIES, 71, Leith Mansions, Elgin
Avenue, Maida Vale, W.
1907. AUSTIN DOBSON, LL.D., 75, Eaton Rise, Ealing,
W.; and Athenæum Club.
1903. †EDWARD DOWDEN, Esq., M.A., LL.D., D.C.L.,
Litt.D., Professor of English Literature in the
University of Dublin, Highfield House, Rathgar,
co. Dublin.

Year of
election.

1907. J. A. DE G. DOWNING, Esq., 4, Fairlie Place,
Calcutta, India; and Calcutta Club.
1899. ROMESH DUTT, Esq., C.I.E., Barrister-at-Law,
Finance Minister to H.H. the Maharaja
Gaekwar, Baroda, India.
1907. SIR CHARLES NORTON EDGEUMBE ELIOT, C.B.,
K.C.M.G., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.
Endcliffe Holt, Sheffield.
1900. MRS. C. ELLA EVE, 61, Harley Street, Cavendish
Square, W.
1907. REV. PRINCIPAL A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D., LL.D.,
D.Lit., Mansfield College, Oxford.
1900. cCHARLES FREDERICK FORSHAW, Esq., LL.D.,
D.C.L., M.R.DublinS., F.R.Hist.S., Baltimore
House, Hanover Square, Bradford.
1905. A. E. MANNING FOSTER, Esq., 33, De Vere
Gardens, W.
1907. WILLIAM WARDE FOWLER, M.A., Fellow and Tutor
of Lincoln College, Oxford. Lincoln College,
Oxford; and Oxford and Cambridge Club.
1897. ARNOLD FRANCKE, Esq., 50, Lewisham Park, S.E.
1898. †J. G. FRAZER, Esq., M.A., LL.D., D.Litt., D.C.L.,
4, Parkside, Cambridge.
1894. †F. J. FURNIVALL, Esq., M.A., Ph.D., D.Lit., St.
George's Square, Primrose Hill, N.W.
1906. cHIS HIGHNESS MAHARAJA SAYAJIRAS GAEKWAR,
Ruling Prince of Baroda, Baroda, India.
1892. cSHRIMANT SAMPATRAO K. GAIKWAD, M.R.I.,
M.R.A.S., F.R.C.I., Baroda, India.

Year of
election.

1907. FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., Hon-
Sc.D., Cambridge, 42, Rutland Gate, S.W.;
and Athenæum Club.
1902. ARTHUR HAROLD GARSTANG, Esq., 20, Roe Lane,
Southport.
1883. WILLIAM BLACHFORD GEDGE, Esq., c/o Messrs.
Pope & Plante, 42, Old Bond Street, W.
1907. SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, F.R.S., F.G.S., D.C.L.,
D.Sc., LL.D., Secretary of the Royal Society,
Shepherd's Down, Haslemere, Surrey; and
Athenæum Club.
1902. MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL, Esq., D.Litt., Regius
Professor of Romance Languages, University
of Dublin, *Council*, Trinity College, Dublin;
8, Alma Terrace, Kensington, W.
1902. cN. N. GHOSE, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Principal
Metropolitan Institution, 43, Bancharam Un-
koor's Lane, Bowbazar, Calcutta.
1904. REV. J. GEORGE GIBSON, D.D., The Rectory,
Ebchester, R.S.O.
1901. MRS. ELLA MARY GORDON, LL.D., M.S.A., Arnlee,
Pitfodels, Aberdeenshire; and Auchintoul,
Aboyne.
1907. EDMUND GOSSE, Esq., LL.D., Librarian to the
House of Lords, 17, Hanover Terrace, Regent's
Park, N.W.; and Savile Club.
1892. THE HON. JAMES MACLAREN STUART GRAY,
Master of Gray, c/o Robert Todd, Esq., The
Limes, Tradley Green, High Barnet, N.;
Cwmeron, Llanwrtyd Wells, R.S.O., S. Wales.

Year of
election.

1898. EMANUEL GREEN, Esq., F.S.A., *Council*, Devonshire Club, St. James's Street, S.W.
1907. WILLIAM HENRY HADOW, Esq., M.A., Mus. Bac., Fellow and Tutor of Worcester College, Oxford. Worcester College, Oxford; South Cerney, Cirencester; and Oxford and Cambridge Club.
1897. HEINRICH MARIA HAIN, Esq., Ph.D., M.C.P., Wilhelmj House, 38, Leam Terrace, Leamington Spa.
1880. THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HALSBURY, F.R.S., *President*, 4, Ennismore Gardens, Princes Gate, S.W.; and Athenæum Club.
1906. REV. WILLIAM PARKER HANKS, M.A., The Cedars, Sion Hill, Bath.
1907. THOMAS HARDY, Esq., LL.D., J.P., Max Gate, Dorchester; and Athenæum Club.
1865. cREV. ALBERT AUGUSTUS HARLAND, M.A., F.S.A., Harefield Vicarage, Uxbridge.
1904. WILLIAM HATFIELD, Esq., A.C.P., 2, Crosby Street, Stockport.
1907. REV. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS HEARD, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster of Fettes College. The Lodge, Fettes College, Edinburgh.
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. On Some Verdicts of Dante in the 'Inferno.' By EDWARD HENRY PEMBER, K.C., F.R.S.L.	1
II. Tolstoi as Shakespearian Critic. By Rev. JOSEPH B. MAYOR, Litt.D., F.R.S.L.	23
III. Anna Jane Vardill Niven, the Authoress of "Chris- tobell," the Sequel to Coleridge's "Christabel." With a Bibliography. By WILLIAM E. A. AXON, LL.D., F.R.S.L. With an Additional Note on "Christabel." By ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, Hon.F.R.S.L.	57
IV. Sir Richard Fanshawe. By Professor J. W. MACKAIL, LL.D., F.R.S.L.	89
V. Suggestions for Improving the Literary Style of Scientific Memoirs. By FRANCIS GALTON, D.C.L., Hon. Sc.D.Cambridge, F.R.S., F.R.S.L.	113
VI. Plutarch as an Essayist. By LOUIS C. PURSER, Litt.D.	131
VII. The Friends in Shakespeare's Sonnets. By Mrs. CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL STOPES	171
VIII. Fate and the Tragic Sense. By W. L. COURTNEY, M.A., LL.D.	201
IX. Byron and Carlyle. By LAURIE MAGNUS, M.A., F.R.S.L.	235



ON SOME VERDICTS OF DANTE IN THE 'INFERNO.'

BY EDWARD HENRY PEMBER, K.C., F.R.S.L.

[Read 27th November, 1907.]

BEFORE we venture to review the verdicts of Dante we must take careful note of the conditions under which they were delivered. First, we must remember the date of his Poem. In the year 1300 Catholicism was not only dominant but rampant, and Dante was at once the self-constituted champion of its speculative dogmata, and the expositor of the hopes and terrors by which its domination over the minds of men was maintained. The claims of the Church, as to this world and the next, admitted of no compromise; Baptism, orthodoxy of belief, submissiveness in conduct, with repentance and absolution, if not intermediate, at least final, were essential to Salvation; outside these all was damnation, and there was no hope for goodness or piety beyond the pale. It is difficult, indeed, to believe that the well-known phrase, "the uncovenanted mercies of God," had much, if any, meaning for the Author of the 'Commedia.'

It would be a mere truism to say that by temperament, as well as by conviction, Dante was well fitted to be the Epic Poet of Mediæval Catholicism. If he had not been so constituted the 'Commedia' would not have been written, at all events by him.

He must be pronounced then, in spite of occasional outbreaks of judicial tenderness and humane hesitation, to be the impersonation of that uncompromising and therefore pitiless organisation of which he has made himself the immortal mouthpiece. If we wanted a typical instance of this reluctant sternness, this inability to burst the trammels of the spiritual logic which bound him, we need not go beyond the fact that he has damned Virgil, the leader to whom he clings, the master whom he lauds and reveres, simply because he happened to die a few years before Christ was born, while he promotes the inferior Statius to Purgatory, introducing him as he takes wing for Paradise, in deference to some bare and faint tradition at most—possibly even manufactured by himself—that through Baptism he had become technically entitled to the Christian's hope.

My hearers will doubtless remember that at the outset of their journey, in a sort of suburb of Hell, on the hitherside of Acheron, Virgil and Dante encountered a multitude of despicable souls, of whom the former contemptuously said—

“Waste we no words on them; look, and pass on.”

These are very properly placed where they are. It was natural to treat first, and with a haughty leniency, those who, having committed no positive crime, were still, if undeserving Hell, certainly no less unworthy of Heaven; creatures who had passed through life in a state of faulty faultlessness, arising either from apathy or poorness of spirit, or from both. Perhaps for such negative sin, if we may use the term, exclusion both from Heaven and Hell, and

relegation to outer misery is not a bad sentence. They are thus made to pass their eternity as forgotten caitiffs whom Satan does not care to claim, nor God to hand over to him. Their own sense of self-contempt is, perhaps, their worst punishment. They are conscious of the aptness of Virgil's description of them :

“This miserable state
They keep, the wretched souls of those who lived
Alike unworthy or of praise or blame.
And with their caitiff company are mixed
Those Angels who rebelled not, but who yet
Stood not for God, but for themselves alone :
Heaven drove them forth, to keep its beauty pure,
And the infernal deep received them not,
Lest haply should the damned take glory of them.”

But among these Dante has elected to place a certain Pope, who is generally supposed to be Celestine the Vth, and whose Spirit he recognises, and describes as—

“The shade of him
Who out of vileness made the Great Renouncement.”

Now if this Prelate be the personage intended, as a preponderance of the best commentators agree, Dante's verdict is at least so far questionable that the Poet himself lived to see him canonised. He was, indeed, induced to resign the Papal Tiara, but it was by trickery of the most shameless kind. He had lived the life of a simple and unambitious hermit in the mountains of the Abruzzi, whence, against his will, he was dragged, to have thrust upon him a greatness for which he was doubtless unfitted. But from the first moment of his elevation he was pes-

tered and persecuted by an unscrupulous faction, of which the Cardinal Gaetani, his actual successor, was the head, and which never let him rest till it had brought about his resignation. Gower, in his 'Confessio Amantis,' has given a long account of this intrigue, and tells us that it culminated in a device by which the distracted Pope was made to hear Celestial voices in his bedchamber, crying, "Resign, Celestine, for thy soul's good, resign?" At last resign he did, but under pressure, which hardly justified the phrase—

"Chè fece per viltà il Gran Rifiuto."

Celestine was, perhaps, a poor, silly, guileless priest, but his credulity did not surely deserve a contemptuous damnation, even if his simplicity may have been somewhat over-honoured by canonisation.

But let us now deal with something far more important than any individual case of condemnation, namely, the treatment accorded to those great hosts of choice spirits who had adorned and illustrated the Human Race in pre-Christian times. These Dante has elected to place, and apparently for ever, along with the undistinguished millions of their fellows, in a special region which he has named "Limbo" or "Lembo." Though the name means "Borderland," it is still within the realms of damnation, even if the life in it be not damnation itself in its most active sense of torture. On entering it Dante hears no cries of Anguish; nothing save a vast tremor, as of sighs that made the eternal air to tremble. This, he tells us,

“ Came of sadness untormented, such
As held those vast and varied companies
Of children, and of women, and of men.”

These hosts of sufferers he makes Virgil to acquit, without reservation, of actual ill conduct. They are where they are simply for lack of Baptism, and because they died before Christ came. They were thus fated by mere force of chronology. Here is the great Guide's description of them :

“ I would have thee know,
Ere thou goest farther, that they have not sinned ;
But that their merit, whatsoe'er it were,
Failed, for the lack of that Baptismal Grace
Which makes the portal of thy faith and creed.
And, for they died ere Christ had come and gone,
Not rightly was to God their worship paid.
And as they are, I am ; for such default
Alone, and for none other, are we lost ;
But so far only suffer, that we live
Life without hope, for ever in desire.”

Now Dante was perfectly free to deal with this vast and blameless multitude as he pleased. Indeed, he has himself shown that on this particular subject Catholicism was no fetter either to his imagination or his judgment. It needed but a very admissible extension of that amplification of St. Peter's declaration that Christ “ went and preached to the spirits in prison,” which he himself has made to have given room for the salvation of all deserving Heathendom. For St. Peter confines the definition of “ spirits in prison ” to the antediluvian Patriarchs, whereas our Poet carries the evangel of the Redeemer far beyond that. If, then, there were to be any expansion at all, why should it be limited to some

thirty or forty Hebrews at most, and to them alone? If, in spite of chronology and its logical consequences, Christ could, by the merit of his death, release not only Adam, Eve, Abel, and Noah, but Moses, Abraham, Jacob, Rachel, and David, why, in the first place, could he not by parity of reasoning be represented as having borne away more of the eminent personages in Jewish history? Why is no mention made of Isaac? Why none of Hezekiah, Josiah, and of such flaming ministers of spiritual truth as Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Daniel? And having passed by these, was it not a little phantastic to include the eleven sons of Jacob, in spite of their murderous and fraudulent conspiracy against their brother? Why, lastly, having gone as far as he has, could he not have made room for some of the august company whom we find immured in Limbo? It is not that he did not recognise their deserts; he calls them,

“Great Shades, whom yet I glory to have seen.”

But he is hardly less capricious in the list of those whom he has introduced to the Castello, than in that of those whom he has emancipated. We do not quite see why Camilla should be there, or even Averrhöes, “who made the Commentary;” still less, from Dante’s own point of view, Democritus, “who would to chance assign the making of this world.” His ignorance of Greek Literature excuses his omission of the three great Tragedians from that company of transcendent Poets to which the unduly honoured Lucan was admitted; and a corresponding lack of acquaintance with Greek History accounts for his

not having named Herodotus who was the father of it, or Miltiades, or Leonidas, or Pericles. It is only fair, however, to admit that, apart from these blemishes, negative and positive, Limbo with its Castello remains, not only the most picturesque and dignified of all the scenes in the 'Inferno,' but altogether worthy of comparison with kindred descriptions in the Iliad and Aeneid. I will even add, by way of further extenuation of the charge I have brought against its creator for the damnation of its occupants, that it seems almost as appetizing, from a residential point of view, as that cramped elevation in the 'Lista' of the great Martian Cross, out of which Caccia Guida must have felt it almost a relief to step down for awhile, as he does during some three cantos of the Paradiso.

Perhaps one piece of internal evidence of the innate pitifulness of Dante may, without too much fancifulness, be deduced from the configuration of his Hell. It is, as we know, an inverted cone. Each one therefore of its concentric circles is less than that which is next above it. Indeed, Dante calls the lower ones "cerchietti" and not "cerchi." The lower the circle the more intense the suffering, but then the fewer presumably are its victims, until in the Apex we reach the Father of Sin in solitude, save for the presence of those three unhappy beings whom Dante regards, next to Lucifer himself, as the three Arch-traitors of the Universe, and whose excruciating, if supreme, companionship with the Fiend consisted in being eternally champed in one of his triple jaws. And here once more a modern must find himself at issue with our great Master.

That a Catholic and a Christian should have so placed Judas Iscariot seems to have been obligatory. But the association with him in his bad eminence of Brutus and Cassius is by no means so obvious. Brutus, like his supposed ancestor and namesake who rebelled against Tarquin, must still be regarded as one of the greatest Apostles of liberty, even though he may have confused it with the restoration to power of the great families of Rome. And though it be true that he had been a close friend of Julius Cæsar, and had accepted his benefits, his revulsion in favour of ideal freedom in an aristocratic Commonwealth hardly merits a place in the lowest pit of Hell. As for Cassius, he was little more than a commonplace leader in an abortive revolution, with just so much of blood-guiltiness as has attached to the character in all places and ages. Both he and Brutus were heroes of a lost cause—for which they gave their lives, as Cato did, in all honour. In their view, Cæsar had to be removed, and there was no more thoroughly daring method of effecting his removal than that which they adopted. Besides, morality is relative; and no modern, however much he may repudiate assassination, can place Brutus and Cassius alongside of Judas Iscariot. It may well be that the position assigned to these two was partly an artistic concession to the presence of Virgil, the Epic Poet of the Roman Empire, and partly a gratification of Dante's own Imperial proclivities. But, anyway, it is not easy to bring one's self to admit that Brutus and Cassius were two out of three of the most villainous specimens of human kind.

Dante's classification of crime is threefold. First, incontinence, or self-indulgence; second, violence; and third, fraud. These classes are parcelled out into many subdivisions, through which, at this moment, we need neither track nor test his ingenuity. He considered incontinence, or self-indulgence, the lightest of all, and fraud the most abominable. In the main his order is defensible; for the activity of crime, the positiveness of perverse effort, and the refinement of villainy do increase convincingly as he carries us downwards. In his first class there is, or should be, little beyond weakness, the negation of moral force, self-abandonment to passive impression. And, of all forms of this declination from the standard of right, Dante concedes most to misconduct arising from the excessive influence of love. Something is to be said for this allowance to, and sympathy with, the sweetest of all natural impulses; but we must insist that he has not been happy in the instance by which he has illustrated his indulgent theory. It is too probable that he has employed all the tenderness of which his genius was capable in throwing a glamour over an intrigue, which was only not commonplace, because it involved treason of the deepest dye and most complicated features. Francesca was Paolo's brother's wife, of mature age, and the mother of at least one child. He himself had been married many years, and was the father of a family. He was also several years older than his partner in crime. All this the Poet ignores, and touches nothing but the sentimentality and romance of their passion, fall,

and murder. He is content with Francesca's very simple and somewhat self-complacent apology :

"Love 'twas that brought us to our common death ;
Caina waits for him who murdered us."

Now Caina, as we know, is that "giro" or ring in the Ninth and lowest circle of Hell, which Dante reserves for the treacherous murderers of kinsfolk. But there was no treachery in Gianciotto's wild justice. It was an act of wrath alone, and that not without circumstances of great extenuation. Indeed, if the extreme version of the incident be true, it was justifiable homicide by the law of England. The treason was in its victims, not in its perpetrator. It seems to me that the former should have found a place themselves in Caina, low down among traitors, and not comparatively aloft, with such mild sinners as the unhappy Dido, who died for the love of the insouciant Aeneas, and is only stated to have committed the very novel and fanciful crime of breaking faith with the ashes of her dead husband :

"Ruppe fede al cener di Sicheo."

It is a funny idea that one can commit treason against the contents of a cinerary urn.

But it has been pleaded that Dante may not have known the true story of Paolo and Francesca ; that he may only have heard and accepted what was undoubtedly a current version of it. How that Francesca, betrothed politically to the uncouth and deformed Gianciotto, had been told, in order to gain her acquiescence, that the handsome Paolo, who was to wed her in form, was, in reality, Gianciotto him-

self, and not the mere proxy for his crippled and repulsive elder brother. If that version was true, her love at first sight for her mock husband would multiply her disgust when she found the real one by her side, and would much extenuate her fault. But even with this apology, improbable as it seems when we consider Dante's intimacy with the Polenta family, and the consequent chance of his knowledge of the true facts, we still feel that the Poet, by the glamour of romance which he has thrown over this story, has contracted a great responsibility to subsequent generations. Who can say how much of false literature, down to the last French Novel or London Problem Play, may not be traced, through centuries of devolution, to the poisonous beauty of this lovely episode? But, all the same, let nobody suppose that I don't enjoy it.

It is not by any means clear why Achilles should be placed in this company. His love for Polyxena, the daughter of Hecuba and Priam, was perfectly legitimate, and his marriage with her would probably have saved Troy. It was the doubly dyed traitor Paris who, interested in the maintenance of war, for the sake of his retention of Helen, slew him at the Hymeneal altar. In default of any other reasons for his damnation, the Castello would have been the proper haven for the greatest of the legendary Greeks, along with Hector, Aeneas, Saladin, and the rest.

Nor have I yet mentioned all the difficult juxtapositions in Canto V. Helen and Paris, Tristan and Iseult, were all traitors more than they were lovers, while Semiramis has the credit of having been the

Chaldaean analogue of Catherine the Second, in whose proceedings love was no element at all. Some other place in so carefully graduated a Tartarus should have been found for such delinquents. On the whole, while we don't quarrel with the leniency shown to those who have *bonâ fide* erred under the overwhelming stress of that which is the most picturesque as well as the most powerful of the passions, and almost as seductive to its judges as to its victims, we must demand, as the price of our compassionate concession, that there should be as little treason as possible involved in the fault, and as many extenuating circumstances as may be, so as to lessen the claim of those whose injuries might otherwise fairly plead for severer condemnation.

After leaving the Gluttons, the Prodigals, and the Misers, to whose position, and to the instances by which it is illustrated, there is no exception to be taken, we descend with the two illustrious visitors to that slough of despair in which are made to wallow the Wrathful and the Sullen. Of these again there would be no special note necessary, and the "guarda e passa" of an earlier Canto might well be our injunction here, were it not for an incident, rather than a judgment, which strikes us as hardly creditable to Dante himself, careful though he has been to give it to us in fullest detail. The two Poets, as they took their way past these unfortunates, over the waters of the Stygian fen, in a skiff which Phlegyas had reluctantly provided for them, were accosted by the shade of a Florentine noble. His name in full was Filippo de Cavicciuli-Adinari. There seems no doubt that he had been

famed on earth for his imperious and violent temper, no less than for his arrogance and pride of purse. He had acquired the nickname of "Argenti," from the vanity which had led him to have his palfrey shod with silver. He rose up covered with mud and slime, as the two visitants passed him, and asked Dante who he was, and why he had come thither before his time? The latter, as he admits, affected not to know him, and treated him with an inhuman and quite indefensible rudeness, which came near to ferocity. I am not conciliated by the fact that Dante makes Virgil, whose sanction in the circumstances he could command, and which I ante-date by announcing it, throw his arms round his neck in a rapture of approval, crying out, "Disdainful soul, blessed is she who bare thee!"

I am even disposed to resent the use thus made of the mild Roman's shade. Why I insist that on this occasion Dante besmirched his white robe is that the motive for his ebullition is well known. It is a fact that the family of the poor wretch who is so roughly made to suffer, besides being of the opposite faction to that to which Dante was still nominally attached, had fiercely resisted the cancellation of his banishment. It is therefore difficult to avoid the feeling that a desire to revenge himself upon the Cavicciuli-Adinari, provoked the representation of one of their house, not only as wallowing in the mire, but also as receiving their own victim's insults as he lay.

The incarceration in super-heated tombs of the founders of the great philosophical and theological heresies with their followers, involves a theory

which I prefer to touch very lightly. I will only say that to hold that heresy, thoughtfully conceived, and honestly preached, should involve damnation, has always seemed to me one of the crowning delinquencies of irresponsible authority; and the best apology for Dante's acquiescence in it, is that he wrote when he did. But here once more, though we may fully understand and condone his acceptance of the principle, we are prone to challenge his application of it. He names Farinata degli Uberti as an Epicurean heretic, whom he recognises in torture, and with whom he has some talk. History says nothing of the philosophic tendencies of Farinata; but it does let us know that he was one of the most illustrious leaders of the Ghibellini party, and a favourite of the Emperor Frederick the Second. We know too that he was banished, and that subsequently, having obtained the assistance of the Sienesi, and of Manfred, Frederick's natural son, he defeated the Florentine Guelphs in a great battle on the river Arbia in 1260, and returned in triumph to his native city, where he and his for many years reigned supreme. Farinata is made to say that he shares the superheated chamber with an Emperor and *the* Cardinal. The Emperor is avowedly Frederick the Second, and in the Cardinal is with equal certainty to be recognised Ottaviaro degli Ubaldini, a politician very hostile to the Papal Court, and a great protector of the faction disliked by Dante. The retort of the Poet when Farinata boasted to him that he had twice driven his ancestors into exile could only have been made by one who was still a Guelph at heart;

"If they were driven out," I answered him,
 "They came again each time, and from all parts ;
 But your folk have not learned that art aright."

The Epicureanism of Ottaviaro was probably as hypothetical as that of Farinata or The Emperor Frederick ; they were all labelled heretics on account of their politics, and put in torture accordingly, just as Cinna the Poet was torn in pieces by the Roman mob, as a conspirator against Cæsar, because his bad verses had rendered him sufficiently unpopular.

In the Seventh Circle, where those who have been conspicuous for violence against mankind are immersed in the boiling blood of Phlegethon under the superintendence of three Centaurs, Nessus, Pholus, and Chiron, we encounter one of the most perplexing instances among the judgments of Dante. Here are, as Nessus is made to tell the Visitors,

"Tyrants who gave themselves to blood and plunder ;
 Here they bewail their pitilessness ; here
 Are Alexander, and that savage Syracusan
 Who wrought such dolorous years for Sicily."

If Alexander the Great be here undoubtedly designated, nothing could well exceed the enormity of the injustice. If Cæsar and Saladin, to go no further, were worthy of seats in the plaises of the Castello, what do we know against Alexander that should involve him in so dire a punishment. The very association of his name with that of Dionysius of Syracuse is an affront to history. To avoid this conclusion, so disastrous to the repute of our Poet, strenuous efforts have been made on the part of commentators. Two alternative personages

have been suggested, neither of whom seems at all satisfactory; one is Alexander of Pherae in Thessaly, the other Alexander Balas of Jerusalem, a contemporary of the Maccabees. To begin with, these two, undoubtedly most unamiable, personages, are surely too obscure for such typical notice. There is, indeed, sufficient warrant for the ascription of considerable ingenuity to the Thessalian among professors of cruelty, if it be true that one of his pet diversions was to clothe his slaves in the skins of wild beasts in order to have them torn to pieces by his hounds. As to the ruffian of Jerusalem, he, too, seems to have an expert in ferocity, but his renown, like that of Alexander of Pherae, was too provincial for such eminent selection. On the whole, we are impelled, with much reluctance, to take sides with Benvenuto da Imola, Pietro Dante, the Author of the commentary known as the 'Ottimo,' and others, and after 'Alessandro' to read in 'Il Grande.' It goes for little that Dante has in his 'Convito' expressed great admiration for Alexander of Macedon. He has done exactly the same by Bertran de Borne, but that has not saved him from a place still lower down in Hell. And there is one further point to be kept in mind. Dante had no taste for marauding political warriors, however eminent, as his location of Frederick the Second clearly shows. His main thought, after all, was given to the spiritual supremacy of the Papacy, and he might well feel inclined to gibbet even the colossal fame of Alexander, who overran Asia, as a warning to any Potentate who might cross the Alps, or the Sea, unbidden, to the disturbance of Italy, and the pre-

judice of her sacrosanct theocracy. In a minor degree, we may take exception to the condemnation of Pyrrhus of Epirus, whose sole known crime was a vain, though perfectly natural, attempt to stem the growing flood of Roman supremacy. On the contrary, with the boiling of Sextus, on the hypothesis that he stands for Sextus Tarquinius, the destroyer of the beautiful and blameless Lucretia, we are perfectly content.

With a word or two upon the selection of Pietro delle Vigne to illustrate the doom of suicides, we may quit the group of crimes punished under the various heads of violence. The unfortunate Pietro was a confidential and devotedly attached servant of Frederick the Second. He was calumniated to his master, who threw him into prison, and put out his eyes. Unable to vindicate himself, or to obtain any mitigation of his sufferings, he took an opportunity to destroy himself. He assures Dante, with an air of complete truth, that he was innocent of the charges laid against him; and the Poet gives his readers to understand that he believed the statement. If ever suicide could be considered a venial act, it surely might be so regarded in Pietro's case.

Eleven forms of fraud occupy thirteen cantos of the 'Inferno,' from the eighteenth to the thirtieth inclusive. In these the ignoble army of panders, flatterers, simonists, diviners, corrupt officials, hypocrites, robbers, fraudulent counsellors, disseminators of strife, forgers, and coiners get their deserts. The last four cantos are reserved, in order of descent, for traitors to their kin, to their country, to the special ties of friendship and hospitality, and lastly

to their benefactors, as Brutus and Cassius to Julius, and Judas to Christ. Among the hypocrites we find all the members of that Sanhedrim who condemned the Saviour. Their punishment is special, as their act had been; it is that to which they had contrived to bring their victim, namely Crucifixion. By their hypocrisy Dante would seem to have intended the false motive suggested to them by Caiaphas, and accepted of them all, "that it was expedient that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation should perish not." It is curious to notice that Dante makes no provision for the punishment of Pontius Pilate. I don't think that he even mentions his name throughout the 'Inferno.' Possibly he regarded him as an Imperial servant bound by the terms of his Proconsulship to leave Jesus to the Jewish law on a charge of blasphemy; possibly, also, he may have accepted Pilate's declaration after washing his hands before the multitude, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person, see ye to it"; further, he may have thought it fair to give effect to the priestly rejoinder, "His blood be upon us and upon our children."

Ulysses and Diomede are obviously placed among the fraudulent counsellors because their stratagems wrought ruin to Troy and involved the wanderings of Aeneas, the mythical progenitor of the Alban kings. In fact Dante seems to have regarded them as the Annas and Caiaphas of Roman legend.

To my mind very hard measure has been dealt out to Guido da Montefeltro. He is condemned to the ambient flames of the Fraudulent Counsellors for having given counsel of deceit to Pope Boniface

the VIIIth. Guido's character had been that of a great warrior and an astute politician, of a modern Ulysses in fact. After a long and successful career, he entered the Order of the Franciscans. He is made to say of himself :

“ A warrior once, I wore the Friar's cord,
Trusting, thus girt, to make my peace with Heaven.”

Nothing that we know of him up to the moment of that change in his life would warrant his location so far down in Hell. Moreover, his desire for repentance, *faire son ame*, as the French have it, seems to have been sincere. But upon his retirement is said to have broken in Boniface the VIIIth, whom Dante hated as he knew how to hate, and who, sore perplexed in his great quarrel with the Cardinals of the House of Colonna, came to the old statesman in quest of counsel. In vain Guido pleaded his absolute renouncement of the world and its affairs. The Pope, his spiritual superior in a double sense of the word now that he had become a Monk, insisted ; promising antecedently plenary absolution for any fault which his acquiescence might involve. Guido thus unduly pressed, and spiritually assured, gave his advice, which did in fact cover both craft and fraud. These are the words of the confession which Dante puts into his mouth :

“ ‘ Father,’ said I, ‘ since thou dost wash my soul
From that offence whereinto I must fall,
Take this my hint of counsel ; promises
Fairer in making than of keeping long
Shall seat thee steady in thy lofty chair.’ ”

Nobody knew better or endorsed more strongly than Dante the claim by Popes of absolute obedience

from all Catholics, especially from Ecclesiastics, and the equally absolute powers of absolution with which they were supposed to be endowed. He further admits that he was aware of that great reluctance of Guido to transgress, which itself almost amounted to anterior repentance, just as a promise to absolve was anticipatory absolution. Hard cases, no doubt, make bad law, but if ever there was a hard case, looked at from all points of view, it was this of Guido da Montefeltro.

Low down in the Eighth Circle we are shown Mahomet, the great Prophet of Arabia. We cannot wonder that Dante was unable to appreciate either his mission or his character. He could only see in him the greatest Disseminator of Religious Strife who had ever led a section of mankind astray. He esteemed him at once something greater and worse than a mere dogmatic heretic. He took him to have based his temporal and spiritual power alike and alone upon blasphemy and fraud. Such was doubtless the mediæval conception of Mahomet. But to us who look back from a more distant, and so from a clearer standpoint, to us, for whom History has largely disrobed herself of her mists, he stands forth as the great regenerator of the Arab race. He gave to its Nomad tribes a faith, a code, a conception of polity, and even of morals, which, though far below, both in motive and sanction, ideal Christianity or pure Judaism, were still much above anything which its recipients had theretofore enjoyed. With all the negative shortcomings and positive blots which deface and debase his system, and with all our hope for its ultimate replacement by some-

thing higher and more elastic, Mahomet must be classed among the benefactors of the human race; he remains a figure which cannot be refused a niche in the great temple; and the author of the Koran could only have been placed in the lowest Circle but one of the kingdom of Hell through a lack of materials for true historic appreciation against which even the genius of Dante struggled in vain.

When once we have entered upon the last and most terrible Circle, which embodies Dante's conception of supreme condemnation, we hear nothing more of winds, hail, rain, heat, flames, filth, wounds, flagellation, outcry, as instruments or concomitants of torture. The symbols of its sublimity are stillness, solitude, blackness, ice; such as, save for the ice, we moderns may imagine for the limitless regions of interstellar cold. Dante divides this into four "Giri" or "Rings." First, "Caina," which holds traitors to their kin; Second, "Antenora," which holds traitors to their country; Third, "Tolomea," wherein are herded the betrayers of guests and friends; Fourth, "Giudecca," which contains traitors to benefactors. As we pass through the first three of these quarters, we need not even pause upon the splendid episode of the Conte Ugolino, unsurpassed as a piece of art by anything in the whole *Commedia*; and of their other named occupants there is nothing to be said. They are but the shades of ephemerally infamous Italians, well known, no doubt, to Dante and his contemporaries, but lacking that element of universality as types, which alone would have made them inter-

esting to us. Of the Three who are named as sharing "Giudecca" with Lucifer, I have already said all that I think necessary. Perhaps, however, I might advantageously admit that the triumvirate of arch-criminals is not unnaturally chosen from Dante's standpoint. He believed Christianity, as embodied in Catholicism, to be the one and only source and form of spiritual light, truth, and power; and in the magnificence and sanctity of the Roman Empire as the supreme civil executant of Christendom. In his view therefore, Judas, Brutus, and Cassius, were of kindred guilt, as traitors to the two Founders of the twin Institutions to which his Spirit paid almost equal reverence.

Here, then, we leave our by no means exhaustive sketch of one aspect of the 'Inferno.' In its classification of crime we see little to amend. It is only when we turn to the concrete verdicts by which Dante illustrates it that we feel obliged sometimes to point out indications of political partiality, and even of personal spleen; and at others to take note of imperfect appreciation of the facts of history, natural no doubt to his epoch, but which, as inheritors of the grand result of time, we should be false to ourselves if we did not recognise.

TOLSTOI AS SHAKESPEARIAN CRITIC.*

BY JOSEPH B. MAYOR, LITT.D., F.R.S.L.

[Read January 22nd, 1908.]

A CENTURY and a half ago the undisputed arbiter of literature in Europe was Voltaire. Of all his innumerable activities, perhaps the most persistent was that which had for its object the determination of Shakespeare's true position in the world of letters. Voltaire always claimed to have been himself the discoverer of Shakespeare. On his visit to England in 1726 he found that the semi-barbarous islanders boasted of a dramatic genius, whose merits they no doubt greatly exaggerated, but who combined extraordinary power with no less extraordinary want of taste and refinement. Voltaire himself condescended to translate portions of Shakespeare's tragedies for the benefit of his own countrymen, and borrowed largely from him in "Zaire," "La Mort de César," and other plays. But this patronising tone was exchanged for a severely critical tone, when the ungrateful English not only charged him with plagiarising, but even had the effrontery to prefer Shakespeare's plays to his own. What was especially provoking was that Lord Kames' 'Elements of Criticism' (1762), in which Shakespeare was lauded as the finest genius for the stage the world had ever known, while the French dramatists were depreciated

* Tolstoi's Shakespeare, 'traduit du Russe,' par J. W. Bienstock, ed. 2.

as artificial and declamatory—this very book not only passed through many editions in England, but was translated into German, and had a wide circulation on the Continent. It was even more galling to find that the French themselves were becoming infected with what we may call the “ultramarine heresy,” and that Shakespeare’s plays were being translated and acted in France in spite of all that the Academy could do to uphold the pre-eminence of the old French stage. It was under provocation of this sort that Voltaire was betrayed into the use of the phrase “drunken savage” as descriptive of Shakespeare; but his deliberate criticisms may be summed up under the heads, neglect of the dramatic unities, mixture of comedy and tragedy, admission of low life upon the stage, the use of coarse, violent, and even horrible ingredients to suit the taste of the vulgar.

For better or for worse we have now no *arbiter elegantiarum* to lay down the law for Europe. If the various civilised nations were required to agree upon one, I suppose few would have a better chance of election than the author of ‘Peace and War,’ and of ‘Anna Karenina.’ It was, therefore, with much interest that I saw the announcement of a French translation of a book of Tolstoi’s, bearing the title ‘Shakespeare.’ One hundred and fifty years ago comparatively nothing was known of Shakespeare; the text teemed with inaccuracies, and the acted plays bore only a slight resemblance to the early editions. What do we find to be the effect of the fresh light thrown upon this subject by the prolonged study of later years, upon a mind, which, if far inferior to Voltaire’s in wit and cleverness and ver-

satility, is certainly superior to his in imaginative power, besides being unencumbered by his prejudices in favour of obsolete rules and theories? As we might expect, Tolstoi abandons the dramatic unities, and entirely disagrees with Voltaire's idea that the stage should be limited to the upper classes; but this, I am afraid, is all the advance he has made upon Voltaire. He is as inaccurate, as hasty, as prejudiced, though not quite in the same way, and, what one would hardly have expected, he has really far less sense of the genius of Shakespeare than had Voltaire himself. But I turn now to the examination of his book.

Tolstoi begins by telling us that, after vainly endeavouring for many years to find out what it was that the world admired in Shakespeare, he determined in his sixty-fifth year to read through his works again in English, German, and Russian, but his last careful perusal has only confirmed the weariness and disgust produced in him by his earlier studies, and he is able now to assert with confidence that, so far from being a great writer, Shakespeare falls below the level of mediocrity. King Lear, being regarded as Shakespeare's masterpiece by Johnson, Shelley, Swinburne, Victor Hugo, Brandes, and others, Tolstoi makes this his test and gives a business-like *précis* of each scene, followed by criticisms and quotations. In the latter he adopts Voltaire's method, picking out such passages as are omitted in the Clarendon edition and on the stage, in order to exaggerate the coarseness of the play. The later part of the book contains his general charges against Shakespeare's dramatic art. I propose to deal with these first, and afterwards to make

such reference as may be needed to his comments on the particular play which he has taken as his test.

In p. 108 Tolstoi signalises three elements of excellence in poetry, which he finds to be wanting in Shakespeare, viz. (1) the greatness of the subject selected, *i. e.* its importance for the life of man; (2) beauty of form, consisting in the correspondence of the language to the character, in natural and touching exposition, in the logical succession of the scenes so as to exhibit the development of character, and, added to this, in a sense of proportion; (3) sincerity, by which he means that the author must feel what he represents, or his work will not be a work of art. Now, Shakespeare measures greatness merely by an external standard. Rank and power command his admiration: for the inferior classes he has only contempt. So strongly does Tolstoi feel this, that he devotes by far the largest section of his book to Shakespeare's view of the working classes. A glance at the *dramatis personae* is, he says, enough to prove that the presence of royal or ducal personages was deemed by him to be essential to the dignity of tragedy. What degrading names are given to the plebeian actors in "Midsummer Night's Dream"! What insulting terms are everywhere used by the rich of the poor; by Coriolanus, for instance, of the Roman commons, by Petruchio to Grumio and the tailor, by Pistol to the soldier, by Rosalind to Phoebe, by Jaques to Touchstone and Andry! How rarely is any good quality allowed to servants or inferiors! Almost the only virtue of which they are capable is fidelity to a master, such as we see in Adam towards Orlando, in the fool towards Lear, in Gloster's tenants towards

Gloster. Tolstoi cannot account for a servant of Cornwall's venturing to protest against his cruelty to Gloster. "On ne sait pourquoi" is Tolstoi's remark, but the reason is plainly given in the words, "Hold your hand, my lord; I have served you ever since I was a child, but better service never have I done you than now to bid you hold," and his fellow-servants are represented as sharing his feelings. Tolstoi allows that a soldier is sometimes praised for courage, as in Macbeth and Henry V before Agincourt; "Mais, revenons à Tommy Atkins, il n'est plus Mr. Atkins" after the battle, when the French herald comes to ask for the bodies of the slain princes, many of whom, "woe the while,"

"Lie drowned and soaked in mercenary blood."

It will be noted that Tolstoi writes here (p. 169) as if it were the English king still speaking of his Englishmen,

"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,"

and not the French herald, speaking of his own dead, that comes

"To sort our nobles from our common men."

One would think Tolstoi might have remembered that, at the time when Shakespeare wrote, the fierce independence of the English lower classes was as proverbial throughout Europe as the beauty of their women or the drunkenness of their men; that he might at least have bethought him that the strength of England always lay in her "astonishing infantry," while France put her trust

only in her nobles and cavaliers. Shakespeare himself has taken special pains to mark the contrast by the picture he has given of the two camps on the night before the battle. In the French camp there is nothing but the vanity of fine gentlemen, boasting of their fine horses and armour, and of their certain victory; while in the English camp there is praise, it is true, of "that good old commander and most kind gentleman, Sir Thomas Erpingham," but it is praise uttered in his absence by the common soldiers, who fill the scene and are represented as in familiar talk with their disguised king. There is not a word of boasting, but a settled resolve to fight to the end in spite of the odds against them.

Tolstoi finds the same snobbishness, the same want of sympathy with the poor, the same hatred of democracy in Shakespeare's omission to speak of Magna Charta, of Wycliff, and reforms in general, in his account of Cade's insurrection, in his choice of subjects from Plutarch—why did he not take the Gracchi?—in his contemptuous reference to the Utopias of his time, perhaps worst of all, in his slavish attitude towards authority. For the last Tolstoi (p. 177) quotes Claudio's words in "Measure for Measure":

"Whence comes this restraint?

From too much liberty, my Lucio."

And again, I, 3, 5 (Tolstoi's paraphrase):

"Thus can the demigod, Authority,

Make us pay down for our offence by weight.

So heaven wills. It strikes or spares at pleasure;

But it is always just."

Tolstoi forgets that the whole purpose of this play is to exhibit external authority rebuked by the higher authority of conscience, and he actually takes the sarcastic irony of the offending Claudio, just as he takes the Nemesis-provoking pride of Coriolanus, as expressive of the real mind of Shakespeare. His other proof of Shakespeare's worship of authority is the speech of Ulysses in "Troilus and Cressida," where the failure of the Greeks to take Troy is ascribed to their want of union and discipline. One would have thought that even an anarchist might have allowed that anarchy was out of place in an army on active service. But we need go no further than this play to show how groundless is the allegation that Shakespeare is a slave to authority. In IV, 6, Lear himself says: "Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar and the creature run from the cur. There thou mightest behold the exact image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office." And where shall we find truer sympathy for the poor than in Lear's speech (III, 4), beginning "Poor naked wretches," and in Gloster's (IV, 1), "Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,' etc.

Tolstoi (p. 95) is indignant with Gervinus for venturing to compare Shakespeare with Homer, the *semblance*, as he calls it, with the *reality* of poetry. But Homer has the same aristocratic tone which Tolstoi condemns in Shakespeare, only in a far higher degree. Thersites represents Homer's idea of the *demos*, and the action of the story is carried on almost exclusively by gods and heroes.

As to Shakespeare's choice of subjects, we may

allow that he was guided in part, like Homer and Pindar, by what would please his patrons and his audience, and partly by his own strong feeling of patriotism, which would lead him, in that critical period, to dwell upon what would unite and not divide his countrymen. What England wanted then, and knew she wanted, was strong government to save her alike from enemies abroad and conspirators at home.

I proceed now briefly to discuss the truth of Tolstoi's general principles. "A great poem demands a great subject, and a great subject means something very different from external greatness." With this we should probably all agree; but yet external greatness may tend, if not to develop inward greatness, at any rate to set it in a more striking light. The fate of a Napoleon involves much more than that of some village Hampden. The history of temptation appeals far more powerfully to the heart and conscience, when we see Macbeth acted on the stage, than when we are present at any ordinary trial for murder. The story of Mary, Queen of Scots, or of Marie Antoinette, if not in itself more pathetic than that of the Bride of Lammermoor, has at any rate a wider scope, and affords a more impressive *περιπέτεια*. But never in Shakespeare do we find the interest of the play turning on mere outward position. What so deeply affects us in his tragedies is beauty of character, as in Desdemona or Cordelia, strength of intellect and will, as in Iago or Edmund, the over-powering might of noble passion, as in Othello or King Lear, and behind all, in the background, the over-ruling Providence which shapes our

ends, rebuking selfishness and pride, turning loss into gain, and bitter experience into the patience and sympathy of wisdom.

Tolstoi's second requisite is beauty of form, as shown especially in the suitability of the language to the speakers. In p. 65 he says that this beauty is not to be found in Shakespeare, all whose characters speak the same bombastic, artificial language, a language never spoken by any living being. As examples, he refers to Lear's words to Regan (II, 4, 120), in answer to her professed joy at seeing him.

“Regan, I think you are ; I know what reason
I have to think so ; if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adulteress.”

and secondly, to Lear's appeal to heaven in II, 4, 185,

“O Heavens,
If you do love old men ; if your sweet sway
Allow obedience ; if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause ; send down and take my part.”

As to the latter, I think every unprejudiced reader must feel it to be a splendid example, expressed in language as simple as it is beautiful, of what Ruskin has called the pathetic fallacy, by which man imputes his own feelings to Nature. The majestic movements of the heavens have been regarded in all ages, by Jewish psalmists no less than by Greek philosophers, as a natural symbol of authority. It is dwelt upon by Ulysses in “Troilus and Cressida,” I, 3, and is nobly expressed in Wordsworth's ‘Ode to Duty’ :

“Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through Thee are fresh
and strong.”

As to the former passage the expression objected to, “sepulchring an adulteress,” is an adaptation of one which was unhappily too common in the loose society of the Tudors and Stuarts, as we see in Gloster’s reference to Edgar (II, 1, 80), “I never got him,” and Lear’s to Goneril, “degenerate bastard.” It is even put into the innocent lips of Miranda: “I should sin to think but nobly of my grandmother.” As Tolstoi takes no exception to the general use of the expression, I suppose what he dislikes is its seemingly far-fetched application, “Divorce me from thy mother’s tomb.” But the tomb is that which is really most closely bound up with his love. It was at her tomb that Lear recalled his wife most vividly to mind.

Two more passages may be quoted to illustrate what Tolstoi means by his use of the word “artificial” in regard to Shakespeare’s language. In “Lear,” iv, 1, where the blind Gloster tells the old tenant who had been leading him to look to his own safety, the latter replies, “Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.” To which Gloster makes the simple, touching, and truthful answer:

“I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw.”

And this Tolstoi calls a specimen of the artificial language, in which ideas are suggested by a play upon words. A little below, when Gloster tells the old man to leave him in charge of Edgar, the answer is

“Alack, sir, he’s mad,” on which Gloster makes the natural reflection :

“’Tis the time’s plague when madmen lead the blind.”

The remark appended by Tolstoi, “Gloster profite de l’occasion pour dire un bon mot,” can only be characterised as brutal.

I cannot help thinking that all this insistence on the adaptation of the language to the speaker betrays a certain shallowness of mind in the critic. A great poet makes us conscious of unity of character through the feelings, thoughts, and actions of the person, and also through the way in which others behave to him or address him. For instance, the careless reader thinks “monsters of cruelty” a full description of Goneril and Regan, but a more thoughtful reader becomes conscious of a subtle distinction between them, as he notices the difference in Lear’s way of addressing them in Scene I, “Goneril, our eldest born, speak first,” and afterwards, “Our second daughter, our dearest Regan.” Then in II, 4, 128 and 167 :

“Beloved Regan, thy sister’s nought.

* * *

No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curses :

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give

Thee o’er to harshness : her eyes are fierce, but thine

Do comfort and not burn.”

Compare, too, the answers made by the two daughters to Lear’s question :

“Which of you shall we say doth love us most ?”

While Goneril dwells on the greatness of her love :

“Beyond all manner of so much I love you” ;

Regan insists on her delight in being loved :

“I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness’ love.”

Notice also the contrast in II, 4, after Lear has gone out into the storm. Both are agreed in leaving him there, but Regan attempts to justify herself by the circumstances :

“The house is little, the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestowed ” ;

while Goneril makes it a matter of principle :

“’Tis his own blame, . . . must taste his own folly,”

which Regan echoes shortly afterwards in the words :

“To wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters.”

Goneril’s is a strong, masculine, self-sufficing nature: she sets the tune, which is taken up by the feminine, caressing, falser, but equally cruel Regan. Observe how the latter professes terror when she hears her father’s curses on Goneril :

“O the blest gods; so will you wish on me,
When the rash mood is on.”

But Goneril is always entirely unmoved, as may be seen in her “At your choice, sir,” after one of Lear’s most passionate outbreaks. Both are beautiful, both clever—much cleverer than Cordelia—cold, clear-sighted and practical in their outlook.

I gather this from their *tête à tête* at the end of the first scene, from Goneril's way of treating Albany, and from the alteration in Albany's tone from the words in I, 4, 304 :

"I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,"

to those in IV, 2, 62, which I think should be read :

"Thou changed and self-discovered* thing, for shame,
Bemonster not thy nature."

Language in itself is a very secondary thing, determined in a great degree by outward circumstances, like the use of "Alack!" here in the mouth of the peasant, or like Pistol's fag-ends of old plays. What is really essential is that a man's own feelings and thoughts, however expressed, should combine with his actions and with the relations in which he stands to others, to produce the total impression which we know as his character.

When Tolstoi says that no one ever talked in Shakespearian language, he utters what is in one sense a truism. In common life we do not speak in blank verse, the use of which implies a highly imaginative and poetical treatment, with a view to the production of an aesthetic pleasure out of incidents which would otherwise be productive of horror or pain. If he means that Shakespeare's words contain more of thought, and, where it is required, a far greater depth of passion than our

* Compare I, 1, 280:

"Who cover faults at last shame them derides."

common language, he is quite right ; and this sometimes makes him difficult to understand. So far we can go together. But if he means that Shakespeare intentionally avoids simplicity, I entirely deny it. Where does Shakespeare soar highest in this astounding play of *Lear*? Not in the raging storm of Nature and of man, but in the still small voice, in those two simple phrases which might be uttered by a child of five years old, "And so I am, I am," "No cause, no cause." Yet Shakespeare gives such intensity to these simple, childlike words, that in them the very soul of Cordelia lies open before us. I might use the same words to disprove Tolstoi's allegation that Shakespeare's characters all speak the same language. Try them on Goneril and Regan, on Cleopatra, on Portia, or on any other of Shakespeare's heroines. You will try them in vain. It is impossible to fit them. The result is the same if we try to transpose a speech of Hotspur and Glendower, of Brutus and Antony, not because they use a different vocabulary, but because they are different persons, expressing different thoughts and feelings. So far as mere language goes, Cordelia and Goneril have the same stately dignity at command when occasion calls for it, as in Cordelia's delightful dismissal of her half-hearted suitor :

"Peace be with Burgundy !
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife."

and in Goneril's well-reasoned, but far from delightful remonstrance with her father :

“Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool,
But others of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not to be endared riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known to you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance,” etc.

There is, however, one speech in *King Lear*, to which Tolstoi seems to me to have justly taken exception, and that is in II, 2, where Kent belabours the steward with Falstaffian abuse, such as “A base, proud, shallow, beggarding, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave, a lily-livered, action-taking knave,” and so on. Kent, as he tells us himself, has “more man than wit about him,” and was not at all the person to use what wit he had in providing amusement for the gallery. Perhaps, too, the fine description of Dover cliffs may fairly come under Tolstoi’s censure, as being wrongly placed in the mouth of the counterfeit madman, Edgar. Even Gloster, though absorbed in his own sad reflections, notices that he speaks in better phrase and matter than he was wont.

In p. 113 Tolstoi shows his confidence in his own estimate of Shakespeare, by challenging the admirers of the latter (among whom he mentions Tourguenieff) to adduce, out of his whole works, a single passage of ten consecutive lines, “comprehensible, natural, suited to the speaker, and productive of an artistic impression.” I think one desiderates here some of that sense of proportion which Tolstoi finds so lack-

ing in Shakespeare generally. In answer to his challenge, I would simply ask him to read through Henry V's speech at Agincourt, and say in what respect it fails to come up to his requirements. I mention this, not because I think it better than hundreds of other speeches, but because Tolstoi himself happens to have just now re-called it to my mind.

In p. 91, foll., Tolstoi says the fame of Shakespeare is supposed to rest on the double foundation of his fine thoughts and his power of characterisation. As to the former, they are appropriate in prose collections of aphorisms, but in a drama they destroy the required illusion, unless they are suited to the persons who utter them. Now Shakespeare's fine things (if such there are) are foisted in without regard to the situation or the characters. The action drags owing to the interpolation of unnecessary and incongruous matter. From pp. 28, 29 we should gather that Tolstoi means this description to apply to Lear's speeches in Act III. He says they are "as senseless as the fool's"; and certainly, as rendered in Tolstoi's bald prose, the speech beginning "Blow winds and crack your cheeks" might well be charged with bombast and exaggeration. The language of passion and the language of imagination are naturally unmeaning or disgusting to that unsympathetic common sense, to which alone Tolstoi here appeals. Judging from this book I should say that he was utterly incapable of appreciating the great English style, the style of the Elizabethans and of Milton. "Pompous exaggeration" would, I expect, be all that Tolstoi could find in the

‘Areopagitica,’ or even in the authorised version of ‘Isaiah.’

Similarly of the speech beginning, “Let the great gods find out their enemies now,” Tolstoi writes, “Lear says to Kent, ‘*on ne sait pourquoi, que pendant cette tempête on trouvera tous les criminels.*’” The speech naturally rises out of the preceding words of Kent, “Man’s nature cannot carry the affliction nor the fear.” Tolstoi seems never to have observed the fact that great convulsions of Nature naturally force upon man the conviction of his own weakness in presence of the stupendous powers which might crush him to death in an instant. In his terror he bethinks him of the sins he has committed, and cries for mercy to the power he believes himself to have offended. But Lear, while rising to a higher conception of the intention of the gods, as revealed in the storm, than he had reached in his former speech, where he regarded them simply as “servile ministers to two pernicious daughters,” still maintains his own integrity as “a man more sinned against than sinning.” Tolstoi entirely misses the lesson *παθήματα μαθήματα*, which makes itself more distinctly felt in each successive speech both of Lear and of Gloster.

To show Shakespeare’s weakness in characterisation, Tolstoi examines the speeches and actions of Othello, Hamlet, and others. Of Hamlet he says, critics have exhausted their skill in endeavouring to prove the depth and subtlety of his character, the fact being that he has no character at all, but is simply a mouthpiece for any ideas which came into Shakespeare’s head. Wherever we find any traces

of character in his plays, these may be always traced to the old plays or chronicles from which his subjects are borrowed, and in his adaptation of which the characters are, as a rule, either weakened or destroyed. He illustrates this from the old play of "Leir," which he compares with Shakespeare's "Lear," greatly to the disadvantage of the latter. I will first notice the faults he finds in this, and then give his abstract of the old play (pp. 59-62).

(1) Lear has no occasion or motive which should cause him to abdicate. His action is inconsistent with his knowledge of the characters of his daughters, just as Gloster's behaviour is inconsistent with his knowledge of his sons. (2) The personages of all Shakespeare's plays are inconsistent with the time and place in which they are supposed to live. Lear belongs to the eighth century B.C., and yet the action of the play is only suitable to the Middle Ages, in which kings, dukes, armies, bastards, gentlemen, doctors, soldiers, etc., play their part. We will take leave to test these objections by a comparison with the old play. In the old play Leir abdicates after the funeral of his wife, "in order to think upon the welfare of his soul." In Shakespeare Lear says:

" 'Tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthened crawl towards death."

Surely there is motive enough in the latter, and a motive better suited to the time, than that given in

the old play. "To think upon the welfare of his soul" was a very appropriate reason for the abdication of Charles V, but not for that of a heathen chieftain in the eighth century B.C.

The next objection is that Lear's proposal to divide his kingdom equally between his daughters, and his fury against Cordelia for refusing to follow her sisters in their high-flown expressions of affection, are unnatural and inconsistent with the knowledge which a father must have had of his daughters' characters. But are there no fathers now who make mistakes about their daughters' characters? And not only was Lear's time too much occupied with his duties as king to see much of his daughters, but it seems natural to suppose that, since their mother's death, the daughters had been brought up under other guardianship. This, perhaps, may have been the reason why Shakespeare omits the reference to her recent funeral, which we find in the old play. In any case Lear is there deceived about his children, just as much as he is in the new play.

We are told a little more about "Cordella" in the old play, but it does not help us much. It seems she had refused all offers of marriage. Lear wanted her to marry a British prince. He meant, when she told him, as he fully expected she would, that she loved him more than her sisters, to urge her to prove her love by yielding to his one request:

"Accept a husband whom myself shall woo."

Cordella answers, perhaps more gently than in Shakespeare:

“I cannot paint my duty forth in words,
I hope my deeds shall make report of me.
But look, what love the child doth owe the father,
The same to you I bear, my gracious lord.”

At which Goneril and “Ragan” (such is the form in the old play) both exclaim, and Lear answers much as in Shakespeare. Tolstoi thinks Cordella’s words here more likely to excite Lear’s wrath than the answer :

“I love your majesty according to my bond,
Nor more, nor less.”

herein contradicting what he had said in p. 13, that she who was intended to personify all the virtues, speaks as if it were her special object to exasperate her father.

As to Tolstoi’s charge of anachronism, it is true Shakespeare is careless as to the scaffolding of his plays. Bohemia is on the sea coast. Edgar here is Lear’s godson. What does it matter? We do not read Shakespeare in order to learn the history and antiquities of Britain in the year 800 B.C., but to learn the workings of the human heart in all centuries. As to the anachronisms which Tolstoi discovers in our play, one can hardly believe him serious. Plunge as deep as we will into barbarism, go back as far as we may in the history of the world, I am afraid we shall never be quit of kings, bastards, soldiers, and the other inconveniences of the middle ages.

But all this talk of anachronism is just on a par with the charge we have already considered, of the

unsuitability of the language to the person. As Shakespeare creates a character, so he creates an atmosphere, creates it as no man ever did either before or after him. He gives us two pictures of the dark mysterious north in Macbeth and Hamlet. In the former we are haunted throughout by the presence of the three weird sisters, in the latter by the ghost of the King of Denmark, in conflict with the civilising influences from the south embodied in Hamlet. So Juliet is the embodiment of the bright sunshine of the southern spring with its beauty, its fragrance, and its passing storms. In Julius Caesar and Mark Antony we have the mighty spirit of Rome depicted in its transition from the republican to the imperial form, and falling a victim, in the latter play, to the charms of the hellenised east. Here in King Lear is a representation of *primaeval* savagery with passing flashes of light presaging the ordered government which is to take its place. Legend made Britain the scene, but it is more like Russia under Ivan the Terrible. Atmosphere and environment are the Shakespearian equivalents of time and place.

To return, however, to the old play. In Tolstoi's view, Shakespeare's "characterless Cordelia" is far surpassed by "the tender, loving, resolute, and captivating Cordella," who, after being disinherited by her father, sets to work to earn her living as a sempstress. To her comes the King of France, disguised as a palmer, to solicit her hand for his supposed royal master. She says she will only marry where she loves, and that she loves, not the king, but his messenger, the palmer. This is, no

doubt, a pretty episode in the old play, but hardly consistent with the grim tragedy of Shakespeare. The behaviour of the French king towards "the unprized, precious maid" of Shakespeare seems as startling to Tolstoi as to Lear. "*On ne sait pourquoi*" is his remark, when he finds that "from coldest neglect love kindles to inflamed respect," and that to the French king "she is most rich, being poor."

The treatment of Leir by Goneril is much the same as in Shakespeare, but his own behaviour is very different. He is represented as a mirror of mild patience, putting up with all wrong and never making reply. Perillus (the Kent of our play) persuades Leir to leave Goneril for Ragan, who is, however, already inflamed against him by a letter from her sister, and plots his murder. Tolstoi, who is much perturbed by the successful disguises of Kent and Edgar in Shakespeare, notes with satisfaction that Perillus wears no disguise; but apparently he might just as well have been disguised, so far as Leir is concerned, for the latter accosts him with the words:

"What man art thou that takest any pity
Upon the worthless state of old Leir?"

Of course to an actor, accustomed to play many different parts, disguise in itself presents no difficulty, and Kent particularly mentions the pains he has taken to change not only his appearance but also his accent. I think, however, Shakespeare puts the power of disguise to too severe a test in some of the later scenes, where it would seem that over-

powering emotion must have brought to light the real man.

Tolstoi is especially pleased that in the old play there is no horrible tempest, no tearing of white locks, but simply the helpless, broken-hearted king, pursued by the assassin sent by Regan. There is, however, a thunderstorm, which has the Shakespearian effect of deterring the assassin from his crime.

I think we may pause here and ask whether Tolstoi's purpose in giving this abstract of the old play has, so far, been accomplished. He proposed, we remember, to show that what character there was in any of Shakespeare's plays was a relic of the old play from which it was borrowed, and that this character was, in any case, weakened or destroyed in the remodelling. Do we find, then, greater strength of intellect and passion in the tame *Leir* of the old play, or in the terrible *Lear* of Shakespeare's tragedy? The question answers itself; we might as well impute weakness to the "*Oedipus*" of Sophocles as to Shakespeare's *Lear*.

To return to the old play, *Leir* and *Perillus* make their way to France through many dangers and in great misery. Before they arrive there we have a beautiful soliloquy of *Cordella's*, in which she returns thanks to heaven for her own happiness, grieves that she has offended her father, prays for his happiness and for the repentance of her sisters, ending with an anachronism not noticed by Tolstoi: "I will to church and pray unto my Saviour." In a later scene we have a still more flagrant anachronism, where *Goneril* calls her sister "*Puritan*."

Shortly afterwards *Leir* and *Perillus* are brought

before Cordella, who, on her husband's advice, refrains from revealing herself to her father. On hearing his story, however, she betrays herself by her tears. Lear kneels to ask her forgiveness, and she kneels both for forgiveness and blessing. As Tolstoi contrasts the "simple and profoundly touching characters of Leir and Cordella" in the old play, with Shakespeare's "unnatural characters," and speaks of this particular scene as "unparalleled in all the writings of Shakespeare," it becomes necessary to put the two side by side. To begin with the old play (Leir speaks) :

If from the first I should relate the cause,
 'Twould make a heart of adamant to weep ;
 And thou, poor soul, kind-hearted as thou art,
 Dost weep already, ere I do begin.
Cord. : For God's love tell it, and when you have done,
 I'll tell the reason why I weep so soon.

Leir tells his story and concludes by saying,

And now I am constrained to seek relief,
 Of her to whom I have been so unkind ;
 Whose censure, if it do award me death,
 I must confess she pays me but my due ;
 But if she shows a loving daughter's part,
 It comes of God, and her, not my, desert.
Cord. : No doubt she will, I dare be sworn she will.
Leir : How know you that, not knowing what she is ?
Cord. : Myself a father have a great way hence,
 Used me as ill as ever you did her ;
 Yet, that his reverend age I once might see,
 I'd creep along to meet him on my knee.
Leir : O, no men's children are unkind but mine.
Cord. : Condemn not all, because of others' crime ;
 But look, dear father, look, behold and see,

Thy loving daughter speaketh unto thee. (*Kneels.*)

Leir : O stand thou up, it is my part to kneel,

And ask forgiveness for my former faults. (*Kneels.*)

None can deny that these are beautiful lines, so beautiful that I am inclined to think Shakespeare himself must have had a hand in them; but, in any case, they do not penetrate so deep as the later version. To begin with, the situation itself is less piteous, less terrible. The later Lear is just waking out of the madness into which he has been thrown by his daughters' cruelty; and Cordelia, on the doctor's advice, is the first to address him "How fares your Majesty." But Lear is still distraught: he imagines himself in another world, where he is punished for the wrong done to Cordelia;

"Yon do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound

Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears

Do scald, like molten lead."

When Cordelia asks, "Sir, do you know me?" his answer is—

"You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?"

and then, while Cordelia and the doctor are watching him, he breaks out—

Where have I been? where am I? . . .

. . . I know not what to say,

I will not swear these are my hands; let's see;

I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured

Of my condition.

Cord. : O, look upon me, sir,

And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.

No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear : Pray do not mock me.

I am a very foolish, fond old man,

Fourscore and upward,

And, to deal plainly,

I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks I should know you and know this man;

Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant

What place this is.

Do not laugh at me;

For as I am a man, I think this lady

To be my child Cordelia.

Cord. : And so I am, I am.

Lear : Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I pray you, weep

If you have poison for me, I will drink it. [not.

I know you do not love me, for your sisters

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong;

You have some cause, they have not.

Cord. : No cause, no cause.

I do not know whether Tolstoi had any remnant of doubt in his own mind, but in p. 75 he gives another set of reasons for preferring the old play. The attention, he says, is not diverted from the main subject by the interposition of needless characters, such as Gloster and his two sons. The play is free from "scènes entièrement fausses" such as the mad Lear on the heath, the talk of the fool, the impossible disguises and misconceptions, the horrible blinding of Gloster (pp. 93, 34), the needless deaths; and it closes in accordance with the demands of poetical justice.

I am very much afraid of tiring out my hearers, but these points are not without interest, and in any case Tolstoi's name carries too much weight to allow one to leave any part of his criti-

cism untested. Was Shakespeare, then, justified in borrowing a secondary plot from Sidney's 'Arcadia' by way of reiterating the moral of the first plot? The impression produced by the want of natural affection on the part of the sisters and daughters, and by the fatal credulity of the father in the main plot, is much enhanced by the same want of affection on the part of Edmund towards his father and brother, and the same credulity on the part of Gloster in the subordinate plot. What might have seemed an isolated piece of cruelty and hard-heartedness, if we had only the one plot, becomes characteristic of the time by the addition of the second plot, in which we are told of portents in the heavens foreboding unnaturalness between the child and parent, dissolution of ancient amities, banishment of friends, nuptial breaches and so on; and the close union of the two plots is especially marked by the fact that the villain of the under-plot is made the unconscious interpreter of the motives of the actors in the main plot, so putting in clearer light their defiance of all rules of morality and religion. We find this in such phrases as, "Thou, Nature, art my goddess"; "Wherefore should I stand in the plague of custom?"; "I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny"; "The younger rises when the old doth fall." The speaker, Edmund, is closely bound up with the action of the larger plot. It is he who is responsible for the blinding of Gloster by Cornwall and Regan, for the jealousy and ultimate ruin of the pernicious sisters, and for the death of Lear and Cordelia.

Tolstoi's complaint of the want of poetical justice in these deaths is widely shared by many English readers; it was acted upon by Nahum Tate in his stage version, and was strongly expressed by Johnson. But surely Kent is in the right when he says :

“ Vex not his ghost, O let him pass ! He hates him
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.”

It would be scarcely more reasonable to blame Sophocles for not restoring Oedipus to the throne of Thebes than it would be to ask that Lear should survive. Oedipus was received into the grove of Colonus as a consecrated being. His memory was cherished there along with that of the Eumenides, and the place where his body lay was regarded as the Palladium of Athens. So we may suppose Shakespeare to have dreamt of some Elysium for Lear, where he and Cordelia and the poor fool and knave, whom he seems at the end (V, 3, 306) to have confused with his daughter, should find rest at last from the storms of life.

Many before Tolstoi have objected to the blinding of Gloster, an incident borrowed from the ‘Arcadia’ but which becomes more horrible by being enacted on the stage. In it the savagery of the time reaches its high-water mark. Even Coleridge seems to think that Shakespeare has here overstepped the limits of art. Still, it must be remembered that it was not an uncommon practice in what, I suppose, must be called the civilised court of Constantinople, and that it was inflicted on her own

son by order of the Empress Irene, whose name appears as a saint in the calendar of the Greek Church. It is also worthy of note that we are familiarised with the idea of blinding in the play itself, in which it is mentioned four times before it is actually carried out. Twice in Lear's speech to Goneril (I, 4, 292) :

“Old fond eyes,
Beweepe this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.”

And just below of Regan :

“When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage.”

Then in III, 7, hearing of the French landing, Regan says of Gloster : “Hang him instantly,” but Goneril exclaims, “Pluck out his eyes ;” and when Gloster is brought in and examined as to his reason for sending the King to Dover, his answer is :

“Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes, nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.”

Tolstoi has no patience with the fool, whose tedious jests only produce on the mind “*cette pénible gêne qu'on ressent à entendre des plaisanteries sans sel.*” He does not see the value of the fool's loving sympathy to the suffering king, flouted by his unnatural daughters, with no intimate friend to keep him company (for Kent is only known to him as his new servant Caius). While others think only of their own interests, the weakest, gentlest, and tenderest of his followers stands by his master's side with

dog-like fidelity, in spite of the threats of Goneril and the raging of the storm, and is thus the means of saving him from utter despair. The fool's attempt to divert him reminds him of his old courtly life, while his love for Cordelia forms a link between Lear and the daughter whose ill-treatment by himself he now so deeply deplores. There is something most touching in his frequent inquiries after his "pretty knave," in his striking Goneril's gentleman for chiding his fool, in the remark of one of his knights, "Since my young lady's going into France the fool hath much pined away," and in Lear's answer, "No more of that: I have noted it well"; most of all, after his wits have begun to turn in the storm: "Come on my boy; art cold? I am cold myself"; "Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart that's sorry yet for thee"; and in his insisting that he should take refuge in the hovel: "In boy, go first," "Nay, get thee in." The last words of the fool: "And I'll go to bed at noon" have been, I think, rightly interpreted as implying that the physical and moral strain has been too much for him, that his day of life is over before it has reached its noon. Much of the fooling of which Tolstoi complains is exactly appropriate to the situation, and the nonsense which is mixed with it is perhaps needed to disguise it under the mask of folly.

The scene which supplies Tolstoi with more quotations than any other is III, 4, where the fool and the true and counterfeit madmen are met on the heath, because he thinks this exhibits more clearly than any other, the ineptitude of the playwright.

And no doubt it raises many difficult questions. How is it that Edgar is so well up with the patter of poor Tom, and so familiar with the names and properties of the foul fiends Flibertigibbet and the rest? Most of it is to be found in Decker's 'Bellman' and Harsnet's book, both of which may have been known to Shakespeare, but what is there to make it probable that the Edgar of the play should have had such knowledge? Edmund addresses him in the earlier scenes as interested in astrology, and in II, 1 he tells Gloster that Edgar was "mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon." This acquaintance with demonology is, therefore, not inappropriate in Edgar, who is driven to some sort of disguise in order to save his life. Besides, it contributes to the action of the play, because it not only helps to create the human bedlam, which matches the elemental hubbub without, but it has the further effect of stimulating the madness of Lear, who is greatly taken with the learned philosopher and is tempted to imitate him in throwing off all the sophistications of civilised life.

Tolstoi's criticism of the opening scene calls for a word or two. He condemns the vulgar ribaldry of Gloster's allusion to Edmund's birth, considering that the only purpose of it is to inform the audience, in a way suited to their depraved taste, of the fact that Gloster had two sons, one legitimate, the other illegitimate. Coleridge, on the contrary, rightly asserts that its object is to set before us in the fewest words the premises and data for our own after-insight into the minds of those whose character, passions and sufferings are the main subject-matter

of the play. Lear's rash resolve, Gloster's weak and shallow nature, the insulting levity with which he refers to the position of his proud and ambitious son—these form the foundation on which the play is built up, while they also suggest the low tone of morality natural to a barbarous age, and prepare the way for the atrocities which follow.

The last and worst charge which Tolstoi brings against Shakespeare is that he is without religion or morality, in fact that he has no convictions of any kind (pp. 107, 130, 131), and that this is the secret of his popularity with the upper classes, because he shares their immoral and irreligious spirit.

I have no time to go fully into this question. Incidentally I have touched upon it already. I allow that the charge may be brought with some justice against other dramatists of the Elizabethan age, against the dramatists of the restoration, and against some of the present day, who make light of moral distinctions, debase our ideals, leave no room for the exercise of imagination. But who could say this of Shakespeare? Where has he given incentives to vice? Where has he represented vice as triumphant? Where has he failed to make us sympathise with virtue, even when seen in such a poor feeble character as Gloster's? And it is no luke-warm sympathy he instils into our minds, but a burning enthusiasm for the good, the true, and the beautiful, and a burning hatred of their opposites. I cannot but think that Tolstoi's violent prejudice against Shakespeare is partly due to the latter's power of entering into the characters he represents. Shakespeare is a man to whom "*nihil humani alienum.*"

He interests himself in all and does justice to all. While he never confuses between good and evil, it is very rarely that he makes a character all black or all white. Even in the blackest there is usually some relic of humanity, or at least something to show how humanity was lost, as in the case of Edmund. Now Tolstoi seems to me to be mainly guided by political considerations in his æsthetic judgment. His experience of Russian tyranny has so perverted his natural sense of justice that law and authority have become utterly abhorrent to him, and every rebel wears a halo of glory. An aristocrat being to him an arch-fiend, he cannot endure that Shakespeare should allow any good qualities to Coriolanus, or, again, that he should venture to impute fickleness to a mob. In some respects a one-sided man of genius, who is carried away by his own ideas, is less capable of being duly impressed with another man's writings, than a critic like Ste. Beuve, who is not self-engrossed, but can passively surrender his mind to receive new influences, before he proceeds to weigh their exact value in his critical scales. In the case of Voltaire we saw that personal jealousy had a good deal to do with his depreciation of Shakespeare. I do not think the personal motive weighs so much with Tolstoi. But he is weary of Shakespeare's supremacy, as the Athenians were of the pre-eminence of Aristides, all the more because Shakespeare embodies English hatred of extremes and English constitutionalism, broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent, which is as hateful to Tolstoi as it was to another famous Slav, his exact opposite in politics, the late Procurator of the Holy Synod, Pobiedonostseff.



ANNA JANE VARDILL NIVEN, THE
AUTHORESS OF "CHRISTOBELL," THE
SEQUEL TO COLERIDGE'S "CHRIS-
TABEL." WITH A BIBLIOGRAPHY.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, LL.D., F.R.S.L.

WITH AN ADDITIONAL NOTE ON
"CHRISTABEL."

BY ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, HON. F.R.S.L.

[Read February 26th, 1908.]

THE publication, under the auspices of the Royal Society of Literature, of a facsimile of the MS of Coleridge's "Christabel," with critical apparatus by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, gives a new interest to a literary problem which, if not of first-rate importance, has certainly excited some curiosity for many years—that is the authorship of "Christobell," that sequel to "Christabel" which appeared in print in the year before Coleridge's poem was published.

In 1815 there appeared in the 'European Magazine' for April a poem entitled "Christobell, a Gothic Tale," which the author states was "written as a sequel to a beautiful legend of a fair lady and her father, deceived by a witch in the guise of a noble knight's daughter."

This is an accurate description of Coleridge's
VOL. XXVIII.

"Christabel," which was not published until 1816 although written at the close of the eighteenth century. Strange to say the spelling adopted in the title of the sequel is one that Coleridge occasionally employed. Although not printed there were manuscript copies of "Christabel" in circulation among a limited circle, and one of these must have been seen by the contributor to the 'European Magazine,' who uses "V." as a signature.

On examining this new edition of "Christabel," for which Mr. E. H. Coleridge and the Royal Society of Literature deserve the high praise due to an excellent idea worthily executed, it occurred to me that it would be worth while to make an effort to identify the writer of "Christobell" in the 'European Magazine.' The thought came all the more readily that in former years I had been somewhat familiar with that periodical, and had carefully examined many of the volumes for quite other purposes of research. The results of my inquiry were given briefly in the 'Bookman,' August, 1907, and are now more fully stated.

I found that V. was a constant writer of verse and prose for the 'European Magazine.' The first contributor under that signature appeared in May, 1814 (p. 432); the last in April, 1822 (p. 325). The discontinuance of V.'s aid may, perhaps, be connected with the fact that under the new proprietors there had been a somewhat ungenerous reference to the Asperne family, to whom the magazine had previously belonged. (See the article "The Editor's Conversation," behind the title of the number for April, 1822, and also p. 374.) That V. was a woman may be

concluded from the verses which appear in April, 1821 (p. 533), "The Editor's Compliments of the Season to his Well-beloved Public, Readers, Contributors, and Correspondents," in which he says:

"Yes,—we'll uncloak them all!—V., R., and D.,
Delta, and T., and S. W. X. *Izzard*.
For when their goodly articles ye see,
And hang delighted o'er them, it is hard
The writers should, like money lenders, be
Concealed behind so strange and thick a vizard,
That e'en to guess them you are quite unable—
'Tis sitting at the play without a play-bill."

After some reference to himself the editor proceeds:

"What, Variella, can we wish to thee?
For thou possessest all that's dear unto man;
Wit, talents, erudition, though they be
Not always so delightful in a woman;
Yet those who read thy tales and poems, see
A soaring mind, and genius most uncommon.
Still, still soar on! In prose and verse still
charm us,
For whilst thou leadst the van, there's nought
can harm us."

The signature "Variella" does not appear in the 'European Magazine,' but the description given of her work applies to the articles signed V., though a modern reader might, perhaps, be less enthusiastic in his praise.

Amongst the contributions to which V.'s signature is attached is one that appears in December, 1817, which is headed "Anacreontic, by the late Rev. Dr. Vardill" (p. 550). This suggests a relationship between V. and the author of the "Anacreontic."

The Rev. John Vardill, D.D., was a graduate of King's College, New York, now Columbia University, and was a tutor in that institution. In 1774 he embarked for England for the purpose of taking Holy Orders; was created M.A. of Oxford June 28th of that year, in which he was also elected assistant rector of Trinity Church, New York. He declined the office and did not return to America. He was a Loyalist, and for a time was employed by the British Government. In 1785 he was in Ireland. He was the author of some poetical satires on the Whigs, and Trumbull, in his 'McFingul,' says :

"In Vardill that poetic zealot,
I view a lawn bedizen'd prelate :
While mitres fall, as is their duty,
On heads of Chandler and Auchmuty."

He died in England in 1811, at the age of fifty-nine, Rector of Skirbeck and Fishtoft, Lincolnshire.*

Another poem of his, "The Spirit of Toussaint; a Fragment," appeared in the 'European Magazine,' for July, 1814 (p. 46). An inscription for a memorial tablet appears in February, 1811 (p. 134), from the pen of his daughter, and the editor, in eulogising her beauty and literary attainments, mentions that "several instances" of her talents have appeared in the magazine.

Anna Jane Vardill was the authoress of two volumes of verse, one anonymous and the other bearing her name on the title-page. The first in point of time

* 'Biographical Sketches of Loyalists of the American Revolution,' by Lorenzo Sabine (Boston, 1864), vol. ii, p. 381; Foster's 'Alumnae Oxoniensis,' iv, 1464.

(POEMS)
 and
 TRANSLATIONS.
 (Since Greek Poets and others,
 Written Chiefly
 Between the Ages of Ten & Sixteen,
 BY A LADY.)
 Dedicated, by permission, to Her Royal Highness
 THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

..... A pilgrim in the throng,
 She sought the simple flowers of Poesy—
 Accept the wreath! Sotheby.

Third Edition.



LONDON:

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Paternoster Row.

Sold by J. Aspern, Cornhill, & T. Becket, Pall Mall.

J. G. Barnard, Printer, Skinner Street 1809.

was: 'Poems and Translations from the Minor Greek Poets and Others: Written chiefly between the ages of ten and sixteen, by a Lady. Dedicated by Permission of Her Royal Highness, the Princess Charlotte of Wales.' (London: Asperne, 1809.) This is reviewed in the 'European' for February (p. 142). Another eulogium appeared in the 'Poetical Register' for 1808-9 (p. 612) which was edited by R. A. Davenport. The copper-plate of the engraved title-page designed by the authoress is still in existence, and has been lent for the illustration of this paper by Mr. J. Arthur Slingsby.

The authoress states that, "a most indulgent father, in the retirement permitted by his station in the church, found amusement in familiarising his only child with the poets of antiquity." She passed the early part of her life in the village of Gatehouse of Fleet, Galloway, Scotland, "noted for the extensive cotton works of a near relation." The poets from whom she translates are Anacreon, who occupies the greater part of her attention, Sappho, Alcaeus, Theocritus, and Horace. An "Address to the Patrons of the Refuge for the Destitute," written by her for the Anniversary Dinner, January 26th, 1809, is given in the January 'Magazine' (p. 78; *cf.* p. 141). An enlarged edition of the 'Poems' appeared in the same year, and is noticed in the August number (p. 126). A third edition appeared in 1816. The little volume includes an "Address to the Ancient and Honourable Society of Freemasons, at the Anniversary Meeting for the Benefit of their Charity School, April 14th, 1809"; and three hymns, namely, "Occasional Hymn for

a Benevolent Society" ("Almighty Love call'd into birth"), p. 178; second occasional hymn, sung by the Freemasons' orphans ("When faint and comfortless we strayed"), p. 179; third occasional hymn ("Sublimar than the choral song"), p. 18.

As a fair specimen of these earlier verses we may quote :

AN HUNGARIAN GIPSY'S SONG.

1.

"From Presburg's plain, from Buda's tow'rs,
 From old Carpathia's mountains drear,
 To bounteous halls and fruitful bow'rs
 We chartered libertines repair.*
 Here by the Danube's silent wave,
 Or 'mid the shades of Szelitz cave,
 Our ample feast we share :
 And round the bowl with fearless glee,
 Rejoice in love and liberty.

2.

"And oft the Vaivod's fur-clad dame
 Soft-smiling thro' her azure veil,
 In whispers tells some cherished name,
 And fondly hears our mystic tale :
 While where the honied chesnut dwells,
 Or where the melting melon swells
 In Temeswara's dale,
 We fill the bowl with fearless glee,
 And sing of love and liberty.

* Gipsies, so numerous in Europe for about 400 years, are now scarcely seen except in Hungary. From Saxony and the Alpine regions they have been expelled by special edicts. ('Grellman's Dissertation on the Gipsies.')

3.

“ And when o’er Torna’s * saffron fields
 Our chiefs the flying elks pursue,
 The prize a richer banquet yields
 Than Ban or Pandour † ever knew ;
 Then where the herb of wisdom ‡ glows,
 Or where to Kazan nectar flows,
 We bid our cares adieu ;
 While round the bowl with fearless glee
 We sing of love and liberty.

4.

“ Now though in Alpine wood no more
 Our lawless revelry we hide ;
 Tho’ chas’d from Elba’s envied shore
 By Saxon wealth and Saxon pride,
 Still o’er this gem-fraught mountain’s head,
 Or to yon river’s golden bed §
 Our weary feet we guide ;
 Then round the bowl with fearless glee,
 We sing of love and liberty ! ”

Her second work was : “ The Pleasures of Human Life ” (London, 1812). At p. 86 is a reference to her father, and in a note (p. 99) she says : “ These and the subsequent lines are a feeble tribute to the memory of a most revered and lamented father, whose death is still recent. His keen wit and fluent

* A fertile district in Upper or Northern Hungary at the feet of the Carpathian hills, and not far from the celebrated cave of Szelitz, and the vineyards of Tokay.

† Titles of German nobility.

‡ Tobacco which abounds there.

§ Gold mines and precious stones are frequent among the Carpathian mountains.

eloquence were enriched by the mildest urbanity, and his profound scholastic knowledge by the most endearing social virtues. His presence was the light of his domestic circle, and gave joy to every society he entered. Ever devoting his rare talents to the purest philanthropy, he beautified religion by his example." Miss Vardill does not refer to her father's interest in the drama, but a play entitled "The Unknown" was performed at the Surrey Theatre in 1819, and was written by Dr. Vardill.*

There is a long and eulogistic notice of the "Pleasures of Human Life" in the 'European' for April, 1812, and in the course of it her authorship of 'Poems and Translations' is revealed (p. 275).

The 'European Magazine' for November, 1813, contains an "Epitaph designed for William Franklin, Esq., late Governor of New Jersey, Ob. Nov. 16, aged 82." This is signed A. J. V. So are the "Elegiac Verses on the Death of Miss Charlotte Demys" who died at the age of 15, in the number for October, 1815 (p. 357). The third edition of 'Poems and Translations,' does not include any of V.'s contributions, but neither does it include the pieces signed A. J. V. The probable reason is the desire to preserve the character of the first volume as a collection of juvenilia. The identity of V. and Anna Jane Vardill is pretty clearly indicated in a poem in the 'European' for September, 1819 (vol. lxxiv, p. 261).

* R. Inglis, in 'Notes and Queries,' second series, ii, 437.

TO HER WHO DESERVES IT.

*Addressed and inscribed to Miss F******

“No envy mingles with my praise.

Though could my heart repine

At any Poet's happier lays,

It would,—it must at thine !”

Cowper.

“Round the cloud-kissing margin of Helicon's spring,
To the lute of Apollo the Graces were dancing ;
But the Muses had quarrell'd, and now to their King,
To beg his decision, their steps were advancing,
Yet deem not, that their's was that contest of hate,
Which sours with its passions all mortal debate ;—
No !—Harmony e'en from their discord arose,
And when friends thus dispute, they can never be foes ;
—But now for the cause—To a daughter of earth,
Whom Science, and Poetry, blest at her birth,
The sisters had given so much of their art,
And so much with their protégée's skill were delighted ;
That, while each wish'd to rule unrestrain'd in her heart,
They all were averse to sway o'er it united.

“Cried Thalia,—‘ She's mine !—every trace of her pen
Has shewn it already,—will prove it again—
Lampidosa's wild Legends, all genius, are glowing
With wit, like our Helicon's rill, ever flowing ;
Not dismal, and sad, like a Melo-drama, darkling !
But lively and bright, with my gaiety sparkling—
While Humanity's pleasures proclaim in each line,
That their Authoress must be a pupil of mine !’

“With an air somewhat proud,—like a Goddess when
next—
Stern Melpomené spoke, and her claim advanced next,
To her sister she said,—‘ Flirting trifier ! away,—
Shall the mind which I've formed for all hearts to admire,

Yield its powers to the fancies of thy fickle sway,
 And be ruled by the whims of the laughing Thalia ?
 Forbid it, those feelings inspired by her lay,
 When the Rosebud of Britain had faded away ;
 When the Bride's Dirge of Death round the Green Island
 floated,
 And its voice o'er the Silver Sea woe had denoted !—
 Like my Byron she thrills every nerve of the soul,
 Terror, pity, and love, own her magic control,
 And spell-bound by me, with dark Tragedy's zone,
 The strains of fair Anna, are strains of my own !'

" 'Twould be useless to tell, all the con's and the pro's
 And the pleadings—which long before Phoebus arose,
 How Clio, Euterpe, Calliopé, join'd
 To establish their claims to the realms of her mind,
 Till at length, said Apollo, ' Let jarring no more
 Be heard from those lips, which all music should be ;
 But soften your glances, and peace to restore,
 Attend my decision, and mark my decree.
 To none but to me can your Anna belong—
 Who dare claim without rival, this votary of song ?

" ' When e'en by yourselves it is own'd that Earth's daughter
 Excels all alike, in the arts ye have taught her ;
 No more then betwixt ye, her talents shall lay,
 She must be your equal—the Muse of her day ;
 And, trust me, her genius her own will advance,
 For all gifts shall unite, in—The Muse of Romance ! ' "

J. T.

Thursday, September, 24th, 1818.

In this, whilst several of V.'s contributions are identified, her Christian name, Anna, is also revealed.

Apart from "Christobell," there is one of Miss

Vardill's contributions to the 'European Magazine' that demands special notice. An anonymous poem, sometimes called "Lines to a Skeleton," sometimes "Lines to a Skull," has had a wide popularity and has been included in various anthologies. Finding it in "Weeds and Wild Flowers, gathered by William Wrightson" (York: J. Hodgson, 1868), I attributed the verses to him in an article which appeared in 'Notes and Queries' (seventh series, xii, 481).

I find it, however, with the signature of V. in the 'European' for November, 1816. It will be worth while to give this impressive poem as it came from the author's pen, for the text is sometimes found modified, and not always for the better.

A FRAGMENT FOUND IN A SKELETON CASE.

"Behold this ruin! 'twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full:
This narrow cell was Life's retreat;
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous pictures fill'd that spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor Love, nor Joy, nor Hope, nor Fear,
Has left one trace, one record here!

"Beneath this mould'ring canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void!—
If Social Love that eye employed;
If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,
But through the dew of kindness beam'd;—
That eye shall be for ever bright,
When stars and suns have lost their light.

“ Here in this silent cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue :
If Falsehood’s honey it disdain’d,
And when it could not praise was chain’d ;—
If bold in Virtue’s cause it spoke,
Yet gentle Concord never broke ;
That tuneful tongue shall plead for Thee
When Death unveils Eternity.

“ Say, did these fingers delve the mine ?
Or with its envied rubies shine ?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can nothing now avail to them ;
And if the page of truth they sought,
And comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

“ Avails it whether bare or shod,
These feet the path of duty trod
If from the bower of joy they fled
To soothe Affliction’s humble bed ;
If Grandeur’s guilty bribe they spurn’d,
And home to Virtue’s lap return’d ;—
These feet with angel’s wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky ! ”

Mr. E. H. Coleridge had been inclined to attribute “Christobell” to James Hogg, but on these notes being submitted to him he has adopted the theory they are intended to support and at once supplied an important piece of additional evidence. How came V. to be familiar with Coleridge’s work ? The answer is to be found in the ‘Diary’ of Henry Crabb Robinson, who records :

“ December 19th, 1814. Took tea with the Flaxman’s and read to them and Miss Vardel [so he spells the name

here, though elsewhere more correctly, Vardill] Coleridge's 'Christobell' with which they were all delighted, Flaxman more than I expected." ('Diary' i, 465.)

I have been obliged to give these facts in some detail in order to show the process of identification. To me they appeared conclusive, and it was a great gratification to find that they convinced Mr. E. H. Coleridge, to whom one naturally looks for light and leading in Coleridgean problems.

Some biographical details have incidentally been given in this statement of the data which convinced me that Miss Vardill was the writer of "Christobell." It is more than half a century since she died, but I have been able to communicate with representatives and friends of the family and in this way to add some additional facts.* That she wrote "Christobell" was known to her relations.

The authoress of "Christobell" was born November 19th, 1781, at 81, Norton Street, Portland Road, London. She began to write at a very early age. Her first volume contained poems written between ten and sixteen. Two letters from Lord Moira have been preserved which relate to the negotiations about the dedication of the book to that hapless princess whose untimely death was so greatly mourned.

* I have to express my warm thanks to Mr. John P. Allan, writer, Glasgow. Mr. Charles Birtwhistle, J.P., Stroud, Mr. Adam Brown, writer, Kirkcudbright, Mrs. Anna Jane Niven Candlish, Leicester, Mr. Arthur H. Kaberry, Scarborough, and Mr. J. Arthur Slingsby, J.P., Skipton, to whom I am specially indebted for important and precise data.

December 10th, 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am happy to tell you that Princess Charlotte accepts with great pleasure the dedication of Miss Vardill's Poems, and there is no necessity for Miss Vardill's name appearing on the title-page or subjoined to the dedication if her delicacy would wish it otherwise.

Your very obedient servant,

W. Fusteen, Esq.

MOIRA.

St. James' Place,

February 11th, 1809.

MADAM,—My own acknowledgments for the book with which you honoured me appeared a poor return for your flattering compliments, and they seemed still more inadequate when measured with the gratification which I had in the perusal of your Poems. I therefore wished to render them less unacceptable by transmitting at the same time those thanks which I knew the Prince of Wales would commission me to offer as soon as he should have been able to read the work. It is with peculiar satisfaction that I now obey his commands in expressing to you, madam, the Prince's sense of your polite attention as well as his assurance of the pleasure he found in what he has been studying. Insignificant as my professions of obligation must be after those of His Royal Highness, allow me still to add them, and believe, madam, that I have the honour to remain

Your very obedient and humble servant,

Miss Vardill.

MOIRA.

She was a most constant contributor to the 'European Magazine' whilst it was the property of the Asperne family. The editor appreciated her work: "The Contributions of V.," he says, "are always acceptable" (vol. lxvii, 377); and again: "We can assure our correspondent *Henricus*—N.O.P.—M.A.L.

T.P.A.—L. of Bath and several other inquirers that the beautiful poetical tales signed V. are original and not extracted from the works of either Scott, Southey or Lord Byron" (vol. xvii, 473). She ceased to write for it soon after it changed hands. It must be observed, however, that the Aspernes relinquished the proprietorship at a period when another and absorbing interest was entering into her life. After her marriage to Mr. James Niven, of Glenarm, on May 17th, 1822, at the New Church, Marylebone, she ceased, if not to write, at all events to publish. We catch glimpses of her before and after marriage in Crabb Robinson's 'Diary.' We read :

"March 1st, 1820. Took tea at Flaxman's. I had not seen him since his loss. There was an unusual tenderness in his manner. He insisted on making me a present of several books, Dante's 'Penitential Psalms' and [a blank in the Diary], both in Italian, and 'Erasmus's Dialogues,' as if he thought he might be suddenly taken away and wished me to have some memorial of him.

"The visit, on the whole, was a comfortable one. I then sat an hour with Miss Vardill, who related an interesting anecdote of Madame de Staël. A country girl, the daughter of a clergyman, had accidentally met with an English translation of 'Delphine' and 'Corinne,' which so powerfully affected her in her secluded life as quite to turn her brain. And hearing that Madame de Staël was in London she wrote to her, offering to become her attendant or amanuensis. Madame de Staël's secretary, in a formal answer, declined the proposal. But her admirer was so intent on being in her service in some way that she came up to London and stayed a few days with a friend, who took her to the great novelist, and speaking in French, gave a hint of the young girl's mind. Madame de Staël,

with great promptitude and kindness, administered the only remedy that was likely to be effectual. The girl almost threw herself at her feet, and earnestly begged to be received by her. The Baroness very kindly, but decidedly, remonstrated with her on the folly of her desire. ‘You may think,’ she said, ‘it is an enviable lot to travel over Europe and see all that is most beautiful and distinguished in the world, but the joys of home are more solid, domestic life affords more permanent happiness than any that fame can give. You have a father—I have none; you have a home—I was led to travel because I was driven from mine. Be content with your lot: if you knew mine you would not desire it.’ With such admonitions she dismissed the petitioner. The cure was complete. The young woman returned to her father, became more steadily industrious, and without even speaking of her adventure with Madame de Staël, silently profited by it. She is now living a life of great respectability, and her friends consider that her cure was wrought by the only hand by which it could have been effected.”

In 1826 he writes :

“During this year I was made executor to a Mrs. Vardill, a character. She was the widow of a clergyman, an American loyalist, a friend of old General Franklyn. The will had this singular devise in it, that Mrs. Vardill left the residue of her estate, real and personal, to accumulate till her daughter, Mrs. Niven, was fifty-two years of age. I mention this will, however, to refer to one of the most remarkable and interesting law cases which our courts of law have witnessed since the union of England and Scotland. The litigation arose not out of the will, but out of a pending suit, to take from her property in her possession. The question was whether a child legitimated in Scotland by the marriage (after his birth) of his father and mother can inherit lands in England. But, happily for my friend, the English lawyers were almost unanimously of

the opposite opinion. Connected with this decision is an act of Lord Brougham's, so curious that it deserves a place in the future biography of his lordship. I will therefore relate it here. The trial, at York, took place while Mrs. Vardill lived. The special verdict was argued in B. R., and judgment given unanimously in favour of the defendant.* There was then an appeal to the House of Lords, and it was argued before Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst.† The judges attended, and a certificate was put in giving an opinion also in our favour, but Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst went out of office without giving judgment. Brougham came in office. Nothing was done. As we were in possession with a judgment in our favour, it was not our business to stir. And so matters remained till we were startled, not to say alarmed, by Lord Brougham's rising in the House‡ and making a speech to this effect: 'I have to move that a case which has long been waiting for your lordships' judgment—*Birtwistle v. Vardill*—should be argued again by a single counsel, that judgment may be given.' He then stated the point, and proceeded: 'I argued this case for the English heir, and my argument was successful, for the learned judges gave in a certificate in favour of my client, but my argument was a very bad one, and the learned judges were all wrong. In fact, my lords, the learned counsel who argued the case for the Scotch heir never understood the case, and the right argument was not used. I knew what it was, and I knew that I had no answer to it. I therefore move that it be heard again.' § On this Lord Lyndhurst rose and said, that the

* See 5 Barnwall and Creswell's 'Reports,' p. 438.

† In 1830.

‡ September 2nd, 1835.

§ This is a paraphrase only of Lord Brougham's speech, which will be found fully reported in 2 Clark and Finelly's 'Reports of Cases in the House of Lords,' p. 582. But the official report shows that his Lordship stated himself to have argued the case in support of the English heir's claim, and to have succeeded on grounds which he had maintained professionally at the Bar, but which were unsatisfactory

case had been argued by the noble and learned lord on one side, and by very eminent and distinguished persons on the other; and he agreed that it ought to be argued again. The argument was, of course, ordered. Now, what makes this so curious is that the argument which was delivered, as Lord Brougham said, by one who did not understand the case, was the argument of Lord Brougham himself. This blunder is easily accounted for.

“On the trial at York, Mrs. Vardill’s counsel were Scarlett, Brougham, and Courtenay. After the verdict, when I had become interested as devisee in trust, I spoke with Brougham on the subject, and he said, ‘Don’t flatter yourself that we shall succeed, for the law is against us. We have not a leg to stand on.’ Knowing this I objected to Brougham’s being chosen to argue the case before the Lords (before B. R. Courtenay as the junior argued it, and he had a brief to take notes). It being found that we had left Brougham out before the Lords (we had Scarlett and Courtenay), the plaintiff put in Brougham and Tindal. Brougham felt very strongly in this case. His whole heart and soul were in it. When it was argued for the last time by Attorney-General Campbell for the plaintiff in error, and by Dampier for the defendant, Brougham was very busy running from one judge to another. Our attorney, Mr. Law, heard him say to Campbell after leaving some of the judges, ‘Damn ’em, I can’t shake them.’”

On October 1st of that year Crabb Robinson visited the Nivens at their house at Kirkcudbright and made this entry in his ‘Diary.’

“Mr. Niven, no slanderer of his countrymen, related to me in a few words a tale, which in every incident makes one think how Walter Scott would have worked it up. Sir — Gordon wilfully shot his neighbour. The man might have

to himself sitting in the House as a judge whereas it would appear he had really held a brief and argued for the Scotch heir.

been cured, but he preferred dying, that his murderer might be hanged. The Gordon fled, and lived many years in exile, till he was visited by a friend, Sir — Maxwell, who persuaded him that the affair was forgotten, and that he might return. The friends travelled together in Edinburgh, and there they attended together the public worship of God in the Kirk. In the middle of the service the Maxwell cried aloud, ‘Shut all the doors, here is a murderer!’ The Gordon was seized, tried, and hanged, and the Maxwell obtained from the Crown a grant of a Castle, and the noble demesnes belonging to it. The account was given to me while I was visiting the picturesque ruins of the castle.”

Mr. Niven died February 11th, 1830, at the age of sixty-one. There was one child of the marriage, Agnes Vardill Niven, who was born January 24th, 1825. After her husband’s death Mrs. Niven returned to England and lived mainly at Woolwich Common and Skipton in Craven, where she died June 4th, 1852. Some letters written by her to her cousin Mrs. Kissock are in the possession of that lady’s daughter, Mrs. Candlish, but they are almost exclusively of domestic interest. The only child of Anna Vardill and James Niven died unmarried at Skipton October 7th, 1872, as I learn from her godson Mr. Arthur Helder Kaberry. Mrs. Niven left behind her in MS a diary extending from November, 1837, to September, 1848. It consists almost exclusively of accounts and of memoranda as to her property. The entries show, however, that during her widowhood she made some tours at home and abroad. Hastings, the Lake District, Buxton, Bristol, Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, Bath are mentioned, and in 1843 she visited France and Italy.

Milan, Parma, Modena, Florence, Rome, Naples, and Turin are amongst the places mentioned in this journey, which extended over ten months. She was again in France in 1845 and in 1847, when she also visited Scotland. The diary also records letters sent to Miss Mitford, and has many references to H. Crabb Robinson and the legal matters in which he represented her interests. Mr. Slingsby also possesses a MS written in 1830 for her daughter. It has prefixed to it a letter of great interest, which reads :

December 31, 1830.

MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER,—The trifles you will find in my portfolio were chiefly written for a young friend not more than twice your age. She had a very infirm mother, for whose amusement she placed a little box of Athenian cedar, the gift of Professor Flaxman, in the corner of her drawing-room; and all who were acquainted with the aperture in its side slid in such pieces of prose or verse as they thought acceptable. On the first and second Wednesdays of the winter months the Attic Chest was unlocked by its owner after tea, and the contents read to the small party of her select friends. On the last of these evenings each acknowledged his or her share, and a dance concluded the social pastime. My dear friend's marriage with Sir John Franklin, whose adventures at the North Pole you have already heard, and her early death closed the Attic Chest; and its principal contributors, Dr. Benjamin Franklin's only son, Dr. Hutton [or Hatton] and his grandson, Flaxman and his gifted wife and sisters, William Hayley and two or three friends of Walter Scott and Lord Byron Coleridge and Wordsworth, are gone from us. Many of the tales composed in prose or verse have appeared in annuals or other miscellanies, some you will find in manuscript, and three were added lately, to preserve in

remembrance *facts* which seemed to prove that many evils in a woman's life might be prevented by an early knowledge of the laws which regulate her place and property. This year deprived you of the Father who would have guarded both, therefore I can offer you no better gift for the next.*

The "Imitations of Minor Greek Poets" and the "Pleasures of Human Life" were intended only for the perusal of a fond parent and partial friend—your Grandfather and Lindley Murray. The fragments of the Attic Chest are more calculated for your amusement, having been collected from the conversation of the antiquaries, travellers and civilians who attended its owner's happy evenings. The pleasures of remembering such conversations is one of the many advantages gained by a habit of attention to every source of knowledge. If these relics enliven or improve yours, the Attic Chest will be still delightful to your fond mother, A. J. N.

Probably the portfolio named in the letter contained printed copies of such contributions to the Attic Chest as had been published. The list includes many that appeared in the 'European Magazine.'

The first wife of Sir John Franklin was Eleanor Jane Porden, a lady of literary tastes, some of whose poems were printed and had a certain amount of success in the social circles in which she moved. She died in 1825.

The unsolved problem of "Christabel" is the character of Geraldine. Who and what is she? On the answer to this question depends the nature

* This refers to three articles which Mrs. Niven has dated 1830, and described in the table of contents as: "A Little Girl's Law-Book," Part I; "A Young Lady's Law-Book," Part II; "An Old Lawyer's Legends," Part III.

of any possible sequel to Coleridge's magnificent fragment. The poet, whilst declaring that he had the story all complete in his mind, appears to have kept the secret locked in his own breast. There is no hint extant as to his intentions. Anna Vardill's continuation of the legend is as wild as Coleridge's poem, and although it is not so beautiful, it is not without a weird charm. For her Geraldine is the Witch of the lake, who has for a time escaped from Merlin's spell. The Magician raises the spirit of Sir Leoline's dead wife and from her learns that Geraldine's power will pass away at the moment of the espousal of Christobell and her own true knight. And with the discomfiture of Geraldine the story ends. How well the Coleridgean manner is echoed may be shown by two quotations :

“ Lord Leoline sat in chair of pride,
The white-armed stranger by his side—
O bright was the glance she gave to view,
When back her amaranth locks she threw !
It was like the moon's on the fountain brim
When the amber clouds around her skim ;
The rubies that on her bosom flamed
Seemed of her richer lips ashamed :
There never was lovely lady seen
Like the stranger-guest, fair Geraldine.”

A messenger brings a goblet of crysolite with a message from Sir Roland. The goblet is filled by Sir Leoline, who places it in the lady's hand :

“ But the crysolite changed as she touched its brim
And the gem on its sapphire edge grew dim—
The lamps are quenched in their sockets of gold,
The hour is past and the bell has toll'd.”

Then comes the transformation scene, for as the spells of Geraldine are exhausted she falls again under the more potent influence of Merlin :

“ There sits a dame of royal mien,
But her lips are pearly, her locks are green ;
The eider-down hides her speckled breast,
The fangs of the sea-wolf clasp her vest ;
And those orbs, once bluer than western skies,
Are shrunk to the rings of the serpent’s eyes.

“ ‘ Witch of the lake ! I know thee now,
Thrice three hundred years are gone
Since beneath my cave
In the western wave
I doomed thee to rue and weep alone,
And writ thy shame on thy breast and brow.

“ ‘ But those and thy envious fiends in vain
Have risen to mock my power again,
The spell which in thy bosom waketh
No holy virgin’s lips can stain ;
The spell that in thy false eye lurketh
But for an hour can truth enchain.

“ ‘ Not ev’n thy serpent eye could keep
Its ire near guiltless Beatty’s sleep ;
The spirit of evil could not dare
To look on heav’n—for heav’n is there.
Thy hour is past—thy spells I sever ;
Witch of the wave, descend for ever ! ’ ”

So ends “ Christobell.”

It is not claimed that Anna Vardill can be placed in any conspicuous position among the women writers of Britain. But high culture, artistic taste and a poetical temperament were certainly hers. She shared in the enthusiasm of the age that, breaking

conventional trammels, felt the magic of the legends and the folklore to be found on the Scottish hills and in the Yorkshire dales. Her talent, though not strikingly original, was sympathetic to the same influences that moved Scott and Byron. In the one effort by which she will now be remembered Anna Vardill caught the echo of Coleridge's wild and spiritual music. In her "Christobell" we have something of the glamour of the great poet who had fed on honey-dew,

"And drunk the milk of Paradise."

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The Battle of Trafalgar (an irregular ode); The Rights of Woman (a burlesque essay); Inscription design'd for the Statue of William Pitt; Address to the Patrons of the Refuge for the Destitute; On the Statue of Sir John Moore at Glasgow; Address to the Hon. Society of Freemasons, written for their Anniversary Meeting.

Six Sonnets Descriptive of Scenes in the West of Scotland: (1) On a View of Castrammon; (2) On the River Dee, near Kirkendbright; (3) On the Fleet, near Gatehouse; (4) On Raeberie Hill; (5) On Ross-Isle, near Balmae; (6) On Balmae House.

Six Sonnets to the Memory of a Young Friend.

Occasional Trifles: To the Hon. Miss C. on Her First Introduction at Court; To Two Sisters; The Favourites, a Tale; On a Silver Tea Chest, Presented to the Right Hon. Lady C.; The Power of Fancy; To a Young Lady on her

return to Copenhagen; The Birth-day; On the Portrait of an Infant God-daughter; Enigma Found in a Lady's Instrument; On Lindley Murray's Works; On an Ice Plant.

Imitations of Various Styles of Poetry: A Persian Dirge; An Hungarian Gipsy's Song; A Wandering Savoyard's Tale; A Spanish Serenade and Reply; A Portuguese Rondeau from Camoens; A Sonnet from Petrarch; An Italian Madrigal; A Portrait from the French; A French Madrigal; A Scotch Ballad; An Ancient Minstrel's Lay.

Songs: A Canzonet for Three Friends, written at thirteen years of age; War Song sent to the Craven Legion; A Song for the 19th Century; A Welsh Student's Wish; Burlesque Translation into Macaroni Verse; The Married Traveller's Return; A Parody on the Preceding; The Philosopher's Return; Coeleb's Apology, Written for an Harmonic Society; On Earl Moira's Marriage to the Countess of Loudoun; Three Hymns for Benevolent Societies; Lord P... 's Epistle to the Hon. Colonel C... n; Addenda.

There was a second edition in 1812. The third edition has also "An Essay on Music." To this is the following foot-note: "This essay was begun at ten years of age. The writer's accidental loss of sight detained it from the press till the third edition had been published." The copy of the third edition in the British Museum is dated 1809. The explanation is that an engraved as well as a printed title-page was issued in 1809, and this was inserted in each subsequent edition with the number of the edition printed on it, but retaining the printers' imprint of 1809.

The British Museum copy of the *third* edition has lost the *printed* title-page and retains only the engraved one of 1809. No doubt it was issued after 1816. Another bibliographical curiosity about the third edition is that the page on which the "Essay on Music" begins is numbered 199, the leaf immediately preceding it, and which formed the last leaf of the second edition, being ignored altogether, although it contains two small poems, the pagination

following on from the leaf preceding that which was numbered 198.

The Pleasures of Human Life, a Poem; by Anna Jane Vardill. London: Printed for Longmans, Hurst, Rees, Orme and Brown, by James Ballantyne & Co., Edinburgh, 1812, 4to, pp. [3] 100.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE 'EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.'

[In this list the pieces are in verse and signed "V." unless otherwise noted.]

Vol. lix, p. 136, Inscription for Tablet to Memory of the Rev. Dr. John Vardill, by his Daughter.

lxiv, 430, Epitaph Designed for William Franklin. (A.J.V.)

lxvi, 435, The Ontcast: an Indian Tale.

lxvii, 55, Lomond's Isle; 241, Count Bertram; 543, Christobell: a Gothic Tale; 442, The Warden of Carlisle; 539, The Bridal Eve: a Hermit's Legend.

lxviii, 53, St. Hubert's Vigil; 157, Don Sebastian'; 253, Eric and Anabel; 355, Hohenhelm; 357, Elegiac Verses on the Death of Miss Caroline Demys (A. J. V.); 441, De Courcy; 534, Love's Visit (this is not signed but is the last of the "Legends of the Hermitage" which form the six preceding).

lxix, 58, The Invisible Cap: a Tradition of Tabby Hall; 151, The Rivals (second tradition); 247, The Wreath (third tradition); 341, Ridienle *versus* Pocket (fourth tradition); 446, Sir Jerome's Heiress (fifth tradition); 544, Roderic's Dream (sixth tradition).

lxx, 8, 116, 204, 296, 397; 496, Memoirs of a Recluse (in prose); 68, Fifty Years Ago (seventh tradition); 166, Bibbo de Montefiesco (eighth tradition); 261, Cupid at School (the last tradition of Tabby Hall); 362, Happiness: a Fragment; 457, Brown Bread Found in an Attic Poet's Cupboard: A Fragment Found in a Skeleton Case; 543, The Festival of Nauruz.

lxxi, 20, 97, 191, *Memoirs of a Recluse* (continued) ; 65, *The Legend of Dunbar* ; 152, *A Yorkshire Legend* ; 289, 385, 481, *Legends of Lampidosa: Collected by a Recluse* (in prose) ; 442, *The Lost Dove*.

lxxii, 6, 102, 201, 297, 411, *Legends of Lampidosa* (continued) : 69, *A Relic from Waterloo* ; 70, *Another Relic* ; 158, *The New Coinage: written for a Literary Society opened by a Ball July 14th* ; 263, *The Hall of Flowers: an Irish Legend* ; 358, *The Pearl Island: a Fragment* ; 449, *The Bride's Dirge [on the Death of Princess Charlotte]* ; 493, *Extracts from a Lawyer's Portfolio* (in prose) ; 550, *Anacreontic, by the late Rev. Dr. Vardill* ; 551, *English versus French*.

lxxiii, 9, 97, 193, 289, 385, 473, *Extracts from a Lawyer's Portfolio* (continued) (in prose) ; 63, *Time to Beauty* ; 153, *The Chapel of the Isle: a Fragment* ; 257, *The Elfin Arrow: Found on the Coast of Malta* ; 343, *The Progress of Music* ; 435, *A Highland Husband's Gift: From a MS in the McGregor Family* ; 526, *On a Lady's Kaleidoscope*.

lxxiv, 9, 97, *Extracts from a Lawyer's Portfolio* (continued) (in prose) ; 61, *The Arctic Navigator's Prayer* ; 62, *The Canal and the Brook* ; 162, *Prologue to a Play Acted in a Nobleman's Barn* ; 162, *Epilogue* ; 193, *Extracts from an Arctic Navigator's Journal* (in prose) ; 259, *Winter in the Country to Winter in the Town* ; 289, *An Arctic Islander in London* (in prose) ; 356, *The Arctic Moon* ; 385, *Origin of an Arctic Colony* (in prose) ; 439, *Sir Loctrine* ; 481, *Relics of Popular Superstitions [Observed near Park Gate, West of Scotland]* (in prose) ; 536, *The Banquet Song of the Tonga Islanders: verified from a literal translation*.

lxxv, 9, 105, [*St. Mark's Eve in Yorkshire*] 208, 297, 393, 487, *Relics of Popular Superstitions* (continued) (in prose) ; 54, *The Queen's Bower* ; 148, *The Lykewake Dirge* ; 262, *The Carnival of Corfu* ; 355, *A Bridal Serenade: By a modern Welsh Harper* ; 454, *The Glow-worm to the Moon* ; 544, *The Minute Bell* ; 9, *Tales of To-day* (in prose), (first not signed), 105 (signed V.), 201, 297, 393, 489.

lxxvi, 66, Another Edition of Edwin and Angelina: from a Collector's Portfolio; 165, On a New Made Grave near Bolton Priory; 265, Winter in Town to Winter in the Country; 356, The Blind Traveller; 455, The Marine Society's Appeal to the Ladies of Great Britain; 456, The Prodigal to His Wife; 543, Le Pas Trois: an epigram from M. de Lewis.

lxxvii, 9, Tales of To-day (continued); 53, The Pilfering Poet's Apology to his Judges; 153, Annals of Public Justice: The High Court of Justiciary and a Gipsy Chief (in prose); 166, The Eldest King of Britain: Llewellyn's Dream [on the Deaths of George III and the Duke of Kent]; 201, Annals, etc.: an Austrian Assassin (in prose); 260, A Walk to Ilkley; 297, Annals, etc.: The Western Assize Court in 1689 (in prose); 357, On Seeing the Flower called Honesty in a Lady's Cap; 393, Annals, etc.: The Bronze Statue (in prose); 430, The White Horse of Wharfedale; 489, Annals, etc.: The Brothers of Dijon (in prose); 536, St. Valentine's Eve, or the Fireside Fairies.

lxxxviii, 13, Annals, etc.: The Czar and the Czarawitz (in prose); 105, Annals, etc.: The Traveller's Dream (in prose); 153, A Freemason's Epitaph near Bagdad; 201, Annals, etc.: Il due Gobbi (in prose); 263, An Englishman's Farewell to a Converzazione; 297, Annals, etc.: The Black Gondola (in prose); 352, An Exile's Dream; 389, Annals, etc.: Count Orloff's Divorce (in prose); 454, The Yew in Skipton Castle; 489, Annals, etc.: Queen Mary's Cross (in prose); 548, The Farewell Cup to the Dead at a Highland Funeral.

lxxix, 9, 105, 202, 303, 400, The Secrets of Cabalism (in prose); 73, A Christmas Carol; 167, The Pelican and the Swan; 229, An Unexpected Heir's Legacy; 259, The Stroll of the Last Sylph; 360, A Fragment from a Lawyer's Portfolio; 457, The Keep of Windsor Castle: a fragment from tradition; 492, The Last Secret of Cabalism (in prose); 553, La Morte d'Arthur; or the Legend of Sir Lancelot. Collected from the MS in the Harleian Library.

lxxx, The Coronation Eve [on the Coronation of George IV], 127, 217; 6, Denon's Hundred Days in England (in prose); 144, Wit and Reason; 261, A Whisper at a Conversazione; 310, 412, 511, The Last Leaf of the Parish Register (in prose); 320, A Traveller's Story; 508, The Hermit of Loch Lomond.

lxxxi, 9, 120, 218, 310, 411, 506, My Godmother's Legacy; or the Art of Consoling (in prose); 26, The Prisoners of Mount St. Michael; 112, The Boat of the Stars; 214, Malham Tarn; 325, The Fairies' Nursery: an April Dream.

MR. ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, who was in the Chair, then spoke as follows:

I think that we shall all agree that Dr. Axon has brought to a very triumphant finis a difficult piece of literary investigation, and that he has solved once for all a minor literary problem which has teased, and vexed, and baffled many patient but less successful inquirers. His success is the reward both of exhaustive and thoughtful research, and of the literary acumen which can alone make good use of the materials so acquired. His connection, or rather identification of V., first with feminine authorship, then with the editor's tribute to Variella (six years, remember, after the "Gothic Tale" appeared), then with the Reverend John Vardill's "Anacreontic," and finally with Anna Jane Vardill, had proved his point before it occurred to me that the name "Vardill" might be mentioned in Henry Crabb Robinson's 'Diary,' and I chanced to light upon a singular confirmation of Dr. Axon's independent surmise. I had, as Dr. Axon points out, hazarded a kind—perhaps I ought rather to say a shadow—

of a guess, that James Hogg might have had a hand in the composition of "Christobell." For I had diligently read V.'s numerous other contributions to the 'European Magazine,' and I could not persuade myself that the gleams and flashes of something like poetry, nay, some dozen or more lines which Coleridge might have written himself, could have proceeded from the pen of the author of the colourless diluted effusions which appeared in each number before and after 1815 under the same signature. And, moreover, I was familiar with that finest and tenderest and most beautiful of all parodies, Hogg's "Cherub," modelled upon and all but reaching up to Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," which was published in 1817, in the anonymous collection of parodies, entitled the 'Poetic Mirror.'

So rare and so delicate is the melody that Robert Browning, who had unearthed it from some forgotten magazine, sent it as a genuine Coleridgean lyric to James Dykes Campbell, who sent it on to me. Alas! I was obliged to tell Mr. Campbell that the "Cherub" was a manufactured freak, a kind of Barnum's *Lusus Naturae*, and thenceforth I heard no more of the subject either from Mr. Campbell or from Browning. But I do not wonder that its dulcet tones had deceived these elect persons, or that "Christobell, a Gothic Tale" suggested to me the poetical mimics of the Ettrick Shepherd. For, as Dr. Axon finely puts it: "Here and there Anna Vardill caught something of Coleridge's wild and spiritual music." And, indeed, an element of mystery remains, of mystery which in no way affects Dr. Axon's identification of V. with Anna Vardill,

but which prompts other inquiries and other guesses. For it is not conceivable that Crabb Robinson's one reading of the MS of "Christabel" would enable anyone to write a continuation in the same style and metre and with so much of the *gusto* of the original. One reading or recitation might inspire another poet with the lilt and something of the romantic glamour of the original, as Dr. Stoddart's one reading of the MS of "Christabel" at Lasswade, in 1802, inspired Walter Scott with the air and metre of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," but one reading could not have resulted in "Christobell, a Gothic Tale." No! the good Crabb must have left the MS in Miss Vardill's hands, and as he was a good friend to Coleridge, and a man of honour, and as she appears to have been a high-minded and honourable woman, I cannot but think that the appearance of the "Gothic Tale" in the May number of the 'European Magazine' was not altogether a surprise to the real Simon Pure—*i. e.* to S. T. C. himself. If it had been a base trick—a cruel anticipation of his unpublished poem—I think that he must have known about it and would have complained of so unwarrantable a transaction to some of his friends. We know that long years after when he was questioned on the subject he said: "It is a singular affair," and that he would explain the whole story, but proceeded instead to explain or to begin to explain some other story altogether. There is, of course, no proof, but it is a pardonable guess that Miss Vardill must have submitted proof or copy to Robinson, and that he must have obtained some kind of assent or permission from Coleridge himself.

Be that as it may, one short year went by, and thanks to Lord Byron's intervention the Lovely Lady herself and not another, was at length presented to the public, and the anticipation or continuation only remained as a problem and a puzzle to the curious.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE.

BY PROFESSOR J. W. MACKAIL, LL.D., F.R.S.L.

[Read March 25th, 1908.]

JUST one hundred years ago, Scott, writing to Miss Seward, slipped into a characteristic passage of his large, careless, human criticism. "Dryden's fame," he wrote, "has nodded, and that of Pope begins to be drowsy; Chaucer is as sound as a top, and Spenser is snoring in the midst of his commentators. Milton indeed is quite awake, but observe, he was at his very outset refreshed with a nap of half a century; and in the midst of all this, we sons of degeneracy talk of immortality."

In a world where such lapses into oblivion come over even the greatest names, the minor immortality attained by the second rank among men of letters is even fainter and more precarious. The name of Sir Richard Fanshawe is now little known except among professed students of the history and literature of the seventeenth century. But it is one which had an important place both in public life and in the development of English poetry; and if it is necessary to introduce him to a modern audience by giving a brief sketch of his life, it is no waste of time to do so: for it was a life full of action and incident, and

has been recorded for us by a loving hand in one of the most fascinating of biographies.

To the eighteenth century Fanshawe was superficially known, both as a statesman through the pages of Clarendon, and as a man of letters who was of some account in that period of transition which connects the age of the later Elizabethans with the age of Dryden. To Dryden himself and to Dryden's contemporaries, the generation which immediately succeeded his own, he had been a considerable figure. In the age which followed, the age of Pope and fully developed classicism, he shared the general neglect which overtook the English poets of the transition. His translation of the 'Lusiads' of Camoens retained some position as a work which, though it had become obsolete, was still a sort of classic. Voltaire read it when he was in England between 1726 and 1729, and based upon it his slight and ill-informed criticism on Camoens, whom he had not read in the original, in his 'Essay on the Epic Poetry of the European Nations.' Fifty years later, Johnson, in his life of Dryden, mentions him, along with Denham, Waller, and Cowley, as one of the pioneers in the art of translation, who "broke the shackles of verbal interpretation and showed the way towards elegance and liberty." Johnson's reading in older English literature was extensive though desultory. But probably he owed his acquaintance with Fanshawe to Mickle, whose own version of the 'Lusiads' had been published a few years before. In a prefatory dissertation to that work, Mickle had criticised his predecessor's version severely, calling it bald, harsh, unfaithful, and unpoetical, and quoting

largely from it in support of this unfavourable judgment. After this, little attention was paid to Fanshawe for half a century.

All this while, the memoirs of Lady Fanshawe had remained in the obscurity of their original MS, which had fortunately remained intact, except for the loss of a few pages at the end, in the possession of the family. They gradually became known among antiquarians. The earliest allusion to them which has been traced is in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' in 1787. About the same time Horace Walpole had been shown them, and found them "not unentertaining." Extracts from them, which after this were given from time to time in literary collections of anecdota or in county histories, began to rouse a keener interest in them; and in 1829 they were published, with a preface and notes by Sir Harris Nicolas. That volume went into a second edition in the following year, but it seems probable that neither edition was large, and the memoirs remained but little known. They were not reprinted again until 1905. For many years before that, copies of the earlier editions could easily be picked up at a moderate price, as they still can be, by anyone who cared to look for them.

Meanwhile, however, the love of letters for which Sir Richard Fanshawe was so conspicuous had reappeared in the family. Sir Richard's own family, so far, at least, as male issue is concerned, became extinct in the next generation. But Mr. H. C. Fanshawe, the ninth in direct descent from Sir Richard's grandfather, has recently re-edited the memoirs from the original MS—the earlier editions

were all from a rather incorrect transcript made in 1766. He has also supplied them, in the exercise of a piety and industry which are as rare as they are commendable, with a complete body of illustrative collateral information. This definitive edition of the 'Memoirs of Ann Lady Fanshawe' is a book which is delightful to possess, and for which much gratitude is due to its editor.

It is in the picture they give of Lady Fanshawe herself that the intimate charm of these memoirs lies. They were written in her widowhood, in order to preserve a memory for her only surviving son of the husband whom she had idolised. Love supplied for her all defects of skill. There is no fine writing in the memoirs, and no self-consciousness. The spirit in which she wrote may best be indicated by a few of her own words: "We never had but one mind throughout our lives. Our souls were wrapped up in each other, our aims and designs one, our loves one and our resentments one. Whatever was real happiness, God gave it me in him." The temptation to linger over her is great. But it is of Sir Richard himself, and of Sir Richard as a poet and man of letters, that I have undertaken to give some account. It will not be amiss to begin by giving the briefest possible outline of his life.

Richard Fanshawe was born in 1608, and was the fifth son of Sir Henry Fanshawe, of Ware Park, in Hertfordshire, Remembrancer of the Exchequer. This office was for a century and a half almost an appanage of the family; no less than nine Fanshawes successively held it between the reign of Elizabeth and that of George I. Like many high

officials of his time, Sir Henry was a scholar and a musician. The house and garden at Ware Park were both famous in an age of splendid domestic architecture and of sumptuous gardens such as are described in Bacon's essay. Here Richard Fanshawe lived until he was sent to Farnaby's famous school in Cripplegate, the Eton of the period. From it he proceeded to Jesus College, Cambridge, at the age of fifteen, and after finishing his course at the University, returned to London, and was entered as a student of the Inner Temple. Both at school and at college his orbit nearly intersected that of the most illustrious of his contemporaries. Milton, born a few months after Fanshawe, was at school at St. Paul's within half a mile of him, and entered Christ's the year after Fanshawe went to Jesus. The two, one fancies, must have met at Cambridge. Thenceforward their paths lay far apart. Milton remained at Cambridge for eight years, and was then buried for five or six years more in the seclusion of Horton; he started on his grand tour to Italy just about the time when Fanshawe returned from prolonged continental travel; and after this Fanshawe was engaged in public affairs as an ardent Royalist, and could have little intercourse with men of letters belonging to the opposite party. It is, however, one of the curious freaks of history that at the Restoration Fanshawe succeeded Milton as Latin Secretary, and the conjecture has been hazarded that his influence may have helped towards the remarkable leniency with which the republican extremist and official defender of regicide was treated by the Restoration Government.

Between 1632 and 1638 Fanshawe was much abroad, in France, Italy and Spain. He was for a time Secretary to the English Embassy at Madrid, and on his return was made Secretary to the Irish Council of War under Strafford. In November, 1640, the Long Parliament met, and within a week had ordered Strafford's arrest. The Civil War broke out in 1642, and in the following spring Fanshawe joined the King at Oxford. From this time forward he was engaged incessantly in the Royal service.

Among the Royalists who were then crowding into Oxford from all quarters were the Harrisons, a Hertfordshire family, connected by marriage as well as by neighbourhood with the Fanshawes. The mother was dead, and the younger children were in the charge of the eldest daughter, Anne, a handsome and high-spirited girl of eighteen. It seems to have been a case of love at first sight on both sides; but as to this, Lady Fanshawe, who, though as frank and free-spoken as one of Shakespeare's women, knows when to be reticent, says nothing. It was no easy time for marrying or giving in marriage. First, Anne's brother, William Harrison, hurt in a skirmish near Oxford, died of his wounds; then Fanshawe's appointment as Envoy to the Court of Denmark was actually made out, but afterwards cancelled. The estates of both families had been sequestered by the Parliament, and they were all but penniless: "The stock we set up our trading with," Lady Fanshawe says, "did not amount to twenty pounds betwixt us"; and Charles paid his servants with promises, not in cash. But in May, 1644, they were married in the little church of

Wolvercot, close to Oxford, and the long joint romance of their life began.

For its details I must refer you to the 'Memoirs' themselves: it is a fascinating story, which during the next seven years ranges through England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Holland, and Spain; a life of war and wandering, of shipwrecks, imprisonments, and hairbreadth escapes, borne in cheerful poverty and unconquerable loyalty. During the remainder of the Civil War Fanshawe held, successively, the offices of Secretary at War to Prince Charles, Treasurer of the Navy, Envoy Extraordinary to Spain, and Clerk of the Council and Secretary of State. In 1650 he was made a Baronet; in the following year he was taken prisoner a few days after the battle of Worcester, and kept under close arrest in London for two months. It is of this imprisonment that Lady Fanshawe gives the vivid little picture which is perhaps the best known single passage in the 'Memoirs':—

“Order came to carry him to Whitehall, where in a little room, yet standing in the bowling green, he was kept prisoner without the speech of any one, so far as they knew, ten weeks, and in expectation of death. They often examined him, and at last he grew so ill in health by the cold and hard marches he had undergone, and being pent up in a room close and small, that the scurvy brought him almost to death's door. During this time of his imprisonment I failed not constantly to go, when the clock struck four in the morning, with a dark lantern in my hand, all alone and on foot, from my lodging in Chancery

Lane, at my cousin Young's, to Whitehall, at the entry that went out of King's Street into the bowling ground. There I would go under his window and softly call him. He that after the first time expected me, never failed to put out his head at first call. Thus we talked together; and sometimes I was so wet with rain that it went in at my neck and out at my heels."

Cromwell had not only a respect, but a genuine liking for Fanshawe; and after some unavailing attempts to induce him to enter the service of the Commonwealth, he arranged terms for him which were easy, and even, as things went, generous. His property remained in sequestration, but for the next seven years he was allowed to live in England wherever he chose free from any surveillance or molestation. It was in these seven years that most of his work in letters was done. Though thrust early into public affairs by inherited position, he was by nature a scholar and student rather than a man of action: he was happy so long as he had his wife and his books. "Pens, ink and paper was your father's trade," Lady Fanshawe tells her son. Herself high-spirited, active, and a fearless horsewoman, she seems now and then to have been inclined to complain of her husband's devotion to study, except that nothing that he did could be wrong. "He never used exercise but walking," she tells us, "and that generally with some book in his hand, which oftentimes was poetry."

At this point, therefore, it will be convenient to give some account of his published writings, among which it is not necessary for this purpose to include his letters and dispatches. He published but little

original poetry, and does not seem to have written much. The bulk of his poetry, and that by which he obtained his reputation and his place in English literature, consists of translations from Latin, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. In all these languages he was an accomplished scholar. His earliest volume, a translation of the 'Pastor Fido,' to which were annexed a few graceful original pieces, appeared in 1647, in the interval between the first and second Civil Wars, while Charles I was a prisoner at Holmby House, and terms of accommodation between him and the Parliament were under discussion. Guarini's famous pastoral play had appeared more than fifty years before, but it still remained at the height of its immense reputation throughout Europe. The English version by Dymock had been published as early as 1602, and had supplied the model and much of the inspiration for Fletcher's 'Faithful Shepherdess' (? 1609). Fanshawe's own translation, which was dedicated to Prince Charles, was reprinted in the following year, and passed through five editions before the demand for it was exhausted. In the edition of 1664 there was added to the volume a translation of the fourth book of the 'Aeneid' in Spenserian verse.

The first fruits of Fanshawe's forced retirement was a little volume of translations from Horace's odes, published in 1651. For some considerable time afterwards he was engaged on his largest work in poetry, the translation of Camoens' 'Lusiads,' in the *ottava rima* of the original. This appeared in 1655, and took its place as a standard work alongside of Fairfax's 'Tasso.' Three years later was published

the most curious of all his works and one very characteristic of the period, a translation into Latin verse of Fletcher's 'Faithful Shepherdess.' At the end of this volume mention is made of another work as yet unpublished (it was not, in fact, printed until after Fanshawe's death). This was a translation of a Spanish comedy, or rather masque, entitled 'To Love only for Love Sake' ('Querer por Solo Querer'), by Antonio de Mendoza; the date of the original in this case is 1623, and a dedication of the translation to Queen Christina of Sweden, presumably written soon after the translation was made and when Fanshawe meant to print it, is dated July, 1654. This item may conclude our list; there are some other occasional poems and translations to be recorded in a full bibliography of Fanshawe's works, but they need not detain us here. With the volume of 1658, accordingly, Fanshawe's work in poetry ends.

The remainder of his life was a period of resumed and engrossing public employment. The 'Fida Pastora' was entered for publication in March, 1658. On September 3rd of that year Cromwell died, and three weeks later a pass was granted by the new government to Fanshawe to go abroad. He rejoined Charles II at Paris, and was with him there and in the Low Countries and Holland until the Restoration. In January, 1660, he was appointed Latin Secretary and Master of Requests; he crossed from Scheveling in the King's ship in May, and entered London with him; soon after he was made Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, and was chosen member for the University of Cambridge in the Cavalier Parliament. In the autumn of 1661 he went as Envoy Extra-

ordinary to Lisbon to complete the arrangements for the Portuguese match; did the translator of Camoens, one must needs wonder, have any augury in his mind of how the insignificant island off the Indian coast, which Catharine of Braganza brought as part of her dowry, was to be the germ of an empire that should far eclipse that founded by Vasco de Gama and Alfonso Albuquerque? He returned to Lisbon as English Ambassador after the royal marriage, and after an interval at home, during which he was sworn of the Privy Council, sailed from Portsmouth at the beginning of 1664 as Ambassador to Spain. His special business there was the negotiation of a treaty. Things went amiss; he was not supported properly by his own government, and Lady Fanshawe hints at jealousies on the part of Clarendon. At all events he was recalled in May, 1666, and died of fever at Madrid in June as he was preparing to return to England. His illness was, no doubt, aggravated by vexation. The profligacy of the court and the want of principle in the Government were alike distasteful to him. On her way home with her husband's body, Lady Fanshawe received at Bilbao the news of the burning of London. It must have seemed to many of his friends that he had been taken away timely from the evil to come.

It was the end of an age and the beginning of another in literature as well as in public affairs. Fanshawe belonged to the period and school in poetry of the transition, of the later Jacobeans and earlier Carolines. He just missed seeing its extinction. In the year after his death Dryden's 'Annus

Mirabilis ' and Milton's 'Paradise Lost' were published; and a new age began.

Milton was born in the same year as Fanshawe. Both received, at school in London and at the University of Cambridge, the elaborate classical education of that period; both supplemented it by further prolonged study, by large reading among the English and Italian poets, and by residence abroad in the company of foreign men of letters and scholars. They held successively the post of Latin Secretary, and it is a curious little fact that Fanshawe's Latin dedication to the Queen of Sweden, which I have already mentioned, coincides rather closely in substance, and even in language, with portions of Milton's semi-official eulogy of Christina in the 'Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano,' published two months earlier. But in poetry, almost from the first, the two give the impression not only of a different school and manner but almost of a different period. The difference is like that between Jacobean and Palladian architecture, which also overlap in this age; the one continuing the Elizabethan tradition, richly ornamented, profuse, highly coloured, the other magnificent and austere. Fanshawe was by nature, and in spite of his fine scholarship and classical training, a romanticist; Milton, even in the earlier poems in which the romantic influence is still strong, is the first and the greatest of the classicists.

There happens to be a single instance in which the two methods, and the whole difference in the technical quality of poetry that they involve, can be set side by side. Both Milton and Fanshawe translated the fifth ode of the first book of Horace. The

precise date of the translation is not known in either case, but it is not very material. Milton's well-known version was first published among the additions made to the volume of his Poems when it was reprinted in 1673. These additions comprise pieces written both before and after the date of the original volume; this piece comes between the 'Vacation Exercise' of 1627 or 1628 and the Tetrachordon sonnet of 1645 or 1646, but it may be conjecturally dated between 1640 and 1650.* Fanshawe's Horace was published, as we have seen, in 1651. Let me quote the two renderings; they will enforce the point which I wish to bring out by themselves better than can be done by any comment. Milton's, of course, takes place of the other:

“What slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
 Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
 Pyrrha for whom bind'st thou
 In wreaths thy golden Hair,
 Plain in thy neatness; O how oft shall he
 On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas
 Rough with black winds and storms
 Unwonted shall admire:
 Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
 Who alwayes vacant, alwayes amiable,
 Hopes thee; of flattering gales
 Unmindfull. Hapless they

* A brief prefatory note to it contains the first hint of the thesis afterwards expanded by him in the preface to the 'Paradise Lost,' that rhyme, "the jingling sound of like endings," was not merely "no necessary adjunct or true ornament of good verse," but "a thing of itself, trivial, and of no true musical delight," and that the neglect of rhyme was, therefore, "so little to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it is rather to be esteemed an example set of ancient liberty recovered from troublesome and modern bondage."

To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
 Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern God of Sea."

This is essential Milton, at once classic and classicist. The scrupulous, weighed and ordered, almost abstract language, the severe rhythms, the clarity of outline and faintness of colour are more Horatian, one might say, than Horace himself. Now turn to Fanshawe :

"What Stripling now thee discomposes
 In Woodbine Rooms, on Beds of Roses,
 For whom thy Auburn Haire
 Is spread, Unpainted Faire?
 How will he one day curse thy Oaths
 And Heav'n that witness'd your Betroaths!
 How will the poor Cuckold,
 That deems thee perfect Gold,
 Bearing no stamp but his, be mas'd
 To see a suddain Tempest rais'd!
 He dreams not of the Windes
 And thinks all Gold that shines.
 For me my Votive Table showes
 That I have hung up my wet Clothes
 Upon the Temple Wall
 Of Sea's great Admirall."

I will not dwell either on the minor felicities of this rendering, nor on its minor defects. These last come under two heads—slovenlinesses and quaintnesses. Now the task to which English poetry was setting itself in the latter half of the seventeenth

century was just this : to get rid of slovenliness, and to get rid of quaintness. Both were in its blood, and the task was heavy, the labour long. The object was attained at last, but it was won at a heavy price. Milton stood apart from the movement, in superb and haughty isolation. His poetry, to put it succinctly, has nothing to do with that of his contemporaries. Apart from him, the whole English poetry of his age, a mass of perplexing cross-currents among a vast number of minor poets, almost defies any attempt at classification. Organic growth or movement in it is difficult to trace. But later criticism instinctively and rightly fastened on Waller, a poet otherwise of but small account either for the quantity or the quality of his writing, as the clue to the labyrinth, the thread marking the central current. It is difficult now to understand how Waller got his great and long-continued reputation if we do not keep this in mind. He was smooth, Pope tells us, and we ask in some bewilderment what there is so very remarkable in being smooth. But this smoothness was just then the quality on which the whole efforts of literature in England were concentrating. In the critical essay at the end of Johnson's life of Waller, there is one casual phrase which is the key to the situation : "He seems," says Johnson, "always to do his best." To the new generation, the poetry of the Elizabethan and Jacobean age, with its exuberance, its daring unrestraint, had begun to seem an unweeded garden. "It cannot be denied," Johnson ends, after weighing Waller piece by piece and finding him light currency, "that he added something to our elegance

of diction, and something to our propriety of thought." How important this end seemed may be judged from the amount of the sacrifice that was cheerfully made to reach it. By the time it was fully attained the jettison of poetry had been so great that in the eyes of a new reaction a century later it seemed there was nothing left worth saving: "Is Pope," people began to ask, "a poet at all?" But what had been won was this, that English literature had been brought back into the main stream of European art and thought, and was prepared to take its place in the immense intellectual movement of the eighteenth century, the movement out of which rose the modern world.

The part which Fanshawe had in that large, strenuous task set before itself by the seventeenth century, the task of civilising letters and conquering the actual world for literature, was by no means inconsiderable. The work was done by him, as by many others, both before and after him, mainly through assiduous translation. It was the century of translation in a different sense from either the preceding or the following one. In an earlier age, the classics, whether those of ancient Greece and Rome, or those of a more modern foreign civilisation, had been translated primarily for the sake of their contents, in order to give access to an otherwise unknown outer world. In them were the secrets of wisdom; to have access to them was to possess the key of all knowledge. At a later period, the beginning of which cannot be definitely fixed, but which had definitely set in early in the eighteenth

century, they came to be translated for the sake of translation, as an exercise in style and in the practice of that secondary, but far from useless or ignoble art which fills galleries with skilful copies of works by the great painters. This practice has lasted into our own day. Gradually, as happened in the sister art after the discovery of photography, these copies have been processed and multiplied; they have reached an extraordinary level of technical fidelity, and give innocent pleasure to a thousand translators and perhaps to several thousand readers. But in the intermediate period which we are now considering, the object and scope of translation were larger and its place in our literature much more important. That period may roughly be said to begin with Harrington's 'Ariosto' in 1591, and to end with Dryden's 'Virgil' in 1697. It culminated early, in Fairfax's 'Tasso' (1600) and Chapman's 'Homer' (1610-1615), but it went on until the Restoration in unabated volume. Its object was to make the English language into a complete vehicle of poetical expression; to make England into an organic member of the Republic of letters, and to fuse the life and progress of English poetry with those of the great world-movement outside of which it had hitherto stood.

In carrying out this great object, Fanshawe's work had, as we have seen, an important place. When the object was attained, his work, like that of his fellow-labourers in the same field, had served its purpose and gradually fell into oblivion. Only students of English literature can be expected to go back to it now, though both for its own sake and

for its historical importance it deserves and repays study. Looked at from this point of view it all assumes coherence and correlation. His translations of Virgil and Horace, of Guarini, of Camoens, even of an author so wholly forgotten now as Antonio de Mendoza, were all attempts from different directions at extending the potentialities of English poetry up to the point that had been reached, at one time or another, by the poets of the two southern peninsulas. Even his Latin version of the 'Faithful Shepherdess' represents another variation of the same impulse; it was, in effect, the testing of Fletcher's pastoral play by a classical standard, and the vindication for it of a certain classical quality. Fanshawe states this object clearly in his own preface: "I do not see," he says,—I give a paraphrase of his Latin—"that France or Spain or either ancient or modern Italy has any reason to slight the English Muses; the harbours of England are open to foreign merchandise, and foreign harbours, at all events the free port of Latin, the world-language, need not be closed against English wares." In a beautiful little lyric, written in 1630, the year after Milton's "Ode on the Nativity," Fanshawe had spoken of England as "a world without the world." I think you will be grateful to me if I quote the verses:

"Only the island which we sow
(A world without the world) so far
From present wounds, it cannot show
An ancient scar.

"White Peace, the beautifull'st of things,
Seems here her everlasting rest

To fix, and spreads her downy wings
Over the nest.

“As when great Jove’s usurping reign
From the plagu’d world did her exile,
And tied her with a golden chain
To one blest isle :

“Which in a sea of plenty swam,
And turtles sang on every bough :
A safe retreat to all that came,
As ours is now.”

What was being sown in England in these years was the dragon’s teeth that came to harvest in the Civil Wars. But the commerce of literature, all through the disastrous times that followed, was making England, in a fuller sense than before, a world within the world of the mind.

No one can give more title in an estate than he himself possesses ; and the life of a translation, even otherwise transitory and precarious, is contingent on the life of its original. The reputation of both Guarini and Camoens is long ago faded ; it is difficult for us now to realise that the ‘Pastor Fido’ had for a full century an almost unparalleled fame throughout Europe, and that the ‘Lusiads’ were reckoned in the first rank of European epics, alongside of the ‘Gierusalemme Liberata,’ and almost alongside of the ‘Iliad’ and the ‘Aeneid.’ I cannot honestly recommend the reading of Fanshawe’s ‘Lusiads’ as a very enthralling occupation, though it is interesting enough as a study of the development of English versification and the development of a vocabulary in English poetry. Of his ‘Pastor Fido’ it is

possible to speak in much higher terms. Guarini's famous pastoral play was meant to out-do the 'Aminta.' It succeeded for the time in producing the desired effect. Tasso was said to have exclaimed after seeing it: "If he had not read my 'Aminta,' he had not excelled it," just as he was said, according to an equally authentic tradition, to have confessed that he dreaded Camoens as a rival. But this sort of success can only be attained by forcing the note, and it cannot be permanent. Beside the limpid, soft beauty, the tender, if somewhat effeminate grace of the 'Aminta,' Guarini's work now seems a little coarse, a little common, more than a little mechanical. Yet it is impossible to deny its great ingenuity, melodiousness, and finish. Fanshawe's version reproduces these qualities very adequately except the last; for English was not then on the whole, if it ever has been, so exquisitely finished a vehicle of poetry as Italian. The translation is full of lovely phrases and graceful passages. Time does not serve here to quote; I may just note in passing one half-line about the rose "cloistered up in leaves." It is as certain as need be that Keats had never seen the volume; but these, as you will remember, are the exact words used by him in one of the two cardinal passages of 'Endymion.'

The vitality of a translation, so far as it is a translation, is necessarily limited by the primary vitality of its original. But the converse proposition is not true; for it is just those poems which possess, as nearly as anything human can, immortal life, that perpetually demand re-translation. Virgil and Horace are among the immortals, the classics, not

of one age or country, but of all time and all the world. Each age rediscovers and reinterprets them, and no translation can interpret more than one phase of their complex quality, their multiform significance. The attitude of any period towards poetry, the meaning that poetry has for any period, may be partly gauged by observing what it found in the classics, and what, therefore, it expressed in its translations. Thus Fanshawe's translations of the fourth book of the 'Aeneid,' and of between forty and fifty of Horace's Odes, are a sort of index, not only to his own scholarship, but to the kind of poetic appreciation which was then in the air, which was an actual directing force in the world of letters. I have already quoted his rendering of one of the Odes. Further instances, for which there is not time now, would only emphasise the quality we found there, the vivid sense of colour and phrasing in the use of language, the swift insight into the thought of the original, and the subtle skill with which that thought is re-translated into new language; and, alongside of all this, a certain pedestrian quality, an ease that verges on slovenliness, a certain failure in the noble simplicity, the reserve and precision, which are of the essence of classic work. But I cannot deny myself the pleasure, or Fanshawe himself the justice, of quoting a short specimen of his translation of Virgil. It is needless to point in what respects, or how much, it falls short of the magnificent original. But it shows a gentleman's scholarship to perfection; for combined dignity and sweetness it is, I think, unsurpassed by what any other rendering of Virgil into English has

achieved. The passage is from Dido's speech to her sister when sending her on a last despairing effort to turn Aeneas from his purpose.

“Yet try for me this once : for only thee
That perjur'd soul adores, to thee will show
His secret thoughts ; thou, when his seasons be,
And where the man's accessible, dost know.
Go, sister, meekly speak to the proud foe :
I was not with the Greeks at Aulis sworn
To raze the Trojan name, nor did I go
Gainst Ilium with my fleet, neither have torn
Anchises' ashes up from his profaned urn.

“Why is he deaf to my entreaties ? whither
So fast ? it is a lover's last desire
That he would but forsake me in fair weather
And a safe time. I do not now aspire
To his broke wedlock-vow, neither require
He should fair Latinus and a sceptre leave.
Poor time I beg, my passions to retire,
Truce to my woe ; nor pardon, but reprieve,
Till griefs, familiar grown, have taught me how
to grieve.”

There are traces still left here of the Elizabethan rhetoric, and of the post-Elizabethan mannerism ; but both are becoming subdued and civilised, while still possessing the glowing colour and melodious phrasing of that great school of poetry. Just a little more, and Fanshawe would have attained what he and all his contemporaries were feeling after, the secret of a style which will never be obsolete.

Fanshawe's works have never been collected. So

far as I am aware, none of them, except in brief extracts, have ever been reprinted since a garbled version of his 'Pastor Fido,' which was published, together with the Italian, in 1726. One could wish that this neglect were repaired. I have, I hope, shown reason for rescuing them, both on their own account, and because of their value as documents illustrating the development of English poetry and poetical style. To promote an object like this would certainly fall within the scope of the objects for the promotion of which the Royal Society of Literature exists. We are honoured to-day by the presence in the Chair of the Master of St. John's. May I be permitted to urge before him that the University of Cambridge owes some pious duty to the memory of one of her distinguished sons, and one of her representatives in Parliament? "He had the fortune," say the 'Memoirs,' "to be the first chosen and the first returned Member of the Commons House of Parliament in England, after the King came home: and this cost him no more than a letter of thanks, and two braces of bucks, and twenty broad pieces of gold to buy them wine." The wine is long drunk, and Fanshawe long forgotten in Cambridge. But the University of Milton and Dryden, of Gray and Wordsworth, of Byron and Tennyson, owes a very special debt to poetry, and Fanshawe was not only a scholar and statesman but a poet. On his monument in Ware Church, which is extant and in good preservation, among a long catalogue of the public offices which he filled, we read that he was *literarum luce praestantissimus*. The praise does not go beyond the exaggeration permissible in an epitaph, and the

wording is happy ; for whether in the arduous task of public service or in the quiet happiness of home, literature, and in literature, poetry, was from first to last the light of his life.

SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVING THE LITERARY STYLE OF SCIENTIFIC MEMOIRS.

BY FRANCIS GALTON, D.C.L., HON. SC.D. CAMBRIDGE, F.R.S.

[Read April 29th, 1908.]

THE memoirs published by scientific societies are blamed with justice for being more difficult of comprehension than need be, owing to a want of simplicity in their language, of clearness of expression, and of logical arrangement. Forcible remarks in this sense were publicly made, by more than one person, at and about the time of the last Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Society. This opinion had also been held by myself for many past years, during which I have chafed at the impediment caused by rugged and careless writing to my honest endeavour to keep abreast with the advances of modern science. Success in this, under the most favourable conditions, and in only one branch of science, would occupy the spare energies of most men. It is a cruel addition to their labours that the information they need should be contained in crabbedly written memoirs.

It has been my lot to serve on the councils of many scientific societies, and to have had more MSS "referred" to me than I could now enumerate. My experience is that an undue proportion of them had to be read more than once, and to be

puzzled over in parts, before it was possible to justly comprehend what their authors had in their minds to say.

It must not be imagined for a moment that I pose as a literary critic. I am far too sensible of my own grave deficiencies to assume that position. But a man need not be a cobbler in order to know when his shoe pinches. My standpoint is merely that I find many scientific memoirs difficult to understand, owing to the bad style in which they are written, and that I am conscious of a rare relief when one of an opposite quality comes to my hand.

Having become a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature through the invitation of the Council, I seize the opportunity of asking its powerful help in considering methods by which this grave defect may be lessened. To this end, I will proffer some suggestions of my own, which I hope will be well discussed, and may induce others to assist in this crusade. If useful conclusions should be reached, it would be open to Fellows of scientific societies to press for reforms, under the consciousness that the proposed methods for obtaining them had been carefully considered, and were not simply the crude offspring of their individual brains. I ask for nothing that lies outside of the purview of the Royal Society of Literature. It is not proposed by me that the Society in its corporate capacity should thrust advice upon the scientific societies, who might resent interference, but merely that it should discuss certain general principles, leaving action upon them to other hands, in the way just described.

I now proceed to speak of some of the literary

defects, other than bad grammar and faulty syntax, that make scientific memoirs difficult to understand. One of the most prominent is a superfluous use of technical expressions that have not yet become naturalised among scientific men. It is impossible to avoid the use of technical words, but their number should be minimised. It is especially needful to do so in the opening paragraphs of a memoir, whose function is to explain the object of the writer in the plainest possible language. If it be necessary to use unfamiliar technical words, their meaning ought to be defined in a foot-note. The opening paragraphs of a memoir should be intelligible to any man who is conversant not only with the branch of science to which it belongs, but to allied branches also. A similar remark applies to the concluding paragraphs, in which the author summarises his results. The intending reader will then be able to judge for himself whether or no the memoir falls within his own province and merits his further study. Owing to a want of care in writing the opening paragraphs, it has not infrequently occurred to myself, and doubtless to others, to have been perplexed about the exact purpose of a paper until it has been half read through.

Some *reto* is desirable before a Society gives its "imprimatur" to newly coined words, for many of them fail to express their meaning, and very many are unnecessarily cumbrous. The way in which the *reto* might be applied will be explained later on, I now am merely calling attention to its need. To take one example of bad nomenclature, the contrasted terminations of the two Mendelian words "domi-

nant” and “*recessive*” imply a distinction which does not exist. *Recedent* would have been unobjectionable on that ground.

The nomenclature of modern chemistry seems preposterous to outsiders, even after making liberal allowance for inherent difficulties. I copy one of these chemical words from a paper now lying on my table, it is “Dimethylbutanetricarboxylate,” and is not the longest that might have been adduced. But it suffices for an example. It is of course understood that these are what have been termed “port-manteau” words, in which a great deal of meaning is packed, but they are overlarge even for port-manteaux; they might more justly be likened to Saratoga trunks, or to furniture vans. It is with the greatest diffidence that I suggest that a single letter might sometimes suffice to show what is now delegated to one or two syllables; if so, the word would be shortened in proportion. In certain barbarian languages this is a familiar process.

Long English words and circuitous expressions are a nuisance to readers, and convey the idea that the writer had not that firm grasp of his subject which every one ought to have before he takes up his pen. Clear views are naturally expressed in brief and incisive language. The power of the English tongue when limited to the use of words of one or two syllables is remarkably great. Excellent instances of this are to be found in the writings of Tennyson. I will quote some marvellously graphic descriptions from his *Palace of Art*, which refer to certain well-known pictures, and are written under the above limitations.

“One showed an iron coast and angry waves,
You seemed to hear them rise and fall,
And roar rock-thwarted in their bellowing caves—
Beneath the windy wall.
And one, a full-fed river winding slow,
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
And shadow streaks of rain.”

There are about twenty gems like this in the *Palace of Art*.

The to-and-fro arguments in the *Two Voices* are equally concentrated and forcible.

“The memory of the withered leaf
In endless time is scarce more brief
Than of the garnered autumn sheaf.
Go vexed spirit, sleep in trust;
The right ear that is filled with dust
Hears little of the false or just.”

Or again—

“Yea, said the voice, thy dream was good,
While thou abodest in the bud,
It was the stirring of the blood.
If Nature put not forth her power,
About the opening of the flower,
Who is it that could live an hour?
Then comes the check, the change, the fall,
Pain rises up, old pleasures pall,
There is one remedy for all.”

The comparative rarity among the English of a keen sense of the difference between good and bad literary style is a great obstacle to the reform I desire. It is especially noticeable among the younger scientific men, whose education has been

over-specialised and little concerned with the "Humanities." The literary sense is far more developed in France, where a slovenly paper ranks with a disorderly dress, as a sign of low breeding.

I have had occasion to read many memoirs in manuscript, on subjects where I was fairly at home, in which there was nothing especially recondite, but the expressions used in them were so obscure, the grammar so bad, and the arrangement so faulty, that they were scarcely intelligible on a first reading; nevertheless the writers could hardly be made to perceive their shortcomings. I have heard equally bad reports relating to essays sent by candidates for Fellowships at Colleges in one at least of our Universities. The writers of them may have been, and probably were, successful investigators, but their powers of literary exposition were of a sadly low order; so low that they could hardly be made to realise their deficiencies. The preliminary culture of students in science, seems usually to have been very imperfect.

Sufficient has now been said as to the need of reform and of the difficulties to be overcome in affecting it. It becomes our next duty to consider the steps that should be taken towards that end. The power of reform lies largely in the hands of the councils of the scientific societies, who can withhold the publication of memoirs presented to them, or accept the memoirs under such limitations as they please. A Society gives much, consequently the Council who represents it has a right to exact much in return. The Society supplies a stage from which a writer can disseminate his views, and have

them subjected to the criticism of experts. It defrays the cost of publication of the memoirs, and, under occasional circumstances, that of preparing expensive plates. Therefore the Society, or its Council on its behalf, may fairly demand that the memoirs should be written in a style that is creditable to their journals; that they should be lucid, logical, and as easy for its members (who pay for the publication) to understand as the nature of the subject permits. I suggest that Councils should require a report on the literary sufficiency of every proffered memoir, before discussing whether it should be accepted for publication. It is hardly necessary to bring to remembrance that it is the universal practice of Councils of Scientific Societies to "refer" every memoir that is submitted to them. One, two, or more referees are selected among those of their Fellows who are able to give a trustworthy opinion on the merits of the paper. The referees are each supplied with a schedule on which numerous searching questions are printed, which they are requested to answer confidentially. Their reports are read to the Council, which then proceeds to discuss the question whether or no the memoir should be published as it stands, or subject to some restriction, or be rejected altogether. What I now suggest is that the printed reference paper should include questions as to the literary suitability of the memoir. They might be such as—"Do you consider the memoir to be (1) clearly expressed, (2) free from superfluous technical words, (3) orderly in arrangement, (4) of appropriate length. (5) State whether any new terms are used in the memoir, mention

what they are and whether you consider them appropriate. (6) Add such general remarks on its literary style as you think would be useful to the Council when considering its publication."

I do not presume to anticipate what action a Council might take if the answers to these questions were more or less unfavourable, as much would depend on other considerations. What I want is that the members of the Council should not be left in the dark, as they usually now are, on one important element of goodness or badness in the memoir, before they consider the question of its publication. Also that they should appreciate the widely felt desire for literary reform.

There is yet another way in which scientific societies might be made to realise the occurrence of literary faults in the memoirs that they publish, namely, by occasional articles containing a selection of passages that are conspicuous for shortcomings.

I now crave your opinions on these suggestions, and hope that you will be able to offer other recommendations that may help in accomplishing the very important object in view; namely, that of improving the literary style of future Memoirs published by Scientific Societies.

DISCUSSION.

SIR EDWARD BRABROOK.—I have pleasure in supporting the proposal of Mr. Francis Galton. I have had some experience, far less of course than his, as a referee of scientific MSS, and it fully accords with his. I associate myself, therefore, with his observations as to the rôle the Royal Society of Literature should take up in this matter. It is within the rightful functions of the Society to take note of words that are not yet dictionary words, and see to their proper applications, but to do so would be a difficult matter. As Mr. Galton says, the chemists are greatly addicted to coining long words. The report of the Leicester meeting of the British Association just issued gives us a portmanteau word of thirty-five letters—"chloroketodimethyltetrahydrobenzene"—and I have seen some worse than that. That, however, is not the main point. The use of difficult technical language cannot be avoided. What is wanted is to urge the authors of papers to write good English; many of them sadly fail in this respect. Mr. Galton's suggestion as to the addition of a question to the referee paper is excellent. I think it would be quite the right thing for the Council to send a copy of his paper to the various scientific societies, and recommend that suggestion to them for adoption. I agree with the view expressed by a committee of the British Association, which might indeed itself have been put into better English, "that the opportunity furnished by the necessity for writing an account of what a student has done and seen in his laboratory work ought to be utilised in relation to the teaching of English composition."

SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.—The complaints so forcibly and temperately urged by Mr. Galton in the paper to which we have listened will awaken much sympathy, not only in the general public, but among a large number of men of science. I do not appear here with a brief in defence of the scientific societies, though I think that some strong pleas might be pressed in their favour. Looking at the question, however, as a matter affecting the English language and literature, I am bound to confess that the strictures contained in the paper are by no means without foundation.

It seems to me that no candid reader can compare the scientific memoirs published at the present day with those which appeared a hundred years ago, without coming to the conclusion that, in average literary quality, the modern writings stand decidedly on a lower level than their predecessors, and that the deterioration in this respect is on the increase. The earlier papers were for the most part conceived in a broader spirit, arranged more logically, and expressed in a better style than those of to-day. They show their authors to have been generally men of culture, who would have shrunk with horror from the slipshod language which is now so prevalent.

If it be asked what reason can be assigned for this change, various causes may be suggested. In former days, when life was less strenuous than it has now become, the number of men of science was comparatively small, and they belonged in no small measure to the leisured classes of the community. They were not constantly haunted by the fear of losing their claims to priority of discovery, if they did not at once publish what they had discovered. They were content to wait, sometimes for years, before committing their papers to the press. And no doubt the printing of their papers was likewise a leisurely process, during which ample opportunity was afforded for correction and improvement.

But this quiet, old-fashioned procedure has been hustled out of existence by the more impatient habits and requirements of the present day. The struggle for priority is almost as keen as the struggle for existence. As soon as a new observation is believed to have been made, the happy author of it too often dashes off a paper, in more or less legible manuscript, and forwards it without delay to some scientific society or journal for publication. In such hurried contributions attention to literary considerations finds little or no place.

Besides this too common haste in production, another and more serious cause for the defects of which Mr. Galton complains is to be found in the continually augmenting specialisation of science. Advance in every department of inquiry leads into more and more detailed studies. It becomes increasingly difficult, even for men whose lives are devoted to the pursuit of science, to keep in touch with the progress of more than one province of investigation, or even one section of a province. Details thus come to acquire, in the eyes of many earnest and enthusiastic

workers, an interest and importance at least as great as can belong to the broad deductions or principles up to which they lead. These authors in their paternal fondness for the details which they have patiently and toilsomely elaborated, often crowd them into their papers, which consequently look sometimes more like leaves torn out of field note-books or laboratory journals than reasoned presentations of the results of research. It would probably be found that, as a rule, such excessive exposition of the details of the several steps in an inquiry is as unnecessary from the scientific point of view, as it is repellent from the literary side.

Closely connected with this specialisation and augmentation of detail is the increase in the number of new technical terms with which the papers in every department of science now bristle. The multiplication of such terms is admittedly a necessary accompaniment of the development of scientific research. It is obvious that each new fact brought to light in the investigation of nature should be precisely defined by some word or phrase having a definite, unambiguous signification, and preferably capable of being adopted with but slight modification into any modern language. The plea that the vernacular tongue should, where possible, be employed for this purpose is met with the objection that the language of science ought, as far as possible, to be cosmopolitan, and that those terms are most suitable which can be most easily adapted into the vocabularies of other countries. Hence the preference for coining new compounds from Greek and Latin. Lovers of the purity of the English language and the dignity of English literature may not unnaturally be grieved to see such a flood of novel and often, it must be confessed, uncouth words coming into use at a rate with which the most industrious lexicographers cannot keep pace. But the flood is inevitable, and must increase in volume, nor is its gathering strength to be stemmed by any protest. All that, perhaps, may be reasonably insisted upon is that each new term shall be absolutely necessary, shall not be unduly cacophonous, and shall not be compounded from more than one language nor framed in defiance of the grammar of the tongue, whether living or dead, from which it is borrowed.

Many men of science share Mr. Galton's regret that it is becoming more and more difficult or even impossible to follow with full intelligence and sympathy the advances

made in departments of investigation with which one is not personally in touch. The difficulty is probably inseparable from the rapidity of the increase of knowledge in all domains of nature. But there can be little doubt that it is in no small degree aggravated by the multiplication of technical terms which do not always explain themselves, and for which no explanation is afforded in the papers where they are so rampant. It is becoming every year a more accepted practice that in writing a scientific paper an author has only to consider the fraternity of his own branch of science. If his colleagues understand him, it does not matter whether or not he is comprehended outside their circle. He forgets the interests not only of the general public but also of his fellow-labourers in other fields of research, many of whom would gladly keep themselves informed of the progress of inquiry in departments lying beyond their own special purview, but who are, in too many instances, deterred by the formidable terminological barriers that must first be surmounted. The growing isolation of scientific workers within their own fields of investigation is an evil which may, perhaps, be inevitable, but which, undoubtedly, is much to be deplored. Anything which can be done to lessen it is worthy of the most serious consideration. Since the language of the biologists is becoming increasingly unintelligible to the physicists, and that of the physicists not less so to the biologists, Mr. Galton's suggestion might be usefully adopted, that where necessary or desirable a scientific paper should include a brief summary of its general purport expressed in simple untechnical language. Such a concession to the ignorance of the general reader would probably be welcomed by a large body of scientific men.

It must not be supposed that scientific societies are wholly blind to the evils which have been pointed out in the interesting paper that has been read this afternoon. They are by no means negligent as to the form and style of the papers submitted to them. On the contrary, they have an elaborate system of committees and referees acting under the jurisdiction of the Councils, and no paper is sanctioned for publication without having been subjected to this process of examination. Moreover, the secretaries or assistant secretaries are usually vested with editorial powers, which are exercised as an additional control over the production of the papers. If the original condition of

some contributions were compared with their ultimate published form, it would be seen how much care has been bestowed upon their improvement. In more than one learned society attention has recently been called from the Presidential chair to the defective form in which papers are too frequently presented. We must hope that from these and other efforts towards amelioration some good will follow. While in the publications of a scientific society literary excellence will always be subordinated to scientific merit, there is surely no reason why the two qualities should not be more generally combined than they at present are. Such a combination will, perhaps, be most likely to be effected when the writers of scientific papers come to realise that it will be in their own interest, as well as in that of their scientific brethren at large, and still more of the outside public, to present such a summary of their work as may be intelligible, and even interesting, to any ordinary cultivated reader.

Mr. CRACKANTHORPE, K.C. (who was invited to speak by the chairman), said the most interesting remark he had to make was in regard to the health of the author of the paper just read by Mr. Pember. He had seen Mr. Galton that day, and had found him quite cheerful, but confined to his room. There was reason to believe that he would very soon be completely his old self, and able to resume the beneficent work to which he had devoted most of the years of his life. (Applause.)

The first point made in Mr. Galton's paper was that a scientific memoir should be "simple in its language, clear in its expression, and logical in its arrangement." These were virtues which every prose composition should possess, whether written or spoken. They should be aimed at alike by the man of science and the layman; by the learned and the unlearned; by the leader-writer in the daily press; and the orator on the platform. Schopenhauer had pointed out that the first requisite for the art of writing was to have something to say; and the second, to have clearly thought out the subject in hand. Then, what was called "literary style" would come of itself. There was an old French saying—"the style was the man." At all events, it was, or ought to be, an expression of the natural mood of the man at the moment of his writing.

Mr. Galton's next point was that a scientific memoir should not use unfamiliar technical words without explain-

ing them in a foot-note, nor more of such words than was absolutely necessary. He (Mr. Crackanthorpe) agreed, although he thought the first of these cautions was rather vague. It might be asked, Unfamiliar to whom? There were, for instance, many technical words which were unfamiliar to him (the speaker), but no doubt quite familiar to Mr. Galton. Where was the line to be drawn? One would hardly expect to find in a scientific work a glossary of terms such as an Englishman looked for in a collection of Burns' Poems. Every scientific writer was surely entitled to assume that his reader had some technical knowledge—otherwise his explanations would be endless. At the same time, if an explanation were given, care should be taken to make it adequate. He would illustrate what he meant by an example. Anyone taking up one of the numerous books on Heredity, now appearing in the British and German markets, would come across the word "chromosome." He met the other day with this word in a very valuable treatise just published, "with stainable body" added by way of explanation. Was this adequate? The white tablecloth, now in that room, was a "stainable body" (in the mechanical sense); and so were a hundred other everyday things. If any explanation was wanted, should not the reader have been told, either in a foot-note or an appendix, how colouring matter served to detect the presence of minute particles of matter otherwise invisible even to the microscope-aided eye? Then, the explanation would have been alive.

He might mention by the way, that this same word "chromosome" violated one of the canons laid down in the paper. It was, like the "recessive" of the Mendelians, an instance of "bad nomenclature," because it was wrongly formed. The word should, in strictness, not have been "chromosome," but "chromatosome," since the Greek for "colour" was not *chromos* but *chroma*.

As to the second of Mr. Galton's cautions, viz. against the use of more technical words than necessary, he would illustrate the point by reference to the "idants" and "ids" of Weismann. It appeared that the nucleated masses into which a dividing cell broke up consisted of several parts. To these Weismann gave the names of "idants"; and since "idants" were theoretically decomposable into particles more minute, he gave to these last the name of "ids." One wondered why he stopped there. He should have gone on to subdivide his "ids" into

"i's," and these again into mere dots, giving to each a technical name, thus recalling the old lines :

"Big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And these again have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*."

(Laughter.)

In this connection he desired entirely to associate himself with what he understood to fall from Sir Archibald Geikie, and to protest against the employment of incomprehensible terms to indicate things the existence of which was incapable of scientific proof.

Mr. Galton had, at the end of his paper, suggested that the shortcomings of the writers of scientific memoirs might now and then be published as a warning to others. He (Mr. Crackanthorpe) could not help thinking that this would be rather hard measure, even though no names were mentioned. He was quite sure that Mr. Galton himself, who was one of the most kind-hearted of men, would never lend himself to any such action. Would not his object be attained if the faulty memoir were returned to its author for revision, and this were, if necessary, repeated again and again until a flawless edition was reached? Then, when the memoir came to be published by the learned society to which it was presented, there would be nothing to offend the most fastidious ear.

Mr. F. H. PEMBER, K.C.—He sympathised fully with the motives which had prompted Mr. Galton's very suggestive paper. But he doubted whether any drastic steps could be taken to bring about an improvement which everybody must desire. Indeed, what was asked for amounted to little less than a wide distribution of something approaching to literary genius among the writers of scientific papers. This might be encouraged, but it could not be compelled. It would be impossible to establish a direct literary censorship over productions which might be extremely valuable though extremely ill-written. The writers would resent it, and the discouragement, still more the rejection, of important communications, would be too high a price to pay even for the luxury of a fine style. Indirect encouragement of good composition would be preferable to penalties upon bad. It was the desire, he hoped he might say that it was the intention, of the Royal Society of Literature, by putting itself into communication with educational centres throughout the kingdom, and possibly by other methods,

to do something substantial in that direction. It was too true that the present standard of prose style was somewhat decadent. When one compared the twentieth with the eighteenth century, the condition of our own epoch left much to be desired. To mention only a very few names, Hume in History, Blackwood in Law, Bishop Berkeley and Sir Thomas Browne in Philosophy, were all living proofs of the truth that profundity in thought and exactness in exposition were not only consistent with, but enhanced by, a clear and elegant style. In the nineteenth century Huxley, Darwin, Mill, and Macanlay were all examples of the same healthy combination. He expressed an opinion that the banishment of the classical languages from general education was one source of the evil, and he trusted that something might be done not only to retain, but to extend, the study of them. Meanwhile, towards the end desired, suasion, and not an aggressive censorship, must be acknowledged to be the working means.

Mr. PERCY W. AMES, Secretary.—Mr. Galton has added one more to his many public services by calling attention to the need of improved literary form in the papers in which scientific discoveries are presented to the world. The practical suggestions he has made would, if adopted, make a general and considerable step in this direction, and immediately secure one desirable object. It is important that the Councils of the various societies should be informed whether the papers submitted for publication are clearly expressed, and so have the opportunity of rejecting or referring back those that are deficient in this respect, but unless a competent committee undertakes the laborious task of literary correction, in some cases practically re-writing the memoir, such rejection may result occasionally in the loss of valuable contributions. Sir Archibald Geikie has told us that in the Royal Society this report and correction are provided for. Mr. Galton has invited discussion on ways and means for securing a better literary style for such memoirs in the future, and has referred to the necessity for more adequate preliminary training, and on this point I venture to make an observation. It would not be practicable to require students of science to follow the best plan for acquiring a good style of composition, namely, to obtain a first-hand acquaintance with the classics of English literature, though such labour would bring its own reward. Time is short, the practical interrogation of Nature is

absorbing ; we must not expect investigators of physical phenomena to turn aside into the " quiet and still air," as Milton called it, of literary study, however delightful, and it is not necessary. The object is not to seek the elegance of an Addison or a Ruskin, still less the art of the poet, though something might be said in favour of imitating the attractive ease and simplicity of Charles Lamb, De Quincey, and Thackeray. The remedy I suggest as effective is not so foreign to the main purpose of the life-work of a man of science as the study of general English literature would be. It is simply to give more time and attention to the specific study of scientific method. Too often it is the case that the author of a badly written memoir is the " calculator of distances, or analyser of compounds, or labeller of species," and nothing more. Herbert Spencer claimed for the study of science that it exercises the memory with understanding, cultivates the judgment, continually appeals to individual reason, develops independence of character, requires perseverance and self-renunciation, contributes sincerity, and gives moral, intellectual, and religious culture.

All this is more than is wanted for the purpose in hand ; but that exactness of statement and that simplicity of expression, which are desired, arise from clearness of thought and an orderly habit of mind, qualities which are developed by fidelity to the principles of scientific method. That these should be thoroughly understood by everyone engaged in scientific research will not be disputed, and they are best mastered by coming into close touch with the most eminent teachers through the works in which they have applied them. It should, I think, be made compulsory for every scientific student, irrespective of his specialty, to master one or more of the works of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Herbert Spencer. The discipline so afforded would soon reveal itself in more systematic thinking and in greater precision of expression.

Mr. EMANUEL GREEN, who presided in the unavoidable absence of the Earl of Halsbury, expressed the thanks of the meeting to Mr. Galton for his paper, and to Mr. Pember for reading it.

PLUTARCH AS AN ESSAYIST.

BY LOUIS C. PURSER, LITT.D.

[Read May 27th, 1908.]

THE ordinary man associates the name of Plutarch wholly with his 'Lives.' Now Plutarch was a sufficiently sensible man to know that his 'Lives' were very admirable works; but he would undoubtedly have considered his 'Moral Essays' (which in bulk are almost as great as his 'Lives'—and that is saying a good deal) very much more worthy of attention. Morals were for him the end of everything. Poetry that does not tend to morality and conduct he held to be pernicious; and, similarly, history was to him but a school of morals. The lives of the great men are so depicted as to afford a lesson.

"It was for the sake of others (he says in his 'Life of Timoleon') that I first undertook to write biographies; but I soon began to dwell upon and delight in them for myself, endeavouring, to the best of my ability, to regulate my own life, and to make it like those who were reflected in their history as it were in a mirror before me. . . . Thus, by our familiarity with history and the habit of writing it, we so train ourselves by constantly receiving into our minds the memorials of the great and good that, should anything base or vicious be placed in our way by the society into which we are necessarily thrown, we reject it

from our thoughts by fixing them calmly and serenely on some of these great exemplars."

The end of all Plutarch's writings then is morality, conduct. He is as naturally a moral mind as ever existed. But he has such charming simplicity, picturesqueness, and earnestness about his moralising and sermonising that he wins mysterious way through the sealed ear to which a more pretentious voice would be all but silence. As Joubert has said, with admirable felicity, "Plutarch in his *Moral Essays* is the Herodotus of philosophy." But before we come to his *Essays*, it will be necessary in the briefest possible manner to say something about the bare facts of his life—all the knowledge of which is derived from his own writings; for (as has been often said) the author of so many lives never found one to write his own.

Plutarch was born about 50 A.D. in Chaeronea, a little town in the plain of Boeotia, about seventy miles from Athens. It is difficult to be sure of the size of the town, but I hardly think it could have numbered more than a few thousand inhabitants. He evidently belonged to the upper middle class (if I may so say), and appears to have been always possessed of independent means. He was educated at the University of Athens, and studied there under the celebrated teacher Ammonius. We gather from incidental remarks that he was once in Asia Minor, and that he visited Alexandria, but probably he did not penetrate far into Egypt. He certainly visited Rome twice, perhaps oftener, and speaks of the city with enthusiasm as "the beautiful

Rome." But most of his life was spent in his little native town. There he married, reared his family, filled magistracies, was ever ready with advice and assistance to his fellow-citizens; and in the latter years of his life he became a high-priest of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi (about twenty miles from Chaeronea), and he died at an advanced age in the performance of the high functions belonging to that office.

There is an interesting passage in the beginning of his 'Life of Demosthenes' which has a very modern tone about it, and is perhaps worth quoting.

"It is commonly supposed (he says) that the first thing necessary for a perfectly happy man is that he should be born a citizen of some famous city. But for my own part I believe that for the enjoyment of true happiness, which depends chiefly upon a man's own character and disposition, it makes no difference whether he be born in an obscure state or not. . . . However, when one is engaged in compiling a history from materials which are not ready to his hand, but for the most part are to be found scattered through foreign towns, it becomes really of the first importance that he should live in some famous, cultivated, and populous city, where he can have unlimited access to books of all kinds. . . . Now I, who belong to a small city, and love to live in it lest it should become even smaller—when I was in Rome and during my travels in Italy, found my time so taken up with political business and the care of my pupils in philosophy that I had no leisure to learn the Roman language, and have only applied myself to Latin literature late in life. In this reading of Latin books, strange as it may seem, I did not find that the words assisted me to discover the meaning, but rather that the knowledge of the history enabled me to find out the meaning of the words."

And then he goes on to say that to know Latin would be both useful and interesting, but that he was too old to learn. So the result is that he rarely mentions any of the great Latin writers, never Virgil or Ovid, once Horace, hardly ever Cicero's philosophical works, and only once or twice Seneca.

As to what his political business in Rome was we cannot feel sure—probably some embassy to the Emperor for some privilege for his city. While at Rome he delivered lectures on philosophy (of course, in Greek; most cultivated Romans knew Greek), and in his treatise on 'Curiosity' he gives us a glimpse of one of these lectures, which introduces the name of a man who played an ardent and impulsive part in the impressive scene with which the 'Annals' of Tacitus (such as we have them) conclude. Telling us not to rush to the postman, seize the letters, and violently open them, breaking the string with our teeth, Plutarch continues (c. 15):

"When I was, on one occasion, lecturing in Rome among my audience was the well-known Arulenus Rusticus, whom the Emperor Domitian afterwards had put to death through envy of his glory, and an imperial orderly came in during the discourse and brought him a letter from the Emperor. I made some pause that he might have time to read his letter, but he would not do so, and he did not open it until I had finished my lecture and the audience had dispersed, so that all admired the gravity of the man."

These lectures which Plutarch delivered at Rome, Chaeronea, and doubtless elsewhere, he worked up into his 'Moral Essays,' which we now have, and from

which we can discern Plutarch's ideas on life generally. Such discourses were virtually the sermons of the ancient world. Their aim was the same as our sermons—improvement and guidance in conduct—though, perhaps, they appealed to a wider range of interests than the sermons of to-day, just as the word “philosophy,” which Plutarch so often uses, meant, in his time, not merely speculation but a rule of life. I shall then attempt to set forth some of Plutarch's views as to the various kinds of duties which are incumbent on us to perform, our duties to our family, to our fellow-citizens, and to the Author of the great City of the World of which we are members, and of the various ways in which we may best obtain power to perform them.

I.

Never was there anyone who was more of a family man than Plutarch. The ordinary Greek of the classical period regarded his wife as a sort of house-keeper, and his home as a kind of lodging, and in Plato's ‘*Republic*’ the family is only a sort of adjunct of the State, a nursery supplying members to it. But to Plutarch the family should be the centre of a man's life, and it will be of some value, perhaps, to endeavour to see how Plutarch regarded the various members of the household in order that we may appreciate what an ordinary, middle-class, non-Christian family was in the first century of our era. In reading the historians of the early Empire and also the satirists we are lead to suppose that

the stature to which vice and wickedness had grown was colossal. But satirists are never too particular to express the actual truth of things without exaggeration, and the historians are, for the most part, advocates who wish to represent the Empire in a bad light, so their evidence is to be discounted. But from what we can gather about Plutarch's family we may safely say that there are few households even of the present day which can lay claim to a larger measure of gracefulness, virtue, and mutual affection.

Plutarch married a good woman, and had several children—after many sons at length one little girl. But she died when only two years old. Plutarch was absent on State business when this occurred, and wrote on the occasion a letter to his wife, which, even allowing that it may have been afterwards prepared for publication, is one of the most tender and touching relics of ancient literature :

“ Let us be patient, my dear wife (he says, c. 2), at this calamity. I know how deep your trouble is, for my heart is not of flint, as you well know who have shared with me in the bringing up of so many children, who have been educated at home by ourselves. I know you loved this little one dearly, for you longed for a daughter, and so I gave her your own name. And as you are so fond of children your grief must be peculiarly bitter when you call to mind her pure and simple gaiety, which was wholly free from peevishness or passion. For she had a wonderful contentedness and quietness, and her affectionate and winning ways not only pleased us but showed us the kindness of her heart. For she used to bid the nurse give her breast not only to other children but to her playthings, and so invited them, as it were, to her table and gave them

a share in her good things, and provided the best entertainment for those that pleased her.”

Plutarch then goes on to deprecate any excess of grief, any turbulent storms of sorrow, though he feels confident that there will be none such; for he says (c. 5)—

“You have already on similar occasions exhibited great fortitude, as when you lost your eldest son, and again when our handsome boy Chaeron died.”

And taking a loftier tone he reminds her how they have been initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries, and there learned how that our souls are immortal; and (as we may infer) from the lessons there taught they learned too that the soul at birth was imprisoned in the body, and accordingly that it is no small fortune to die young (c. 10).

“For just as if anyone put out a light he can kindle it again readily and make it burn up brightly if he applies the spark *soon*, so the soul that has sojourned only a short time in this dark and mortal life quickly recovers the light and blaze of its former bright life; whereas for those who have not had the good fortune “very speedily to pass the gates of Hades” nothing is developed save a great passion for this life, and the soul is softened by its contact with the body, and melts away as by poison.”

We are of course familiar with this idea of the pre-existence of the soul, its imprisonment in the body, and the gradual disappearance of the vision and the faculty divine, from Wordsworth’s great Ode—

"Heaven lies about us in our *infancy* :
 Shades of the prison house begin to close
 Upon the growing *boy*,
 But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy.
 The *youth*, who daily farther from the East
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended :
 At length the *man* perceives it die away
 And fade into the light of common day."

No one could write such a letter without loving his wife dearly ; and Plutarch in his very eloquent 'Essay on Love' sets beyond yea or nay how deeply and fervently he felt the ennobling emotion (c. 21, 24).

"In that marriage which Love has inspired there is no mine or thine, for the proverb 'The property of Friends is common' is especially true of married persons who though separate in body draw together and melt into one in soul, neither wishing nor thinking themselves to be two. And in Love there is such continence and orderliness and truthfulness that if the god of Love once enter the soul of a licentious man it makes him turn away from all his errant fancies, driving away his pride and breaking down his haughtiness and stubbornness, and implanting in him modesty and silence and quietness and orderly demeanour, and makes him constant to one."

Presently follows the stately image—

"For as at Rome when a Dictator is appointed all other magistrates lay down their offices, so those in whom Love dwelleth as their lord are freed from all other masters and rulers, and they live as dedicated to the God and subject to his service. . . . It is absurd to say that women possess no virtue. Well known is their self-

restraint and intelligence, their faithfulness and sense of justice, the many occasions on which they have signally shown their bravery, courage, and magnanimity. . . . And I maintain that the love of beautiful and chaste wives does not fade when grey hairs and wrinkles come, but lasts right on even to the gates of the tomb."

Words not unworthy to stand beside those of our own poet.

"Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come :
Lover alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom."

Such then is the firm foundation on which family life rests according to Plutarch—the soul as it were of the organism. I use the illustration advisedly ; for he was deeply convinced of the solidarity, the organic connection of the members of the family and of the State. The language of the Epistle to the Romans that we are severally members of one great body would not have appeared strange to Plutarch. Accordingly we should treat the members of the family and of the State as part of ourselves, yielding to one another, in all things endeavouring to soften differences, not to aggravate them. Such is especially the gist of the treatise 'On Brotherly Love' ; for Plutarch well knew the causes which led to dissensions in a family, and strenuously inculcated the spirit of compromise in that as in all other departments of life. He is insistent on the desirability of composing family quarrels within the family, just as we shall see he insists on the desirability of settling municipal differences within the

municipality and not appealing to external authority. If one brother should say of another with whom he had quarrelled that it made little difference, because he could get a friend outside who would be as good, that remark would be as absurd (says Plutarch [c. 3] with a touch of humour) as if he should say that it was no harm to cut off his leg, because he could get a wooden one. There are many other just remarks in that treatise 'On Brotherly Love,' a trifle homely, perhaps, but suggestive. Let me mention one. When you and your brother are having a quarrel which is becoming aggravated, go and talk the matter over with the ladies of the family, especially your brother's wife. Plutarch, like a physician of the soul, recommends this as a valuable specific--though we confess to having some doubts as to whether it would be always very efficacious.

We pass to the servants of the family—and I say "servants" of set purpose; for, though in the eyes of the law they were still "slaves," "live chattels" (to use Aristotle's harsh phrase), and the law could still tolerate and even perpetrate some of the horrors we read in Tacitus and Juvenal, still the lot of slaves generally had been so ameliorated and the better public opinion had so fully recognised their human nature that they were, as a general rule, looked on with the same kindly feelings as servants are regarded to-day. The Stoics were loud in proclaiming the common brotherhood of slaves and masters; and Seneca thinks that the more excellent of them should be treated in all respects as your equal and dine at your table. But there is something overstrained in this, as there is in so much of Stoicism.

It was not exactly suited to everyday life that you should ask your servant to dine with you. You might like it well enough, but he would hate it. Plutarch recognised the social distinction, but recognised also the claims of faithful service, and the affectionate regard that such faithfulness demands. To act as did old Cato, that terrible man of business, who, like some men of business, took a positive pleasure in flaunting his meannesses, and turn out an old and trusted slave when past his labour as you might throw away an old pair of shoes (the image is Plutarch's) was to him the mark of an excessively harsh disposition which disregarded the claims of our common human nature : for

“ Kindness” (as Plutarch says finely in his ‘Life of Cato, c. 5) “ is of wider application than justice, for we naturally treat men alone according to justice and the laws, while kindness and gratitude, as though from a plenteous spring, often extend to the lower animals. It is right for a good man to feed his horses which have been worn out in his service, and not merely to train dogs when they are young but to take care of them when they are old. . . . We ought not to treat living things as we do our clothes and shoes and throw them away after we have worn them out : but we ought to accustom ourselves to show kindness in these cases if only in order to teach ourselves our duty towards one another. For my own part I would not even sell an ox that had laboured for me because he was old, much less would I turn an old man out of his accustomed haunts and mode of life (which is as great an affliction to him as sending him into a foreign land) merely that I might gain a few miserable coins by selling one who must be as useless to his buyer as he was to the seller.”

This passage has shown Plutarch's kind heart not only to slaves, but to the lowest members of the household, the domestic animals. A charming essay might be written on Plutarch as a lover of animals. He is the La Fontaine of antiquity in this respect, as M. Gréard says. He delights to adduce examples of intelligence and affection shown by animals, and he has devoted some treatises to developing the view that animals are in intelligence and affection but rudimentary men. One has an amusing setting. It represents Ulysses, having failed to persuade Circe to turn the Greeks at least back into men, condoling with one Gryllus or Grunter, who had been turned into a pig. Grunter does not want to be turned back into a man; he has experienced both sides of the matter. Ulysses waxes wroth, like the Friend of Humanity against the Needy Knife Grinder. "O King of the Cephallenians," says Grunter with lordly politeness, "If you are prepared to engage in conversation with me and not in abuse," I shall prove to you that pigs lead a more simple, a more happy, and perhaps as useful a life as that of many men:* and so he does with considerable learning and wit, and with a somewhat lighter touch that Swift might have used.

Two other Essays, they seem to me like school exercises, 'Concerning Eating Meat,' are, on the whole, worth reading, especially the second, which is not devoid of eloquence. I should recommend it to vegetarians. Not that Plutarch was a vegetarian: for a man who exercised his mind as much as Plutarch did on giving successful dinner-parties was

* This is somewhat expanded.

not likely to be a vegetarian: but he appears to have felt that we should be most simple in the meat we eat, and any such luxury as costly fish or pâtés de foie gras is censured with severity. So, too, killing for mere sport. But let me read you Plutarch's own words in the quaint but touching language of old Holland ('*De Sollertia Animalium*,' c. 8).

"Neither do they any wrong who make use of dogs to keep their flocks of goats and sheep: nor they who milk goats and sheep and shear their fleeces for the wool, especially if they give them pasturage: for it cannot be said that men cannot live or that their life is utterly undone if they have not their platters of fish or their livers of geese, or if they cut not beeves and goats into pieces for to serve up at their feasts: or if for their idle disport in theatres or to take their pleasure in chase they put not some to the combat and force them to fight whether they will or no: and kill others which have no defence of their own, nor any means to make resistance: for he who needs will have his delights and pastimes ought in all reason (as I think) to make himself merry and share his heart with those that can play and disport together with him: and not to do (as Bion said) like to little children, who joy at throwing stones at frogs, and make a game of it; meanwhile the poor frogs have no pleasure in this their game, for they are sure to die for it in good earnest: even so we are not either to hunt or fish for any delight that we have in the pain, and much less in the death of other creatures: no more to take a pleasure in driving or taking them away from their whelps and young ones, a piteous sight to behold: for they be not they that commit injustice, who use beasts, but such as misuse them unmercifully and cruelly, without any respect and commiseration."

Such, then, were Plutarch's kindly and considerate views towards his whole household: and we must

needs believe that there were in Greece many other families where similar views prevailed, where there was the same respectability, the same good-heartedness, the same simplicity, tenderness, awe, and the same mutual affection. So that we must not take too literally, at least as far as ordinary morality was concerned, the sweeping assertions occasionally made that the whole Pagan world was in the power of the Evil One.

Before we leave Plutarch as a family man I must say a word about the social side of his life, and especially on his entertainments. He has a most interminable amount of treatises on what he calls 'Symposiaca,' matters relating to dinner-parties. It was the question of educing intelligent and instructive conversation which especially interested him, and he took it very seriously indeed. With a mild apology he compares the work of a host arranging his dinner-table to that of the Divine Architect arranging things out of chaos: but he makes no apology at all for quoting a remark attributed to Aemilius Paulus, the conqueror of Macedonia, that it was the part of the same man to arrange a most terrible line of battle and a most delightful feast. In fact, giving a dinner-party is a branch of strategy. Let me quote a passage which sounds curiously, but yet is not without a certain amount of good sense: for there is little doubt that less attention is generally paid than it deserves to this matter of arrangement ('Symposiaca,' 1, 2, 6):

"I advise an entertainer (says Plutarch) not to set the rich beside the rich, or the young beside the young, or the magistrate beside his colleague, or two

intimates together: for if so the conversation will have no general activity, nor will it tend to the creating and development of good feeling: but rather set the eager learner beside the distinguished scholar, the benign beside the peevish, the youth who likes listening beside the vain old talker, the reserved beside the boaster, the silent beside the impulsive. . . . But don't put a sophist beside a sophist, or a poet beside a poet: separate too the captions and the litigious, inserting some sort of a buffer (*μάλαγμα*) between them. Whereas I should put an athlete beside an athlete, and bring sportsmen and farmers together: . . . and I should put a lover beside a lover, provided, by Zeus, that the object of their love is not the same.”*

The topics of conversation are also dealt with at abnormal length, and whole discussions given. Many of them are subjects well suited for cultivated conversation, *e.g.* Is wrestling the oldest form of contest? (a natural subject when we consider how devoted the Greeks were to athletics). Why do the Jews abstain from the flesh of swine? What is the nature of the God of the Jews? (in which Plutarch shows a most strange ignorance). Why do we like to see emotions exhibited in acting rather than in reality? But some are certainly sufficiently strange, *e.g.* Why is A the first letter of the alphabet? (I am unable to find that Plutarch discussed the question why a horse has four legs). Should philosophers wear garlands at a feast? Why meat has a tendency to putrefy sooner in moonlight than in sunlight? Why are we more voracious at the end of autumn? (a truly wonderful enquiry: I wonder are we?). And that most ancient and venerable problem: Which comes first,

* This passage is quoted by Dr. Mahaffy in his ‘Greek World under Roman Sway,’ p. 337, and his translation is mainly adopted.

the hen or the egg? But, really, I must not weary you with these matters; but as the 'Symposiaca' comprise about one seventh of the 'Moralia,' I did not think that they should be wholly omitted.

Before leaving Plutarch's family finally, perhaps a digression may be pardoned, suggested by the preface to M. Gréard's book. In a treatise, of which I shall have to speak of later, 'On those who are punished by the Deity late,' Plutarch, in emphasising the organic connection of families and nations, and in attempting to justify the ways of God to man in visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation, is careful to point out the other side of the picture, that God rewards the virtues of the fathers on the children unto the third and fourth generation also: and it was so with Plutarch, and in a somewhat interesting way.

In the year 161, about forty years after Plutarch's death, the dream of Plato, "when philosophers shall be kings and kings philosophers," was realised, and an undoubted philosopher, Marcus Aurelius, obtained the governance of the Empire which stretched from Scotland to the Sahara, and from the Atlantic to the Euphrates. No doubt most of you are acquainted with the little book of *Meditations* which that overburdened and lonely man addressed to his own soul. You know that the book opens with a few paragraphs of thanks to those to whom the Emperor felt he was specially indebted. In that acknowledgment there is no word of gratitude (as Mr. Myers has remarked) for the Emperor Hadrian, who virtually gave him all the kingdoms of the world and the

glory of them; but among the few to whom, in his simple way, he returns thanks is a comparatively obscure personage, one Sextus of Chaeronea. Now, this Sextus of Chaeronea was Plutarch's grandson (or nephew: the Latin word *nepos* leaves it doubtful). Let us see what it was that the Emperor considered that he owed to him (I adopt Mr. Long's translation).

“From Sextus I learned a benevolent disposition and *the example of a family governed in a fatherly way*, and the idea of living conformably to nature, and gravity without affectation, and to look carefully after the interests of friends, and to tolerate ignorant persons and those who form opinions without consideration. He had the power of readily accommodating himself to all, so that intercourse with him was more agreeable than any flattery, and at the same time he was most highly venerated by those who associated with him, and he had the faculty both of discovering and ordering, in an intelligent and methodical way, the principles necessary for life, and he never showed anger or any other passion, but was entirely free from passion and also most affectionate; and he could express approbation without noisy display and he possessed much knowledge without ostentation.”

Here is almost a re-appearance of Plutarch, the portrait is well-nigh complete. And it does not take any great effort of imagination on our part to picture the simple and useful family life continuing in the little town from father to son, until was fulfilled for Plutarch's grandson what Plutarch himself would have regarded as the highest reward for which anyone might hope. He wrote a treatise himself on ‘How a Philosopher should Consort with Princes,’ and rightly considered that the utmost

efforts should be made by opportunity and tact to bring about such intercourse. So that, even in the Elysian Fields, Plutarch must have felt a thrill of pleasure that his grandson was able, not, indeed, to shape the whisper of a throne, but (what is far greater) to inform the mind, and earn the gratitude of one of the best of princes, and one of the noblest of men.

II.

I have mentioned before the simple and good remark of Plutarch's that he was unwilling to leave his little native town lest he should make it smaller by a single man. This spirit urged him to take his full share in the public life of the town. He held small offices, and finally obtained the best that the little place had to give, and became its archon or mayor. This public spirit he is constantly inculcating in others. The Epicureans and their doctrine of "Live hidden," he indignantly rebuked. "If you really wanted to live hidden," he would say, with a fair attempt at humour, "why didn't you do so, and not come before the world admonishing it?" But he speaks a higher language. Life (he holds) is a struggle, and he who carries through that struggle faithfully to the end shall not miss his reward, and I make no excuse for quoting to you (again in the stately diffusiveness of old Holland) in this connection the grand passage from the treatise entitled, 'No Pleasant Life according to Epicurus,' one of the finest in the whole range of Plutarch's writings.

“In summe these men do limit, set out and circumscribe the greatnesse of humane pleasure within the compasse of the belly, as it were within center and circumference: but surely impossible it is that they should ever have their part of any great, royal or magnifical joy, such as indeed causeth magnanimity and hautinesse of courage, bringeth glorious honour abroad, or tranquillity of spirit at home, who have made choice of a close and private life within doors, never shewing themselves in the world, nor meddling with the publick affairs of Common-weale: a life (I say) sequestred from all offices of humanity, far removed from any instinct of honour, or desire to gratifie others, thereby to deserve thanks or win favour. For the soul (I may tell you) is no base and small thing, it is not vile and illiberal, extending her desires onely to that which is good to be eaten, as do these poulps or porcuttle fishes which stretch their cleies as far as to their meat and no farther: for such appetites as these are most quickly cut off with satiety and filled in a moment: but when the motions and desires of the mind tending to virtue and honesty, to honour also and contentment of conscience, upon vertuous deeds and well doing, are once grown to their vigour and perfection, they have not for their limit the length and tearm only of mans life: but surely the desire of honour, and the affection to profit the society of men, comprehending all eternity, striveth still to go forward in such actions and beneficial deeds as yeeld infinite pleasures that cannot be expressed: which joies great personages and men of worth cannot shake off and avoid though they would: for flic they from them what they can, yet they environ them about on every side, they are ready to meet them whersoever they go, when as by their beneficence and good deeds they have once refreshed and cheered many other: for of such persons may well this verse be verified—

To town when that he comes or there doth walk
Men him behold as God, and so do talk.

Surely no better defence of public spirit, within the limits of Pagan motives, could possibly be given than this that the man gains the love and respect of his fellows, even though he seeks it not.

But Plutarch was under no illusions as to the limits of the sphere of political activity. The Roman Peace, with its marvellous organisation, had its advantages, advantages far outweighing the disadvantages of unlimited freedom in Greece. We know that Nero gave what was called "freedom" to the Greeks during his visit to the country at the end of his reign. It was only, of course, at most a lessening of the strictness of supervision by the Roman governors: but it led to some outbreaks and disorders and the so-called "freedom" was taken away by the sober and unimaginative, but practical Vespasian. The Greeks, he said, with a lofty Roman note of contempt, have ceased to understand the meaning of freedom. The constant supervision of the governors was ever intensified by the way the politicians in the various towns repeatedly applied to them on the most trivial matters. Plutarch knew full well that there was no escaping from the Roman yoke, that it was necessary and wise, too, to keep on good terms with the Roman government, to make important and honourable friends among the Roman magnates; but, at the same time, that it was in the highest degree right to use to the full every vestige of municipal liberty that had been granted them, and that on every ground; "yet there be many," says Plutarch with true patriotism, "who lay open the secret dissensions of their own city at the gates of advocates and put their cases into the hands of

lawyers (at Rome) with no less shame and ignominy than loss and damage" ('*Praecepta reip. gerendae*,' c. 19).

Within the limits of his own city the politician must take a high view of his duties. The work is to be regarded as a public obligation; and it is almost superfluous to say that Plutarch rejects with scorn the idea that anything like pecuniary advantage should be derived from the exercise of public functions. Making money out of the community by a politician is a species of sacrilege (*ib.*, c. 26).

"Certain temples there be (again I quote Plutarch, speaking through the mouth of Holland) into which whosoever did enter must leave without doors all the gold that they had about them. . . . Considering therefore that the tribunal and judicial seat of justice is the Temple of Jupiter surnamed the Counsellor and Patron of Cities, of Themis also and Dice, that is to say equity and justice: before ever thou set foot to mount up into it, presently rid and clear thy soul of all avarice and covetousnesse of money, as if it were iron, and a very malady full of rust, and throw it far from thee into the merchants' hall, into the shops of tradesmen, occupiers, bankers, and usurers,

As for thy selfe

Flie from such pelfe,

shun it I say, as far off as you can, and make this reckoning, that whosoever enricheth himselfe by the managing of the common-weale is a church-robber, committing sacrilege in the highest degree, robbing temples, stealing out of the sepulchres of the dead, picking the coffers of his friends, making himself rich by treachery, treason, and false-witness: think him to be an untrusty and faithlesse counsellor, a perjured judge, a corrupt magistrate, and full of bribery: in one word polluted and defiled with all wickednesse, and not clear of any sin whatsoever that may

be committed; and therefore I shall not need to speak more of this point."

No, indeed: I doubt if he could add to that. But Plutarch may be asked, "Is a statesman to have no reward?" and he will answer, "Yes, but an honourable one." But no image or statue even: yet, perhaps, as in the sacred games wherein the prize is not money but a simple crown, he may receive some simple token of his country's love, some branch say of laurel or olive, "Like as Epimenides who received one branch of the sacred laurel growing in the Castle of Athens because he had cleansed and purified the city: and Anaxagoras, refusing all other honours which the people would have ordained for him, demanded only that upon the day of his death the children might have leave to play and not go to school all that day long" (c. 27).

III.

But Plutarch was something else in his town besides a municipal magistrate: he was also (if we may so say) the parochial clergyman, the director of the citizen's conscience, and the guide and physician of their souls. We must remember to draw a distinction between two kinds of lecturers in the first century—on the one hand the Sophists, whose aim was to interest a little perhaps, but more especially to please, to astonish, to dazzle. Different were the Philosophers. *Their* aim was to teach and to improve morally—their discourses were directed to the same end as our sermons. Of course, Philosophers often became famous beyond their own town, and occasionally lived permanently in no

town at all, but were itinerant preachers. Some who lived generally in one town discoursed occasionally in large centres and even in Rome, just as at times a country clergyman is asked to preach in Westminster Abbey. Such was Plutarch. I have alluded to his discourses at Rome: but the best efforts of his life in this respect were devoted to his little country. He appears to have been ever ready to hear difficulties, to comfort the afflicted, to advise the erring, and to lend a sympathetic ear to any trouble that might be brought before him. We have several of the discourses which he delivered at Chaeronea and elsewhere on Talkativeness, Curiosity, Shyness, Anger, Contentedness, Friendship, and such like; and they are distinctly interesting and suggestive. For Plutarch was heir to all the ages of Greek thought and history, and, with his marvellous memory, he was always able to produce happy illustrations and apposite stories to enforce his precepts. The precepts, indeed, are not very original; but why should they be? how could they be? The ordinary faults of mankind have been from the beginning, and the methods of cure have been from the beginning also—we know them all, if we could only follow them. But Plutarch escapes from commonplace and platitude in large measure by the personal character of his remarks, by the wealth of his illustrations, which always interest, and the direct application to the circumstances of the case. His discourses are replete with felicitous images and very tolerable stories. Let me give a specimen or two:

In the treatise on 'Talkativeness' he declares that this is one of the hardest of all faults to cure. Why? Because the Talker will never listen to you. Again:—"No spoken word (he says) has done so much good as many unspoken ones. For at some future day we can give utterance if we like to what has not been said: but a word once spoken cannot be recalled, but flies about and runs all round the world. And this is the reason, I take it, why *men* teach us to speak, but the *gods* teach us to be silent, silence being enjoined on us in the mysteries and in all religious rites" (c. 8).

Again:—"Barbers, you know (says Plutarch), are a talkative race. (We think of Nello in 'Romola.') It was a witty answer, then, of King Archelaus, when a talkative barber put the towel round his neck and asked him 'How shall I shave you, King?' 'Silently,' said the monarch" (c. 13).

Again, this story, though it is very familiar:—The Roman Senate had been holding private meetings for some time, and one of the Senator's wives, an excellent woman, but very curious, entreated her husband to tell her what they were deliberating about. After much importuning he told her that a prodigy had occurred which portended disaster, a lark had been seen flying armed with a spear and a helmet: but mind, you must tell no one. Having some business to do in town before attending the Senate he went away: and to the first maid that came in the lady told the story, but enjoined the maid to say nothing about it. The maid, of course, went out and at once told the cook—(who, as Plutarch says with a touch of detail, was doing

little or nothing at the time—in fact, was receiving a visit from an admirer—presumably the local policeman). The long and the short of it was that before the Senator got to the House some of his friends came up and told him with much concern about this portent. He calmed their anxiety: and after the meeting of the Senate was over went home and told his wife that, in consequence of her divulging the secret, they would have to leave the country. She attempted to deny having done so, and said, “But were there not three hundred other Senators who heard it.” “Stuff and nonsense with your three hundred, my dear; I invented the story” (c. 11).

As to ‘Curiosity’ Plutarch notices that the disease defeats itself—for all people fight shy of the curious man. When serious business is being discussed, if a curious man drops in, every one is silent at once, just as one puts away fish when the cat’s about (c. 9).

On ‘Shyness or False Modesty’—what old Holland calls ‘Naughty Bashfulness’—the first thing is to convince oneself that it is a serious fault. We are so apt to persuade ourselves that it is real modesty. On the subject he tells the familiar story of a man who, when asked for the loan of money by a particular friend, had the fact duly attested by a bond made before a banker; and on the friend’s expostulating and saying, “Why all these legal forms,” the lender, with no false modesty, replied, “I want to have the money repaid in a friendly way, and not to lose both money and friend” (c. 10).

In one place in his discourse on ‘Anger’ he says

little matters always seem greater than they really are to one in a rage, as bodies seem greater in a mist—a fine simile (c. 11).

The method of cure is always the same. Begin with small things, and persevere steadily (herein differing from the Stoics who required instant and complete reformation); no relaxation must be tolerated. For example, as to *Curiosity*, just try this (he says). The next time you hear high words arising in the street and see a crowd collecting, pass by. For *False Modesty*, the next time you are asked to have a glass of wine with a man at dinner, and you feel you have had enough, put the glass down without drinking. For *Talkativeness*, the next time there is an opening for you to dilate on the subject in which you delight as magnifying your own importance, just try to be silent, and don't be like courtiers or lawyers (Plutarch likes to have a shot at the lawyers), who are constantly relating how they made this point on such an occasion, or how they conducted this prosecution and got that defendant off, and how the judge complimented them, and so forth (c. 22).

The besetting sin of Plutarch was Anger. Let us hear him at length how he endeavoured to cope with that vice (c. 16).

“Above all things I thought that saying of Empedocles a great and divine one that we should ‘Fast from evil’ [Mr. Shilleto, whose excellent translation I adopt, refers to Herrick, ‘To starve thy sin not bin—that is, to keep thy Lent’], and I approved (continues Plutarch) of such vows as to abstain for a year from wine and love, honouring the Deity by continence, or for a stated time to give

up ever speaking falsely, whether in play or earnest. . With these I compared my own vow as no less pleasing to the gods and holy, first to abstain from anger for a few days. Then I tried for a month or two, and so in time made some progress in forbearance by earnest resolve, and by keeping myself courteous and using fair language, purifying myself from evil words and absurd actions, and from passion, which, for a little unlovely pleasure, pays us with great mental disturbance and the bitterest repentance. In consequence of this, experience, with the help of Heaven, has led me to form the view that courtesy and gentleness, and kindness are not so agreeable and pleasant and delightful to any of those we live with as they are to ourselves."

This preaching by example and practising what he preached, added to the simplicity and earnestness of his nature, rendered his influence great and benign. And we can see how in the little town to which he willingly devoted his life, like the parson in the 'Deserted Village,'

"He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way ;"

and all that with the utmost cheerfulness and hopefulness. For there are hardly any people, short of deliberate sinners, for whom Plutarch has a severer rebuke than those who are always "making the worst of it" (as the saying is), and passing all their time in querulousness or moroseness.

The finely written essay on 'Tranquillity of Mind' inculcates with all the attractive graces of Plutarch's most alluring style this contentedness and serenity of spirit. The conclusion, though well known, may without apology be quoted.

"I am very much attracted (says Plutarch) by the remark of Diogenes when he saw a stranger at Lacedaemon preparing himself with much ostentation for a feast. 'Does not a good man consider every day a feast?' Aye, and a very great feast, too, if we are only wise. For the world is a most holy and divine temple into which man is introduced through his birth, not to be a spectator of motionless images made by man's hand, but of those things which the Divine Mind has exhibited as the visible representations of what the mind alone can grasp, having innate in them the principle of life and motion, as the sun, moon, and stars, and rivers ever flowing with fresh water, and the earth sending up her sustenance to plants and animals. Seeing then that life is a complete initiation into all these things, it ought to be full of ease and joyfulness. But men do disgrace to the festivals which God has supplied us with and initiated us into, passing most of their time in lamentation and gloominess of spirit, and distressing cares . . . How is this? They will not even listen to the admonitions of others whereby they would be led to acquiesce in the present without repining, to remember the past with thankfulness, and to act for the future with gracious and cheerful hopes, without fear or suspicion."

IV.

The world then is the most holy and divine temple of God, and to Plutarch's views of the relation of God to the world we must now turn. That God exists, he holds not only Nature cries aloud in all her works, but it is proved by the universal consent of mankind: "Never was there and never shall there be found any one city without temple, church, or chapel." He is One, incomposite, unchangeable, outside the world, and knows not succession or alteration.

In the Essay styled 'On the Inscription E at Delphi' (c. 20) he says :

"But God *is* we must declare, and *is* with reference to no time, but with reference to that age which is immovable, timeless, and indeclinable ; that which there is nothing before or after, nor future, nor past, nor older, nor younger, but He being One with the one Now has filled up the Ever" (*ἀλλ' εἰς ὧν ἐνὶ τῷ νῦν τὸ αἰὲς πεπλήρωκε*)—

an expression in which there appears to me to be a marked note of genius. And He is good ; He watches over the work that He has ordered, "otherwise," says Plutarch, "God would be worse than children who build sand-castles and then knock them down. He would be playing the same game with the world, first building it up and then throwing it down" (c. 21).

We should learn then to work together with God, and ever to feel towards Him cheerfully and hopefully, and to remember that He cares for us. As to the Epicureans (whom Plutarch detested)—those philosophers who held that the gods live forsooth the great life that all their greatest fain would follow, centred in eternal calm and careless of mankind—to such Plutarch replies with bitterness :

"It is as if in a storm at sea one were to encourage his fellow-voyagers by saying that there was no pilot at the helm or guiding lights in heaven. But what great matter ? Anon they would be upon the breakers and engulfed in the waves" ('Non posse suaviter vivi sec. Epic.,' c. 23).

But it is very necessary to have just ideas of God, as such are the purest source of happiness. There

is an Essay 'On Superstition,' which reads like an advocate's arraignment of that miserable state of mind, but, at least, it shows how grievous and almost impious Superstition may become. It is, Plutarch holds, an excess (to use Aristotle's language) of Natural Piety, of which Atheism is the defect; and of the two extremes, the two vices which flank the virtue, he holds (I cannot help thinking, for this occasion only) that Superstition is the worse. The Atheist, at least, has an unruffled mind; the superstitious man is always in grovelling and craven misery—you can imagine the rhetoric. And Superstition is almost more impious. The superstitious man has false notions about God, and believes that He is malevolent.

"But I, for my part," says Plutarch in his pleasant way, "would much rather have men say that there never was a man Plutarch at all nor is now, than to say that Plutarch is a man inconstant, feeble, easily moved to anger, revengeful for trifling provocations, vexed at small things" (c. 10).

However, I think Plutarch, if cross-examined, would allow that the superstitious man was more likely to become pious than the Atheist; and would assent to a simile he uses himself in another Essay with reference to men whose youth was full of foolish noise,* but who wore their manhood hale and green—a simile, too, which appeals strongly to such of us as have had much experience as College Tutors.

"For great natures," he says, "produce nothing trivial, nor can their vehement impulse to action lie idle, but they sway to and fro, as on the sea, until they come into a stable

* Cf. Bacon's Essay 'On Youth and Age.'

and confirmed character. As the one who is unacquainted with farming, seeing a spot full of thick jungle and rank growth, would have no liking for it, while to one who has learned to discriminate between different kinds of land these are the very things which show the strength and fertility of the soil: so great natures break out at first into many extraordinary extravagances, and we are not able to tolerate them at first, so violent and irritating are their assaults; we think that we should cut them off and hew them down, when a better judge, seeing the good and the noble even in these pranks, waits for age, which co-operates with reason and virtue, and the season in which nature brings her proper fruit to perfection" ('De Sera Num. Vindicta,' c. 6).

Plutarch in fact would see that the mind of the superstitious man was a wild thicket like that, but it had the good soil of religion at its base; and this, when the rank ideas are cut away and it is properly cultivated, will bring forth the fruit of true piety in abundance. But the Atheist's mind is stony and cannot bring forth anything. To use Richter's illustration (quoted by Archbishop Trench) the superstitious man is like one living in a foul and noisome atmosphere; but the Atheist is like one living in the receiver of an air-pump. In the former you can at least breathe, in the latter you die.

The passage which I have just quoted is from the most famous of all Plutarch's treatises, and, if I may venture to express an opinion, that which seems to me the best. It is called 'On those who are punished by the Deity late,' better known by the Latin title '*De Sera Numinis Vindicta*.' Why do the righteous suffer? Why do the wicked

prosper? For as far as human ken would seem to pierce, the righteous *do* suffer and the wicked *do* prosper. To justify such ways of God to man demands a discussion towards which anyone is bound to give the very best of his powers: and Plutarch does so. The treatise is something more than a mere formal dialogue; it is in its way a work of art: and there are two or three points of view taken with regard to the whole subject which may well call for our attention.

Granted that the Deity does punish, but punishes long after the crime has been committed—that the mills of the gods grind slowly and late—how can that be reconciled with reason? It is not consistent with the analogy of Nature. For as in the case of a horse you apply the lash at the moment of a stumble, so it would be far more efficacious if a sinner was struck down at the moment of his sin. Timon, one of the interlocutors, finds no difficulty in answering this. Is the administration of the world such an easy or small thing that we can suppose that anyone of us offhand can judge of the full effects of this or that act of governance? Such judgment is as if we were to criticise the details of treatment by a physician or any other expert. Why even some *laws*, as opposed to *acts* of administration, are not obviously calculated to bring about the end at which they aim—take (says Plutarch) Solon's law aiming at the suppression of civil strife, that the citizen who did not take a side should be disfranchised. And are we to judge God by human standards? Of course men wish to retaliate at once when hurt: men punish for retaliation only

and go barking after the criminal like a dog (to use Plutarch's forcible simile): but perhaps the Deity may wish something higher: He may wish to reform the sinner; He may know that the soil is good, but for lack of proper cultivation has run to weeds. Again, perhaps the Deity may regard the wrongdoer—in such cases the Greeks always instanced the Tyrant—as a scourge for mankind, or a noisome potion which might bring health to the body politic—such a potion as was Phalaris to the Agrigentines and Marius to the Romans [and some centuries later we know that Attila was regarded as the “Scourge of God”]. And may not at times the punishment be delayed until by a signal and instructive act of what is called poetic justice, the bolt falls; and in this connection Plutarch tells a story, short and sharp, with little of his usual detail. Bessus had slain his father, and the crime was long undetected. Asked long after to an entertainment he amazed the company by striking at a nest of young swallows and killing them. “Do you not see (said he) that they were bearing false witness against me that I slew my father.” And the matter was investigated before the King and Bessus punished.

And are we to suppose that Bessus was not punished until he came before the executioner? Not so by any means. Hear this eloquent passage of Plutarch:

“As every criminal about to pay the penalty of his crime bears his cross, so vice fabricates for itself each of its own tortures, being the terrible architect of its own misery in life, wherein, in addition to shame, it has

frequent fears and grievous passions and unceasing remorse and anxieties. . . . It is not that they are punished in old age, but they grow old in perpetual punishment. I speak of long time as a human being: for to the gods all the period of man's life is as nothing, and so to them now and not thirty years ago is no more than with us executing a criminal in the evening instead of the morning: especially as man during life is in the prison-house of the body from which there is no escape; and though he may seem to have much feasting and jollity, it is no more than the dice and games which criminals play in prison while the rope is all the time hanging over their heads" (c. 9).

And then Plutarch goes on to describe with no little force the mental career of the criminal; and we are reminded perpetually of Macbeth. The recklessness and audacity of crime are rampant until the crime is committed: then comes the reaction and passion subsides, like a falling wind—a fine illustration. He becomes timid and dejected, and a prey to fears and superstitions and all kinds of dread of divine vengeance. At first vague inward disquietudes and alarms in which the fears are predominant, anon they take shapes and he pictures almost worse than the worst. "Present fears are less than horrible imaginings." Then the visions of the darkness and "sleep in the affliction of those terrible dreams that shake him nightly"; and worst of all the hallucinations of the daytime and the accusing voices. "For visions in dreams (to translate Plutarch literally) and apprehensions during the day, and oracles and lightning and whatever is thought to come from the Deity bring storms of apprehension on the conscience-stricken. . . .

So that, if it is lawful to say so, I do not think that evil-doers require any god or man to punish them, but that their life itself, all ruined and distracted as it is by vice, is a completely sufficient punishment" (c. 10).

Plutarch sees in the punishments of the Deity efforts to cure vice; which imply, as one of the interlocutors reminds him, the assumption of the permanence of the soul. "Yes, I do believe in it (he replies); we do not fade like a leaf, as Homer says. I shall never abandon this belief unless some second Herakles shall come and take away the tripod of the Pythian priestess and abolish and destroy the oracle. . . . It is one and the same argument that confirms the providence of the Deity and the permanence of the soul; so that you cannot leave one if you take away the other. And if the soul survives after death, it makes the probability stronger that rewards and punishments will be awarded it. During life the soul struggles like an athlete, and, when the struggle is over, then it gets its deserts" (c. 17, 18).

So the feeling that justice must be fulfilled, and that it is not fulfilled in this life, leads us, under the Moral Law, to a belief in a Future Life. This consideration, along with others, such as the instinctive craving for the Infinite and for Perfection, the desire to meet those we love, the longing for rest and felicity—somewhat frail supports in comparison with that founded on Justice—are urged elsewhere in favour of the same doctrine. In his special treatise on the 'Immortality of the Soul' (of which unfortunately only a few fragments remain) the dramatis

personae are the same as in the ‘De Sera Numinis Vindicta,’ so that we may fairly consider that it was a pendant to the latter treatise, and urged at greater length the position that the need of retribution (whether of reward or punishment) was the best *argument* that can be adduced for the permanence of the soul. But as to the details of the other world—what are its Elysian Fields, what are its abodes of expiation—of this (as he says) he has no absolute knowledge. So, like his master Plato, where Reason can go no further, there he has recourse to what the Greeks called a *myth*. “Allow me first to give to my argument all that seems probable; and afterwards I shall set my myth in motion—if it *is* a myth.” Thus the fine treatise on ‘Delays in Divine Justice’ ends up with a picture of the lower world, modelled on the myth which closes the ‘Republic’ of Plato, possessing certain merits of its own, but in a large measure lacking the cosmic splendour of its great original. There then, in another world, the crooked is made straight and the rough places plain; the souls are purged of their iniquities by dire expiations; justice is meted out to all; and we learn that if the wicked can be purified only by fierce torments, there are also the full measure of rewards for the righteous, and

“He who flagged not in this earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he,
His soul well-knit and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.”

One word more, perhaps, not wholly unimportant, and I shall conclude. It may fairly be asked how

does Plutarch's ideal of duty stand to the Christian's. His treatises have been described as manuals of common places, as a breviary of little virtues. Well, the whole of the lives of most of us are composed of little events where we, as often as we may, practise our little virtues, and are fairly well contented if they *are* virtues. No reproach can be made to Plutarch on this score; and the imaginative and charming sympathy which he shows with man's every-day efforts, successes, and failures, and the evident way in which he endeavoured to act up to his teaching, raise him above the level of a moralising quietist like Montaigne, considerable as is the similarity of the two writers, and frank as is the acknowledgment of obligation which the French Essayist makes to his Greek master. Think, too, of the simplicity, culture, and refinement of Plutarch's life, so eminently characteristic of ancient Greece, the mother and model to all ages of culture and moderation. "In this native of Chaeronea (says Mommsen in his illuminating manner) the contrast between the Hellenes and the Hellenised finds expression; such a type of Greek life was not possible in Smyrna or in Antioch; it belonged to the soil of Greece itself, like the honey to Hymettus. There were men enough of more powerful talents, and of deeper natures, but hardly any second author has known how to reconcile himself so serenely to necessity, and how to impress upon his writings the stamp of his tranquillity of spirit and his blessedness of life:" and is anyone, whether he has a superficial or a deep knowledge of Plutarch,

prepared to say otherwise? But his ideal—what of that?

Over the vestibule of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, of which Plutarch, in his declining years, was high Priest, was engraven the maxim, which was held to be a revelation from Heaven, “Know Thyself”—a wise maxim, a very wise maxim—the wisdom of which appears to each of us greater and greater every year we live—I mean, the worldly wisdom. To know one’s capacities and one’s limitations, to know how to cure one’s faults, and to be willing to cure them, to develop one’s gifts to the full, so that you may become, as the Greek poet said, “Truly good, built four-square in hands, and feet, and mind, a work without flaw”—in a word the development of oneself as an individual—*there* is the ideal, *there* is the aim of Plutarch, the genuine Hellenic ideal.

But while Plutarch was living and working the old order was changing, yielding place to new, and God was fulfilling himself in one of the many ways in which He has fulfilled himself in history. The Founder of the new order had completed His mission, the greatest of the Apostles had run their course. Of this change Plutarch (as was quite natural) was wholly ignorant; no mention is made of the Christians in the whole of his writings. And with all his virtues and beauty of character his fundamental point of view was altogether opposed to that of Christianity. He looked to himself; know thyself, develop thyself—such was his rule of life. But the new dispensation required a radical change of view—it is fitly called conversion. No longer

look to thyself, but forget thyself, and seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness. "If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

THE FRIENDS IN SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

By MRS. CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL STOPES.

[Read June 24th, 1908.]

I TAKE it, until proof yields a better date, that Shakespeare came to London in 1587. We know nothing definitely about him, until 1592, when Greene's address to his fellow-actors makes it clear that, some time before that date he must have turned to the stage as a profession, and must have achieved some degree of success, for Greene bitterly describes him as "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with *his tiger's heart wrapt in a Player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you, and being an absolute Johannes factotum, is in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in a countrie." *

When Shakespeare had come to London he had found theatres built, players performing, and dramatists writing for them, Lyly, Peele, Lodge, Greene, and Marlowe, who, had Shakespeare never come, would have been the greatest of all. But Shakespeare did come, and developed the perfect flower and fruit of the English Romantic Drama.

This remark would have been irrelevant to the subject in hand, but that I hold that the poet bore

* Greene's 'Groatsworth of Wit,' 1592.

the same relation to the sonnet that he did to the Drama. The Sonnet was not, as the Drama was, of native growth; it had been imported from Italy early in the century by the Earl of Surrey and his friend, Sir Thomas Wyatt. They did not closely adhere to their Italian models, but varied them somewhat to suit the English language and taste. They had a group of courtly imitators, and various miscellanies appeared of verses, often but loosely called "sonnets," poems written to be said or sung, which we now would rather call lyrics.

There were * 'The Court of Venus,' much reprobated by serious writers, no copy of which has come down to us,* 'The Newe Court of Venus,' which seems to have been an attempt to improve the old songs in tone, while adhering to their form, some of the verses having been written by Sir Thomas Wyatt himself; 'The Book of Songs and Sonnets,' 1557, or "Tottell's Miscellany," a collection chiefly of poems written by Wyatt and Surrey, but also including some of the works of their imitators. We know that Shakespeare had read this volume, because he gave a copy to Slender ('Merry Wives,' i, 1).

It is interesting to know that Van der Noodt published a series, avowedly translated from the sonnets of Petrarch and Du Bellay, a translation of which, into English, in blank verse, was produced by Spenser in 1569, which were included in his works in 1591. Spenser's 'Shepherd's Kalendar' came out in 1572.

* See my articles in the 'Athenæum,' "The Metrical Psalms of the Court of Venus," June 24th, 1899, and "The Authorship of the New Court of Venus," July 1st, 1899.

The most important later miscellany was 'The Paradise of Dainty Devises,' 1576, which we also may be nearly sure that Shakespeare had read.

The harbinger of the new harvest of Elizabethan Sonnet Literature was Thomas Watson, who, in 1582, published his 'Hecatompethia or the Passionate Century of Love.' Two points may be noted concerning this: (1) That he named each sonnet a "Passion," which explains Shakespeare's use of the word in the phrase, "The Master-mistress of my passion*"; (2) that W. C., in his 'Polimanteia,' 1595, in a marginal reference, said, "All praise-worthy Lucrecia, sweet Shakespeare, wanton Adonis, Watson's heir."

Puttenham's 'Art of English Poetry' was printed by Field, 1589. The first three books of Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' appeared in 1590, and Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia' in the same year, which, quite as much as any sonnets, affected the thought of Shakespeare's early works.

In 1591 was published Sidney's 'Astrophel and Stella,' with some of Daniel's Sonnets, and in 1592 Daniel published a collection of 'Sonnets to Delia,' after French models, dedicated to Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke. At the same time Henry Constable brought out 'Diana: the Praises of his Mistress in certain Sonnets,' and 'Four Letters and certain Sonnets' were published by Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spenser.

Here I must pause, having reached the time of Shakespeare's proved association with the Stage, in

* Sonnet xx, 2.

order to trace his career up to that date in his private life, and make clear my reasons for my main proposition concerning the necessarily early date of the Sonnets. Starting with Shakespeare's arrival in London we must remember that the traditions concerning his being driven from Stratford by Thomas Lucy or by anybody else, can be disproved by fact and legitimate inference.

The only two facts we are sure of are, that he had married a wife and had a family before he was able to support them; and that neither his father nor he was in financial prosperity. His mother's inheritance of Asbies, which, it is clear, his father meant as the sphere of his son's career, had been lost through a mortgage and some juggling on the part of Edward Lambert. In 1587 the Shakespeares, in despair of regaining it, had offered to sell it outright to the Lamberts for another £20, and to this the poet, then of age and the heir apparent, had agreed, but that the money had never been paid is clear from later litigation.

We cannot *prove* to the sceptical anything concerning the poet for the next five years. But as Tennyson's Lover says of Maud,

"I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touched the meadows
And have left the daisies rosy:"

a student may, with the fine sense acquired by patient loving study, read signs into known facts as clearly as that of Tennyson, that the morning daisies and buds when trodden on lay their crimson

under petals to the side, and the path is *really made rosy*. Our poet's path may be traced in printer's ink.

I believe that Shakespeare went to London in 1587 hoping to earn his fortune there, but that his plans were somewhat guided by business concerning this desired arrangement with the Lamberts. There is little doubt he would first go to take counsel with Richard Field, the apprentice, who was about to become the son-in-law and successor of Thomas Vautrollier the great French printer. But the following morning, when he started on his mission, I venture to put forward a suggestion that his footsteps took a very different direction from what has usually been accepted; indeed, that Shakespeare began by seeking his fortune not at the play-house, but at the Court!

I have found that a John Lambert, probably the poet's cousin, was a Yeoman of the Chamber at the time, and young Shakespeare might have hoped to persuade him to agree to the payment of that extra £20, or make up for it in Court influence. Why not? John Arden of Park Hall had been Esquire of the Body to Henry VII, his younger brother Robert, Yeoman of the Chamber to Henry VIII, his still younger brother or nephew William held the same office to Queen Elizabeth down to 1584, and his son Robert was associated with him; John Scarlet, so friendly with the Ardens of Wilmcote, had been also Yeoman of the Chamber; Roger Shakespeare had held the same office in the reign of Mary, and Thomas Shakespeare was the Royal Messenger, at least down to 1575, possibly later. William Shakespeare was a man of good appear-

ance and of manly courage, the two essentials for the post; he may have had many introductions, and evidently had high hopes. But he failed. We may realise his feelings during his first months in London by his works. It was not Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, who had learned by personal experience—

“ Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,
 * * * the law’s delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns,
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes.”

The country was then stirred to its heart by the threatened Spanish invasion; gentlemen all over the country served in the ranks; it is possible that Shakespeare either served on board a ship or in the army at Tilbury, which the Queen herself went to address. If he did, he would be among the disbanded men in 1588, still seeking a post. There were men of lower rank he was almost sure to know; Sadler and Quiney, the grocers in Bucklersbury; John Shakespeare, the bit-maker of St. Martin in the Fields, (not the later John of St. Clement’s Danes); Mathew Shakespeare, the goldsmith, who had married the sister of George Peele, the dramatist. With none of these did he seem to associate himself. But we have testimony that he did associate himself very freely with Richard Field. We see the suggestions of the books printed by him on many a page of Shakespeare’s works, and reading through the signs of his familiarity with the printer’s art we may well believe that he tried to give some

return for hospitality by helping Field as much as he *dared* do. There was a limit, for the Stationers' Company was very jealous of unapprenticed workmen, and fined Richard Field for keeping one. But there was nothing to prevent Shakespeare from helping in reading and correcting proof, and in 1589 Field brought out Puttenham's 'Art of English Poetry,' a liberal education to a would-be writer. Other special works were on Field's shelves. A new edition of 'Ovid,' Sir Thomas North's translation of 'Plutarch's Lives,' 'Salust du Bartas,' books on Music, Medicine, History, and Philosophy, which we can also see reflected in Shakespeare's works. I could never satisfy myself with a natural reason for the interweaving of Giordano Bruno's thought into the sonnets until I found that Vautrollier had printed his works and had to fly the country on account of it, flying, however, no further than Scotland, where the King welcomed him, and let him print his own book 'The essayes of a prentis, in the divine Art of Poesy.'

From the beginning of Shakespeare's career he must have earned the epithet applied to him later by a fellow-dramatist—Webster, who spoke of "The right happy and copious *industry* of Master Shakespeare."

He was preparing for a patron by the time he found one, but he had been forced, through the stress of circumstances, to take advantage of the only opportunities which were opened to him, that is, on the stage, where his handsome figure would recommend him, and he probably had some influ-

ence through Warwickshire acquaintances. But it would take three years at least for any one to acquire the position outlined by Greene, so we may suppose that he entered the theatre in or about 1589. His work must have, at first, been hard, and from the sonnets evidently distasteful.

The consideration of all the various opinions on, and interpretations of, the Sonnets would necessitate more space than can at present be given. Writers have differed widely concerning their autobiographical value, and those who do believe them to be autobiographical, disagree concerning the identity of the persons addressed, of the rival poets, and of Mr. W. H.

I believe that the Sonnets are a source of some authority, both biographical and autobiographical, but that they cannot be interpreted in crude realism. Shakespeare was not a prose diarist of the twentieth century, but a poet on the rising high tide of the most creative period of English literature in the first fervours of poetic inspiration and romantic personal affection. After a period of trial, during which he had been agonising in order to live and to support the lives of those that were dear to him, he had met some one who had the supreme inspiration to encourage and to help him.

Many of the allusions to conversations, common experiences, and common studies, are lost to the readers of later days, but some of the links of association may be restored by careful comparison. Sometimes the poet was only treating a common theme in hackneyed phrases, sometimes he was only transmuting current philosophy into verse. But

sometimes he was trying to express feelings that lay too deep for words; his love and gratitude occasionally led him to impulsive exaggerations, his susceptibility to hasty misunderstandings. He knew how "to tear a passion to tatters, to very rags," when his thoughts hurtled against each other from their very abundance and exuberance. But the twined threads of biography and autobiography are there, on which to string the pearls of Shakespeare's thought. These threads can only be wound round the neck of Henry, the third Earl of Southampton.

No wrong has ever been done to Shakespeare's memory so great as the publication of what has been called "the Herbert-Fitton theory." The only cure for this, as for any other heresy, is *more study*, patient, unprejudiced, wide-reaching, long-enduring study, not only in the direct biography of two men, but in contemporary life, thought, and literature. The theory was only possible to a real worker like Mr. Tylor, because he neglected the Baconian scientific advice, "to search after negatives." He only attended to facts that seemed to support his hypothesis, and turned from those that opposed it, even when laid before him. Yet he has found followers numerous enough and important enough to be combated.

The Herbert-Fitton theory assumes that the Sonnets must have been written after the arrival of Lord Herbert at Court. This was in the spring of 1598, he being then eighteen years old. We are asked to imagine therefore that Shakespeare began to write quatorzains, or disingenuously pretended to do so, for the first time at this late date in the

sonnet-harvest, ascribing to the newly-arrived Lord Herbert, not only inspiration, but education out of rude ignorance, and the guidance of his *pupil-pen*, after he had written, not only his poems, but his 'Midsummer's Night's Dream,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'The Merchant of Venice,' and some of the Sonnets themselves in other plays.

It presumes that he must have warmed up, for this inexperienced young lord, not only the same feelings that he had formerly expressed for another, but the same phrases that he had already *published*. The whole beauty of "*the passion*" dies out before the supposition. We cannot read the Sonnets as hackneyed imitations of past fashions. They have all the *verve* of a fresh impulse, all the ideal transport of newly discovered power, all the original treatment of newly acquired music. Little in the data fits the supposition. Lord Herbert was *not* the sole hope of his great house, having both a father and a brother; he was *not* a *fair* youth, but exceptionally dark; he wore no long locks, curling "like buds of marjoram;" his breath could hardly have exhaled the odours of flowers (S. 99), seeing that a diarist states that his chief comfort was in the use of *tobacco*.

The lady with whom he was associated has been proved, on the other hand, to have been, *not* dark but fair, *not* married and old in the world's ways, but a bright young foolish girl of twenty-two, a favourite of the Queen and the Court, over-impulsive and credulous certainly, and probably vain and ambitious. But it was one thing, in the lax customs of the times, to become entangled with the

handsomest and richest young bachelor of the Court, under the evident expectation of matrimony, and another to have risked her good name in going forth to tempt, with experienced wiles, in her even earlier years, the somewhat well-balanced heart of a middle-aged play-actor and moralist. What the propounders of this theory make of Shakespeare's manliness or morality it is hard to say. An unwarrantable stain has been thrown on the girl's character because Will Kemp, one of Shakespeare's company in 1600, dedicated to her his 'Nine Days Dance to Norwich.' But his lack of the supposed intimacy is shown on the title-page by the error even in her Christian name. The dedication was quite a natural one from the best dancer on the stage to the best dancer at Court. In the famous 'Masque of the Nine Muses,' performed at Court at the marriage of "*the other Lord Herbert*," "Mistress Fitton led, and went to the Queen, and wooed her to daunce. Her Majestie asked her what she was? 'Affection!' she said. 'Affection!' said the Queen, 'Affection is false.' Yet her Majestie rose and dawnsed" ('Sydney Papers,' 23rd June, 1600). Now I believe she should have said "*Terpsichore*," which would account both for the Queen's remark and Kemp's dedication.

We are asked to believe that all this happened, and that Meres had time to complete his notices of Shakespeare, get his book passed by the censor and registered, *within six months!*

Finally, this theory pre-supposes that Thomas Thorpe, in 1609, would, upon the sole ground of two common initials have taken the unwarrantable

liberty of addressing in such familiar terms as "Mr. W. H.," the chief nobleman of the land, who, being the eldest son of an earl, had, from birth and baptism been designated Lord Herbert. Thorpe would not have been so short-sighted. That he was not so can be proved from his dedications of Healey's books * to the same nobleman in 1610 and 1616. The latter I found among Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's "Prologues," and first published it *in extenso* in relation to this controversy in the 'Shakespeare Jahrbuch,' Berlin, 1890, to show how Thorpe really dedicated, "out of what frenzy one of my meannesse hath presumed to commit this Sacrilege."

No, Pembroke was impossible!

In Shakespeare's poems, dedications, and sonnets the songs and praises were—

"To one, of one, still such and even so."—S. 105.

and that *one* was the Earl of Southampton.† His life and character alone provide all the essential desiderata; his dates alone fit into the chronology of the sonnet sequences and give Shakespeare his natural place in the history of literary development; his life alone gives a natural and unstrained account of "Mr. W. H."

We do not know the exact circumstances under which Shakespeare met the Earl of Southampton.

Probably the young noble, in an outburst of sympathetic admiration and gratuitous criticism, greeted him with easy patronage on the stage, said to him,

* See my article, 'Athenæum' March, 1898, "The Date of the Sonnets."

† The Wriothesley motto was "Ung par tout, tout par ung."

“You ought to learn to write poetry for yourself, come, and I will show you how,” took him home, gave him some more or less good advice on accent, manner, dress, law, literature, versification, and courtly tastes, for which posterity is grateful to him. Kind offices, on the one hand, were responded to by gratitude and adulation on the other. Hardly had Shakespeare been introduced to the Earl than he was made acquainted with the skeleton in the closet. To understand this we must turn to the fortunes of Southampton, or rather, in the first place, to those of his mother. For he was essentially “his mother’s boy,” though no critics have followed out her career in relation to Shakespeare’s environment. She was the daughter of Anthony Browne, Viscount Montague, and Jane, daughter of the Earl of Sussex. Her grandfather, Sir Anthony Browne, was considered the handsomest man in the country in Henry VIII’s time, and all the family were noted for personal beauty. She inherited a goodly share, as may be seen by her portrait, taken in 1565, at the age of thirteen, when she married Henry, second Earl of Southampton. This is now in the possession of the Duke of Portland at Welbeck.* It probably hung on the wall of Southampton’s home in Holborn when Shakespeare sung :

“Thou art thy mother’s glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime.”—S. 3.

Her elder son had died before his father, her second, Henry, became sole heir to his great house when he was eight years old. He seems to have

* See my “Date of Shakespeare’s Sonnets,” ‘Athenæum,’ 19th and 26th March, 1898.

inherited, not only her beauty and her natural tints, as may be seen by his fine portrait also preserved at Welbeck;* but to have resembled her in her characteristics. Cultured in taste, with a strong appreciation of humour, refined in sentiment, religious in spirit, she was generally able to control the self-will of her temper by a strong sense of duty, though sometimes her hasty impulsiveness verged almost on imprudence; faithful and self-forgetting in her affections, yet, through her very sensitiveness, easily offended; Mary, Countess of Southampton, does not seem to have been very happy in her marriage. Her somewhat severe husband had conceived some unjust cause of jealousy against her after his temper had been soured by his imprisonment in the Tower, for the matter of the Duke of Norfolk and Mary Stewart. She wrote to her father on 21st March, 1580, "My Lord sent me word it was not his intention to keep me prisoner, only he barred me of his board and presence . . . neither could I take that but in the highest degree of imprisonment, howsoever it pleased him otherwise to esteem it . . . I sent what I wrote *by my little boye*, but his heart was too great to bestow reading on it, coming from me." Possibly his misunderstanding was the precursor of illness, for he died the following year (1581). He left her as bare as he could, and she wrote to the Earl of Leicester, entreating his kind offices on behalf of herself and her children, Henry and Mary. (These letters are among the MSS of Cottrel Dormer, Esq., but are misdated in the 2nd

* See my "Date of Shakespeare's Sonnets," 'Athenæum,' 19th and 26th March, 1898.

Appendix to 'Rep. of Roy. Hist. Com.')

Her son became, of course, a royal ward, and he and his great possessions were put under the supervision of Lord Burghley. Camden later praises Southampton, and says "he spent his young years in the study of learning and good letters, and afterwards confirmed that study with travel and foreign observation."

On December, 1585, he was admitted to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he became M.A., June 6th, 1589, and was incorporated of Oxford. Before leaving College he enrolled himself a member of Gray's Inn, 1587, where he seems to have studied as creditably as he had done at Cambridge.

But domestic troubles were rising. Burghley was impressed with the engaging personality, as well as the extensive possessions of young Henry Wriothesley, and, backed by a guardian's privilege, wanted to secure him for his granddaughter, Lady Elizabeth Vere, the daughter of the Earl of Oxford. The young Earl seems to have become, under the persuasions of his mother and grandfather, to some extent, engaged. It was a suitable marriage in every way, had but the young people loved each other.

The poor Countess had been handicapped in the battle of life, because her husband's family and her own, as well as she herself, had persisted in the expensive indulgence of exercising the rites of the Catholic religion.

She well knew the enormous advantage it would be to the family to be known to be "connected with my Lord Burghley," the "searchings" and "fines"

it would help her to evade, the public offices it would secure to her son.

She urged him to complete the arrangements, his grandfather urged him, too. Perhaps, because of the very urging, the burden of matrimonial responsibilities became more and more distasteful. Dreams of military glory under his admired Earl of Essex disturbed his studies in old Gray's Inn. Burghley began to make enquiries. He could not understand how any young man in his senses could refuse such a splendid offer, or even hesitate in accepting it. He suspected interlopers. He fancied that Sir Thomas Stanhope might be trying to win him for his daughter; but that gentleman wrote a long and very full explanatory letter to Burghley on 10th July, 1590, clearing himself of any such treacherous presumption.

The Countess had, it is true, gone with her son to see Mr. Harvey, who lived next door, and he had asked them to sup with him, that was all. Lady Southampton had told him "She knew what a stay you would be to him and to her . . . in good fayth she would do her best in the cause . . . She did not find a disposition in her son to be tied as yet; what will be hereafter time shall try, and no want shall be found on her behalf." Burghley seems next to have consulted Viscount Montague, who replied on 19th September, 1590, from Cowdray that he had "tried as orderly as he could, first to acquaint his mother, and then himself with your lordship's letter, his lordship being with me at Cowdray . . . " His daughter had told him that she did not know of her son's fancy having changed

to any other maiden, and the youth had replied that "Your lordship was this last winter well pleased to yield unto him a further *respite* of one year to ensure resolution in respect of his young years." I told him that the year was almost up, and said "that it was natural your lordship should wish to have the matter about his granddaughter settled." The most he could get out of his grandson was a promise that he would carry his answer to Lord Burghley himself, and Montague arranged that he and his daughter should take him to London at the beginning of the term.

On the 6th of October, Southampton completed his seventeenth year. He took, if he did not receive, another "year's respite," and on the 2nd March following, 1590-1, he wrote from Dieppe to the Earl of Essex offering him the service of his sword. The Earl of Essex had lately married the widow of Sir Philip Sydney, much to the Queen's wrath, and he was in some trouble himself. He did not risk accepting the offer of the Royal ward.

Southampton was recalled to London, and *then*, in the April of 1591, he probably first met, at least as a friend, that inland-bred actor, who so strangely fascinated him, and kept him from his regret at being forbidden to follow Lord Essex. Someone suggested to the Countess, or to the new poet himself on her behalf, that he, a married man, should try to make the young lord "*Suivez raison*" (the family motto of the Brownes). The most likely person to do so was the stalwart and prudent Mr. William Harvey, who had won golden opinions from all sorts of people at the time of the Spanish

Armada in 1588, and who was a devoted friend of the family. If we allow ourselves to realise the likelihood of this, we find one key to the mystery of the dedication to the sonnets, lying ready to hand in a place where no one before has looked for it. (See my article "Who is Mr. W. H.?" 'Athenæum,' August 4th, 1900.)

It was a part of the higher culture, then, to be able to write verses and to sing them to the lute, and, as such, doubtless Southampton had essayed to do after the model of Thomas Watson at least, and we have noted what had been published by that date.

Manuscript copies of the verses of the Earl of Essex, poured forth when he wanted "to evaporate his feelings in a sonnet," would probably also be found in that Holborn home, when in that "mutual improvement society for two," the principles of literature were discussed. The young Earl, with his beautiful expressive eyes lit up by intellectual fire, with his fair face, rich attire, gracious manners, ingenuous outlook into life and philosophy, and enthusiastic inclination to help, made a real conquest of the hungering home-sick heart of the poor player, and such a love was kindled as had not been sung since the days of Jonathan and David. It was because Shakespeare could feel as well as write that he found the sonnet silver and left it golden. Mr. Wyndham, in his splendid introduction to the 'Poems of Shakespeare,' leaves nothing unsaid concerning their æsthetic charm. Excepting the first few I do not think the order of the sonnets at all correct. Some critics accept the 107th as necessarily the last, and we know that

those to the lady should have been sandwiched in between those to the youth if the date of production had been the principle of arrangement. Within the two series also the order has evidently been disturbed somehow.

We know that they are not all on the same level of merit; neither do I think them all constructed with the same "intention." The last two evidently should come first, two forms of expressing the same idea from foreign sources which had probably been read to the poet by the patron.

Those to the youth were evidently intended to be sent, and were sent: the earliest ones probably through his mother. Those to the lady were written, as Goëthe puts it, "to work off a feeling," or to shape the expression of "a passion." The poet might have *sung* them to the lady, but he would not risk the chances of *sending them in black and white*. When the feeling had "evaporated" they would be sent in block to the friend, and thus be kept together, though possibly multiplied in copies among friends, one of whom must have proved unfaithful, or Jaggard would not have secured two by 1599.

It was doubtless with some sense of self-reproach that Shakespeare, yielding to the family arguments, turned the engines of his new power upon his patron, urging him to marry. Training and straining are both too visible in the admonitory sonnets, which smell of Sidney's 'Arcadia.' The first seven sonnets, to which I would add the eleventh and twelfth, make a sequence by themselves. The second sequence shows deepening affection, freer

hand, more original conceptions. He bids the youth wed to complete a harmony, to make war with Time, and to do so "*for love of me*," S. 10. Started as a literary experiment they developed more and more into the expression of personal feeling, and the advice to matrimony became subordinate. In the 13th Sonnet the poet first addressed the youth as "love"; in the 20th and 21st he took him as the inspiration and his muse.

"A woman's face with nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion" (S. 20).

"So is it not with me as with that muse
Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse" (S. 21).

It was something for a poet living lonely in London to have such a wholesome and safe source of inspiration. The young noble was vain, and there was a subtle charm in being thus sung to by one whose genius he thought he had evoked. He listened more patiently to his poet than he had done to his mother and friends, but of course the sonnets had no effect in mending his misogynic mood. Their writer never expected they would do so, probably did not even wish it. The first double set of twenty-five was marked out by a separation which is recorded in history.

The Queen was to be at Cowdray, Viscount Montague's country house, from the 15th until the 22nd of August, 1591, and the youth would be summoned to his grandfather's assistance. The Queen and Court afterwards went on to his own house at Tichfield. Special opportunities would be

certain to be made for him on this occasion. Essex was not at Court, and Sir Fulke Greville and others were trying to replace him by this friendly rival. Every young nobleman of the day was trained to act in courtly devices, and much depended on compliment with Elizabeth. Shakespeare would likely give his "sweet boy" return lessons in dramatic art.

During this first period of separation, as Shakespeare wrote, there had been dawning on him the conception of a poem, by which he might at once take his position in the world of letters, honour his friend's teaching, and in a somewhat allegorical fashion, after the Spenserian "second intention," show how the entreaties of Venus fall unheeded upon ears intent on other music, and upon hearts filled with other interests. I do not wish now to go into any criticism of 'Venus and Adonis,' but comparison makes it clear that the Sonnets were written about the same time, and addressed to the same person.

"Describe Adonis,* and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you!" (S. 51)

The work on the poem checked the supply of Sonnets. Through the plague-year it developed, a joy apart from the strains of the miserable time. It was a year quite black enough to wake all poor grumbling Greene's dying spite against the "Johannes Factotum," who could both act and redact plays;

* It is curious that the allegorical "second intention" in the poem should have been applied by Thomas Edwardes, so early as 1595, to the poet himself.

a year gloomy enough to tone the picture of the reverse poem which came insistently into Shakespeare's brain to complete his "Venus" conception. For he began to take two sides to paint his pictures even then, as he always afterwards did. Another separation came. In the autumn of 1592 Southampton was in the Queen's train at Oxford, acknowledged by all to be the brightest ornament of her court. Probably by the end of 1592 Shakespeare sent him the completed manuscript of his poem; with the private dedication of the 26th Sonnet, before he began to arrange about the publication of his "written ambassage," bidding him keep it

"Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tattered loving
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:" (S. 26)

that is, by having it printed and bound. By the 18th April, 1593, the Archbishop of Canterbury had licensed it, and Richard Field had entered it as his copy in the Stationers' Registers. A more timid prose dedication faced the critical world. The poet would not shame his friend, nor commit him to anything, until he knew how the public would receive him. Then came a surprise doubtless to both of them, and certainly to others. Adonis leaped at once into popularity! I noted that before he had completed his first 'Essay of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesy,' Shakespeare had sketched the outline of the "graver labour," alluded to in the Preface to his 'Venus and Adonis.' Some of the later Sonnets seem to be studies for *Tarquin*, as

some of the earlier had been studies for *Adonis*. It is worth considering Sonnet 129 in this light. The Sonnets had been affected by the appearance of 'Astrophel and Stella' in 1591, and the author was probably incited by the appearance of Daniel's 'Delia' and Constable's 'Diana' in 1592 to new variations.

After Southampton's return to London he seems to have become interested in other poets, and to have spent some of the hours hitherto devoted to Shakespeare, with other literary acquaintances. Thence sprang the allusions to the "alien pens" (S. 87), the "better spirit" (S. 80) "the proud full sail of his great verse." Doubtless the chief rival was Chapman, who even then was doing worthy work. But he has left no notice of the Earl of Southampton until much later years. Evidently the young Earl, moved by his poet's suffering, had granted that he "*was* married to his muse," and had refused to become the special patron of other *poets*. Indeed, he had shown a fit of answering jealousy, alluded to in Sonnet 109. But all frictions were smoothed away, and the happy friend and triumphant poet was able to redeem his promise and to publish his "graver labour" in May, 1594, expressing his love to his patron in nearly the same terms as he had used in Sonnet 26. His 'Lucrece' assured his position in the literary world, and cleared his character in the eyes of sober men.

I have said that I do not think the order of the sonnets correct, that the love-sonnets should have been interleaved with the others, that they had not been sent, and that they did not mean so much as

they seemed to impart. Nevertheless, it seems evident that in the plague year, with all its depressing influences, in the absence of his friend, Shakespeare himself had been tempted by a dark-eyed witch, a married woman, experienced in coquettish wiles. We do not *know* who the lady was. I do not think she was a *lady* at all in the court sense of the word. Many suggestions support my opinion that she was one of the rich citizen's wives, some of whom had been educated by wealthy fathers to the level of the culture of the time in art and music; a citizen's wife who had been married just long enough to feel a sense of ennui creep into her leisurely life, and a desire for new conquests re-awake in her vain heart. Such a one he might have met in the very house he must most have frequented. I do not *know* anything about the moral principles of Mrs. Jacquinetta Field, and do not wish to bring my views, as a personal *charge* against her. But she fulfilled all the necessary external conditions, and she was a Frenchwoman, therefore likely to have dark eyes, a sallow complexion, and that indefinable *charm* so much alluded to. Such a woman might very well have ignored young Shakespeare when he came, poor and unknown, about her husband's house at first. But when she found him popular and making his way among the aristocracy she might suddenly have become interested in him, and lay her toils. Other men's sonnets had taught her how to act. She tuned her sweetest music to his tastes, and played remorselessly upon her poet's heart. After the publication of 'Venus and Adonis,' by Richard Field, she might achieve her desire of meeting Shakespeare's Earl.

She entangled him for a short time in a game of bagatelle, in order to torture her victim, though it really seems to have cured him. And *then*, it was all over, there was no treachery, no cruelty, it was all a mistake, *a comedy of errors*. The echo of the explanations ring through Shakespeare's plays, as well as through his sonnets. A strange outside reflection of this little domestic drama seems clearly intended in 'Willobie's Avis,' registered on 3rd September, 1594, in which Shakespeare's 'Lucrece' is definitely mentioned, and H. W. and W. S. alluded to, under conditions that strongly suggest the story of the Sonnets. It shows the picture of a wonderfully admired woman of incorruptible chastity, beset by many wooers, these two among them. "W. S. determined to see whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor, H. W., then it did for the old player." Many strange parallels between the book and the sonnets might be noted, and I have a shrewd suspicion that the dark lady herself was a moving spirit in its publication. Personalities were evidently intended and resented, and the book was "called in." But the pain of the publication rankled in Shakespeare's heart :

"'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteemed" (S. 121).

In the same month as Shakespeare brought out his 'Lucrece,' the Countess of Southampton married Sir Thomas Heneage, a trusted friend of the Queen's, and Vice-Chamberlain of the Royal Household. Henceforth Court patronage was opened to Shakespeare, and during the following Christmas holidays,

for the first time, his name was entered in the accounts of the Privy Chamber, as having played before the Queen at Greenwich. Curiously enough, at the same time, his company is recorded to have appeared suddenly amid the confusion of the Gray's Inn Revels, and to have performed "The Comedy of Errors" on the stage designed for graver concerts. This led to great trouble in Gray's Inn, and mysterious investigations, in which an enchanter was blamed. Nobody asked *who paid the players?* I have always fancied that Southampton did, and that *he* introduced them, for how, without the permission of some fellow of Gray's Inn, could they have had access to the stage.* Bacon was employed to write a device to "restore the honour of Gray's Inn," lost on The Night of Errors.

In two ways, both painful to the poet, during the following year, while Sir Thomas Heneage's illness absorbed the attention of the Countess of Southampton, his young friend's name had become bandied about, among the gossiping cliques of Paul's Walk. His friends, Sir Charles and Henry Danvers, instigated by personal revenge, for some cause unknown, had, in January, 1594-5, taken their servants and gone out deliberately to murder two men, the Longs, which they succeeded in doing. They stalled their horses in Southampton's stables at Tichfield, that night, and when they went to London, next day, he rode with them and helped them to escape to France. It is very difficult to understand the meaning of this episode in his life, for the Danvers

* See my article, "The First Official Record of Shakespeare's Name," 'Shakespeare Jahr Buch,' 1895, Berlin.

remained his friends. The other was more natural. Southampton, "having passed by the ambush of young days," at last fell incurably in love with the fair Mistress Elizabeth Vernon, the daughter of Sir John Vernon, cousin of the Earl of Essex, and Maid of Honour to the Queen. He needed no sonnets now to urge him to marry, but the Queen forbade the banns. He hovered round the Court. The Sydney papers state that he was, in the absence of Essex, "a careful waiter here, and *sede vacante* doth receive favours at her Majesty's hands, all this without breach of amity between them." But it was the *other Elizabeth* who drew him thither. Hasty and impulsive as he was, "My Lord Southampton doth with too much familiarity court the fair Mistress Vernon, while his friends, observing the Queen's humour towards my Lord of Essex, do what they can to bring her to favour him, but it is yet in vain," wrote Rowland Whyte, September 22nd, 1595.

This gossip sunk into Shakespeare's heart. He knew that he might be blamed by some, as the Earl's adviser, and he called him to task in Sonnets 95 and 96. After the commencement of this absorbing passion the sonnets gradually ceased. Probably Shakespeare realised his reign was over. None seem to suggest Southampton's voyages, knighthood, marriage, or subsequent imprisonment. For the allusions in Sonnet 107 must not be confused with this.

Having interwoven many of the phrases, ideas, and even situations of the sonnets into his plays, having *thrown in* even some of the verses entire,

Shakespeare's fame became fixed in 1598 by the liberal praise of Francis Meres, Professor of Rhetoric at Oxford, who noted not only the plays and the poems, but "the sugred sonnets among his private friends."

By some means pirate Jaggard got possession of two of these private sonnets, culled those already printed in the plays, stole many verses from other writers, among them the 'Paris to Helen' and 'Helen to Paris' of Thomas Heywood, and published them in 1599 as "'The Passionate Pilgrim,' by William Shakespeare," eager to exploit the value of his name.

To reclaim his own Heywood published them, as he had intended, in his 'Troia Britannica,' registered before 1609. Apparently Jaggard published a second edition, probably in 1609. In the post-script of his 'Apology for Actors,' 1612, Heywood complained of Jaggard's "manifest injury," and stated that the author was much offended with the publisher for "having altogether unknown to him, presumed to make so bold with his name."

This is interesting to us, because it is the only recorded notice of Shakespeare's opinion of his publishers. Indeed it is just possible that Shakespeare permitted, if he did not suggest, the publication of his Sonnets in order, by showing all that he laid claim to, at once to punish Jaggard, and protect Heywood, and other injured poets. In spite of Heywood's and Shakespeare's protest, Jaggard brought out a third edition of the 'Passionate Pilgrim' in 1612, stating that they were "newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespeare. Where-

unto is newly added two Epistles, the first from Paris to Helen, and Helen's answer back again to Paris." But pressure was evidently brought to bear upon Jaggard, for though this stands in the title-page, the epistles *do not appear in the text*.

To whatever cause we owe it, the Sonnets were published in 1609, long after the vogue of sonneteering had passed, by T. T., *i. e.* Thomas Thorpe, with an address to Mr. W. H. The chief battlefield in the history of the sonnets has been over the meaning of those initials. I believe, as I have said above that they mean Mr. William Harvey.

Sir Thomas Heneage had died in 1595, leaving the Countess of Southampton the second time a widow, in trouble over his bills, and not over well treated by friends. Shortly after her son's stolen marriage to Elizabeth Vernon in 1598 she had promised to marry her faithful friend, now her knight, Sir William Harvey. Her action roused the indignation of her son at first, and caused discomfort among her friends. Harvey's family and position were not equal to hers, and matrimony in a mother is sometimes inconvenient to a son. The Earl of Essex himself took the trouble to counsel her gravely. But like her son she held her own way through thick and thin, and married Sir William Harvey in 1598. She died in 1607, and it was reported by Chamberlain that "she had left the best part of her stuff to her son, and the most part to her husband." It is very likely that a manuscript copy of 'Shakespeare's Sonnets' would be left among "the most part," and it is quite possible that after consultation with Southampton and

Shakespeare, Harvey, always a patron of letters, prepared them to be published in order to relieve Heywood, and punish the pirate Jaggard, by limiting the list of sonnets to which Shakespeare laid claim.

Thomas Thorpe was too glad of the chance of becoming a merchant adventurer on the sea of publication. If, as I have shown to have been possible, Sir William had, in the first instance, suggested the writing of the early sonnets, the meaning of Thorpe's address is clear. It was quite usual to address a gentleman as Mr. after his knighthood. Lady Southampton always spoke of her second husband as Mr. Heneage. Further, since the death of his first wife, in 1607, Sir William had consoled himself with a bright young bride, Mistress Cordelia Ansley, of Lee. It would therefore be perfectly consonant with Thorpe's gratitude and his character to wish "Mr. W. H. all happinesse, and that eternitie promised by the everlasting poet."

The "eternity" intended might have been that of a long line of descendants to keep up his noble name,* (for it was Thorpe who wrote the address).

It may be urged that I cannot *prove* this. I acknowledge it. But surely an explanation so simple and one that fits so naturally into the whole known series of facts, may be justly considered and duly treated as a good working hypothesis, until something better may be discovered. And the surest way to learn more of Shakespeare is to learn more about his friends.

* He was afterwards ennobled as Lord Harvey of Kidbrooke, and Baron de Rosse in Ireland.

FATE AND THE TRAGIC SENSE.

BY W. L. COURTNEY, M.A., LL.D.

[Read October 28th, 1908.]

I MUST plead guilty to the imputation that the title I have chosen for this paper, "Fate and the Tragic Sense," is somewhat ambiguous. I am told that it is like the headings of certain of the chapters in Meredith's novels, or that it might actually serve as a title for a romance by that somewhat cryptic author, Mr. Henry James. It is obviously, therefore, a primary duty to explain. What do I mean by "tragic sense"? I mean the appreciation of those conditions which make for tragedy in human life. What do we mean by Fate? That is our name for the Unknown, something not ourselves, which overpowers us, against which we struggle, and in the conflict with which we fail. All tragedy involves this notion of Fate. And I lay stress on the point, because one of the best of dramatic critics, Aristotle, did not realise its importance when he was attempting to define Tragedy. To him tragedy was sufficiently explained when it was held to conform to three conditions. In the first place it was a form of drama exciting the emotions of pity and fear; in the next place its action must be simple and complete, dealing with sudden changes and reversals of fortune; and thirdly,

it must be written in poetry, embellished with every kind of artistic expression. You will observe that only in one point does a definition of this kind touch the notion of Fate. Tragedy, Aristotle thought, must deal with reversals of fortune; it must narrate the ruin of persons renowned and distinguished. What the moderns have added, or (to speak much more succinctly and definitely) what Shakespeare has added, to this conception is the notion that all tragedy involves a conflict—a conflict of wills, or of will with circumstance, or of will with itself—and that, therefore, it is imperatively necessary that it should be based on the characters of the persons involved. Aristotle practically told us that the story of the plot was more important than the personages engaged. Modern tragedy insists that because the course of the drama reveals a conflict in which great personalities are engaged, the temperament, nature, and character of the hero or heroine are of supreme importance. And, probably owing to the permanence of theatrical conditions, this type of tragedy has lasted through at least three or four centuries. If it had been left to Literature alone, we can see—as suggested by some of the dramas of Browning, for instance, or Swinburne—that the type of tragedy might have been altered. But theatrical conditions are always conservative, and if we say that a typical tragedy is concerned with a great personality engaged in a struggle that ends disastrously, we have obtained a formula which applies to almost every specimen of this species of creative work.

Tragedy, then, involves the conflict of a human

will with something else. What is this something else? It may be the steady antagonism of other wills. It may be a great impersonal Fate. It may be the enormous tyranny of character and heredity. Or, lastly, in a great deal of the modern social drama, full of tragic elements, Fate may be recognised as social convention, a mass of prejudices, pre-conceptions, arrangements, ordinances, which make up civilisation and constitute the social state. The modern hero or heroine, as we shall discover, whether in Dumas, Augier, Ibsen, or Pinero, erects his or her standard of revolt against the recognised conventions of society, and destroys himself or herself in the effort. I do not know a better illustration of this modern social drama than is to be found in Ibsen's well-known piece, "An Enemy of the People." Dr. Stockmann is at war with all the prevailing thoughts and tendencies of his time. He is defeated in the conflict, and has to solace himself with the assertion that a man is never so strong as when he is alone. You will observe that our modern notion of Fate is by no means so august as the earlier ones. An obscure, irresistible Destiny, an ingrained or inherited character, are now, in their turn, succeeded by a more familiar and less reputable figure, the force of which is always checking us, and making us all conventional,—the formidable figure of Mrs. Grundy. Our subject, then, becomes tolerably well defined. We have, in the first place, to regard the matter from the subjective side, to consider how human beings, carrying on their respective lives, indulging their hopes, fears, loves, hates,

interests and passions, dash themselves against laws stronger than themselves, and meet with that deserved, or, in some cases, undeserved, ruin which all tragedy involves; while in the second place, from the objective standpoint, we have to obtain a more accurate definition of what is meant by fatality and destiny.

I.

In how many ways can a man dash himself against laws and ordinances, larger, more august than his own personality? In many ways, doubtless. Let us take a few instances from Shakespeare. There is one passion, ruinous when in excess, the passion of *love*. Of this Shakespeare gives us two examples—the youthful, wild, unthinking passion of Romeo and the middle-aged dotage of Antony, “the doting mallard,” who flies after Cleopatra to his death. So, again, there is the strong, over-mastering emotion which we call *ambition*, of which we also have two examples. Ambition is manifested in intense will-power, a demonic energy of volition as shown us in Richard III; while ambition as a morbid, superstitious belief in himself and in his own star, the attitude of the imaginative mystic, is shown us in ‘Macbeth.’ Love and ambition are two of the destroying influences in human nature, but there are many more besides. There is *selfishness* raised to the highest conceivable degree, a devouring egotism, of which once more we have two examples. Egotism may signify the pride of caste, a patrician feeling, an absurdly high estimate of personal

value and personal strength,—and then we have Coriolanus. Or else egotism may be shown in a different fashion, that peculiarly destructive form in which it renders old age so terrible a thing,—the selfishness of a King Lear, a senile desire or weakness to annex and engross every form of consideration and love. Nor yet have we exhausted the catalogue of ruinous vices. There is the vice of *jealousy*, combined with the belief that a man can claim vengeance as his own, as though he were a god-appointed instrument to execute punishment on feminine frailty, as you find it in Othello. There is the vice of frantic *pessimism*, the despair in all human virtue and excellence, because the man has discovered in his own case the fickleness of fortune and his friends, as you see it in ‘Timon of Athens.’ And, last in the melancholy list comes a more subtle disease, on which Shakespeare bestows especial pains, a disease that comes to the student, to the moralist, to the philosopher, a *malady of introspection*, the enormous fallacy of trying to impose your own ideals upon the world, as you find it both in Brutus and in Hamlet. There is reason to think that the two plays of ‘Julius Caesar’ and ‘Hamlet’ were worked at by Shakespeare about the same time, for ‘Hamlet,’ at all events, contains more than one reference to the tragedy enacted on the Capitol, and Horatio proclaims himself to be “more an antique Roman than a Dane.”

In all this portrait gallery of the sins and frailty of humanity which lead us straight to the sphere of tragedy, it is difficult to make one selection rather than another as illustrating the dramatist’s con-

ception of his problem. One characteristic above all belongs, by indubitable birthmark, to every Shakespearian character. It has a certain infinity about it,—a vague word for a necessarily vague quality. I mean that it opens large vistas, and is not exhausted by the enumeration of a few simple attributes. There are so many sides to Othello and Macbeth, to King Lear and to Hamlet, that we are forced to realise that they are not so much inventions as small pieces of complex humanity itself. Nevertheless, if we suppose, as we reasonably may, that at a particular period in the development of Shakespeare's art, he was wrestling in his own person with the deeper problems of existence, finding for his own nature a deliverance from his own besetting sins, we shall hardly be wrong in fixing upon two tragedies, 'Romeo' and 'Hamlet,' as the most significant and illustrative.

Doubtless to Shakespeare, as to many men in that riotous Elizabethan period, there came the temptation to think that the whole world was well lost for love. In characteristic fashion Shakespeare paints for us two ways in which the passion of love can influence men. It can redeem a man, as it did Romeo; it can destroy a man, as it did Mark Antony. Notice how skilfully we are shown that at the opening of the play Romeo was a man who loved rather imaginatively than in reality. He had a "tendresse" for Rosaline; he uses the conventional terminology of lovers; he talks about Cupid and Dian's shaft, and the rest of the sickly conventional literature of the enamoured. But Juliet converts him from the mere romance of love into a heart-

whole passion invading the entire personality. Before he was in love with love: now he is in love with a woman, and his nature becomes infinitely stronger and purer. Listen to him when he is told the news of Juliet's death. There is no fantastic literary rubbish which he thinks appropriate to such an event. Before he was more or less of a puppet pulled by alien wires, a plaything in the hands of fate; now he is a man. "I defy you, stars." Destiny has no longer hold of him. He is prepared "to shake the yoke of inauspicious stars from his world-wearied flesh," and, without one word of poetical imagery, it is plain Juliet with him now. "Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night." There is the simplicity of a definite resolve, in which the whole nature is enlisted. From the external standpoint there is disaster, ruin, catastrophe, because "violent delights have violent ends"; but from the inner spiritual side of the man's nature, which concerns us in tragedy, there is a triumph even in defeat, a victory over weakness, an entire satisfaction for our moral conscience. Romeo has achieved the end of his life; he has died upon a kiss.

It is different with Mark Antony, because both the age and the character of the hero are so different. The absolute self-surrender of a middle-aged man who ought to be conquering the world, and is conquered by a splendid courtesan, the serpent of old Nile, is not a noble thing at all; it is a despicable thing. But Shakespeare is too much of an artist not to surround this theme of passion, so destructive to masculine energies, with all the

splendid light and colour of Eastern magnificence. We cannot afford to despise either Antony or Cleopatra, because Shakespeare will not for a moment allow us to regard them otherwise than as august, grandiose, tragic personalities. Think how Milton treated much the same theme in his 'Samson Agonistes,' and you will see the difference between a Puritan moralist and a sympathetic human dramatist. Milton cannot conceal his scorn for the degenerate Samson; he cannot refrain from righteous railing against his Delilah. But Antony is a Hercules, a demi-god, "the demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm and burgonet of men." He is a ruin, but a ruin not wanting in grandeur, as it were the shell of an imperial castle.

Both these two lovers, Romeo and Antony, have as the partner of their fates the women they deserve. As a rule Shakespeare made his women somewhat wanting in complex features. He lived in an age before the rise of what we call Feminism, and his heroines, consisting as they do of one or two well-marked characteristics, are never analysed as fully or as carefully as his men. But because Shakespeare's women have fewer elements, they are, what they are intended to be, strong, extremely direct, practical, with the clearest knowledge of what they want, and of the proper means to the desired end. Juliet, despite her tender age (of fourteen years), is one of the most direct and practical young women that could be. She knows precisely what she wants, an union with Romeo, and every action is clearly designed to bring about the result. It is she who suggests a marriage before the friar; it is she who,

when father, mother and nurse all forsake her, has the courage and the hardihood to carry out her objects in her own way. That is how she saves Romeo, lifting him up to the higher level of passionate love at which she herself lives. But the middle-aged lover, Antony, finds his destiny in a woman with a past, a woman to whom Antony's love was not so much a revelation of what human nature is capable of, as the latest and most supreme of her sensations. The portrait of Cleopatra is eminently fascinating, because she is neither true nor false, neither sincere nor insincere, but a compound of opposites, intensely feminine, eminently alluring, a triumphant wanton. How clearly Shakespeare understood this character you can see from her wonderful death scene. The mode in which she chooses to die—poisoning herself with an asp—is silly and ridiculous enough, but true to life, because such a woman would have an instinctive horror of feeling pain. She is coquettish to the very end, a little theatrical, very emotional, entirely captivating. She died as she had lived, a Helen, a Mary, Queen of Scots, formed to be "a wonder and a wild desire," a siren of the Mediterranean, luring men to destruction on the rocks.

Apart from this theme of love which, let us remember in passing, was not considered a proper subject for dramatic art in the Athenian drama before Euripides, we come to a very modern burden, the burden of *intellectuality*. Clearly this, too, was a form of temptation to which Shakespeare himself might well be prone. There was always the danger for him that, leading as he did an inner life, he

might make the mistake of thinking that it exhausted all possibilities of existence. Do ideas govern the world? Yes and no. Their ultimate victory is certain, but to the man who dreams, who refuses to live the life of his day, they are often a subtle cause of ruin and failure. Think of Brutus, the most high-souled Roman, the man of the loftiest integrity, the husband who was worthy to have such a wife as Portia, the hero to whom, in the play in which he bears so conspicuous a part, we extend all our sympathy. Yet, confronted with the practical problem he failed, and gave the victory into the hands of a much inferior man, for no other reason than that he applied ideal principles to an actual insistent political crisis. Brutus persuades himself that he killed Caesar because he was a tyrant. In reality he killed him because, born of a revolutionary line, he had nursed his youth on revolutionary ideals, and supposed that, when Rome was crying out for an autocratic ruler, she could still be managed, as in an age of republican simplicity, by a senate and consuls.

The malady of Hamlet is not very remote from this. At all events, it starts from much the same mistake. The tragedy of Hamlet is that of a man of a peculiar introspective temperament, called upon to settle a practical crisis. Hamlet knew this very well himself, and that makes the tragedy deeper. Brutus never doubted, when once his decision was taken, that he was the right man to cure the evils of Rome; Hamlet doubted from the very beginning.

The times are out of joint, O cursèd spite
That ever I was born to set them right!

He was too fine, too distinguished, too intellectual a

character to be the rough instrument which Fate demanded. He has the fatal malady of analysing his own motives, which is generally destructive of action. If you once begin asking yourself what will be the results and consequences of a definite act, you will find that at the moment of action your will is paralysed by excess of scrupulosity, as Hamlet's was, when with his drawn sword he saw his uncle praying. It was a disease of will from which Hamlet was suffering. In any other times it would not have been so fatal. In this particular time, when he was called upon to do a specific act, to avenge his father and kill the usurper, it is not he, but a man rather of the Fortinbras build, who will be the saviour of society. Observe, too, that like many intellectual men, he cannot be sure of his own moods. He sees the ghost of his murdered father; but is it an honest ghost, is it really his father's spirit? Hamlet believes in it on the battlements of Elsinore; but he entirely disbelieves in it in another mood, when, despite the evidence of his senses, he talks of "the bourne from which no traveller returns." The traveller who *had* returned is dismissed apparently as a fantasy of his brain. And these supernatural visitings in such an analytic and introspective mind do not, as a matter of fact, supply him with the motive for his subsequent action. The ghost can make him put on an antic disposition, play with such creatures as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, deride the senile humours of Polonius, and lessen the torrent of his words against his mother. But what the ghost cannot do is to make him kill his uncle. He murders him at the

last, more or less accidentally, because his mother was poisoned and Laertes had played foul in the fencing bout. So curiously destructive of strong practical volition is an intellectual malady when it has grown morbid—the tendency towards introspection, self-analysis, metaphysical speculation.

It will be interesting, perhaps, to illustrate some later conceptions of the tragic sense out of the dramas of Mr. Pinero—for one reason especially, because we can now cite the case of heroines instead of heroes. No one doubts that Mr. Pinero is a very diligent student of femininity. The only doubt can be whether, on the whole, he is just to them or unjust. In a matter like this, in all probability the masculine critic may assert that he is far too kind and sympathetic to his women, while the feminine critic, on the contrary, will maintain that in virtue of his sympathy he sees things about them which no one else can see, and makes excuses for them which no one else would make. The point is an interesting one, and it can be very easily illustrated. There is a series of feminine characters, more or less formed in the same mould, who run through Mr. Pinero's serious plays. We begin with a character like that of Theophila Fraser, in 'The Benefit of the Doubt.' Then we proceed to Paula Tanqueray. On her follows 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith,' and we end with Iris, in the play bearing her name. Now in the case of all these heroines we have a contest, a revolt, a failure, a defeat. Sometimes the woman struggles against those laws of convention and prejudice which we sum up under the name of Mrs. Grundy: sometimes

we have an insurrection against the marriage laws ; sometimes we have a struggle against abiding laws of psychology. Or, once more, we have a deeper sin, perhaps the deepest sin which woman can commit—a sin against love itself. Moreover, it would be true to say of all the heroines to which I have alluded that they are, from any serious masculine standpoint, either worthless or contemptible. And yet such is Mr. Pinero's art that we are only too ready to forgive them all. We make excuses for them ; we say that circumstances were too strong, that their positions were unendurable, and that, therefore, their sins should be forgiven. Here is Theo. Fraser, in 'The Benefit of the Doubt.' She is married to a hard, dour Scotsman, Fraser of Locheen, who will wear kilts at the dinner-table, and insists on having his excruciating bagpipes played on every occasion. Well, it is not fair to a sensitive woman, on whose nerves these things act with terrible force, especially if she is a born rebel, and sets up her standard of revolt against existing social conventions and prejudices. Theo. flies for refuge to Jack Allingham, and there is a scandal, an action for divorce, and the judge gives her "the benefit of the doubt." Now mark what ensues. Fraser, the husband, not being an absolute ass, but on the contrary possessed of some rude, straightforward common-sense, says that they must go abroad, in order to get over the malevolence of spiteful tongues. Theo. resolutely refuses to do anything of the kind. She is obstinately a rebel. She insists that the situation must be faced, and they must remain in town. She is quite wrong, as

the sequel proves. Upset by her husband's superior common-sense, she goes once again to Jack Allingham, in a half-fainting condition. She drinks champagne on an empty stomach, and, not to put too fine a point on it, she gets intoxicated. In this condition she implores Jack Allingham to run away with her. Not a nice woman, this; and yet, upon my soul, the dramatist makes us forgive her! Apparently he forgives her himself, for he lets her fall into the hands of the wife of a worthy bishop, who is going to spread her immaculate reputation over Theo.'s peccadilloes, and gradually restore her fair fame in the public credit. I always wonder why this fine play, 'The Benefit of the Doubt,' has never been revived. I suppose we must wait until the National Theatre is established before we can hope to see it again. The first and second acts are masterpieces.

Perhaps I need not dwell long on the character of Paula Tanqueray, for the moral of her case is very obvious, and hardly needs much elucidation. Did she ever love Aubrey Tanqueray? I think not. Perhaps a woman with her life has worn out the possibility of love. I think she only cared for comfort, rest, the satisfaction of living in a properly conducted home, of being respected as a legitimate wife. She betrays her husband at every point. Capriciousness is the least of her vices. She asks her disreputable friends to stay with her. Even if she had won the love of her stepdaughter, Ellean, it is doubtful if she would have known what to do with it. And yet—and yet—we are more than a little inclined to forgive Paula Tanqueray, although she

had absolutely ruined a good man, and brought positive agony to his daughter. What, in her turn, shall we say of Agnes Ebbsmith? There is a strange tragedy about this woman. She ran full tilt against the ordinances of society, especially those which are embodied in our ordinary marriage laws, because she really wanted to be the companion, friend, and fellow-worker of the man with whom she had elected to live, Lucas Cleeve. Perhaps Lucas Cleeve also thought that life was possible, both for him and for Agnes, on the high, passionless levels of frank companionship. But, because Lucas Cleeve is merely the ordinary, undistinguished, individual man, *l'homme moyen sensuel*,—perhaps because women can do exceptional things and men can not, in fact, for a multiplicity of reasons, in which the whole idea of platonic love is involved, the experiment is a dire failure. Agnes has to appeal to Lucas Cleeve's senses in order to keep him constant.

To me, I confess, Iris Bellamy, in the play called 'Iris,' is the deeper criminal, because she sins against the light, because she sins against love itself, makes a game of it, postpones it to her chance moods of selfishness. But Iris Bellamy, according to her own account, is more sinned against than sinning. She is left a widow at a very early age, with a certain fortune, which she is to resign if she marries again. Round her are three men, Croker Harrington (who, perhaps, does not count, for he is only a faithful, dog-like creature), Laurence Trenwith, an impecunious young man, with whom Iris is, with apparent sincerity, in love, and the Mephistopheles of the piece, Frederick

Maldonado, a hard, wealthy, masterful financier. Now Iris cannot be straight with any of these. She cannot make up her mind to live in poverty abroad with Laurence Trenwith; poor Croker hardly enters into her calculations, for he is content with dumb service. Suddenly she is herself confronted with poverty, owing to the ill-doings of a rascally attorney. And this is Maldonado's chance. He leaves a cheque-book with her, and she makes use of it. He prepares a beautifully furnished flat for her, leaving the key with her; and eventually she drifts into accepting it. Then Trenwith returns from abroad, and she tells him the whole story, expecting him to forgive her. Immensely hurt at his refusal, both hurt and surprised, she is abandoned to Maldonado's mercy. And, because he has discovered the intrigue between Iris and Trenwith, she is finally driven into the streets. You will say that she is punished, and terribly punished. It is quite true, for she had sinned against the very idea of love. Nevertheless, if I am not mistaken, many of us are genuinely sorry for her. And yet, could there be a more worthless woman? Was she wicked, or merely weak? We really cannot say. The case stands as it does with Sophy Fullgarney in 'The Gay Lord Quex,' whom the hero very justly describes as a cat, scratching the hand that pets it. Yet Sophy Fullgarney becomes in the sequel a quite estimable character, although she is a mean, despicable spy. And Iris, too, lives in our memory, although she is quite non-moral—perhaps even basely immoral. "There is a soul of goodness in things evil": that is the dramatist's lesson. Or

perhaps we have another illustration of the famous text, "To know all is to pardon all." Mr. Pinero has made us understand his women, and, although masculine judgment rebels, we are sympathetically interested in them. We observe them dashing themselves in vain against laws too big and too imperious. They are victims, we say, of Fate, and we are inclined to grant them almost plenary absolution.

II.

The second division of our subject is the meaning of fatality or destiny. In how many ways can this conception be understood?

Destiny can be conceived as a great impersonal, primitive force, existing from all eternity, absolutely independent of human wills, superior even to any god whom humanity may have invented as an object of its own worship. So the earliest of Greeks imagined their original archetypal fate or destiny bigger than the gods, and regulating even the changes and revolutions in the divine hierarchy. The conception of a great primitive jealousy, bearing no rivals near its throne, is one form in which the ancient mind has interpreted its notion of destiny. Take an example. Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, is an exceedingly successful man; so unbroken is the career of his luck that his firmest ally throws him over—he is so afraid of him and his fortune. Polycrates himself becomes frightened, knowing that jealousy rules the universe, and he voluntarily throws into the sea his richest crown

jewel in an attempt to propitiate destiny. A fisherman presents him with a noble fish, and in it is found the jewel returned to his hands. Then Polycrates knows that he is a doomed man. Observe that the force which rules the universe is quite unmoral. Innocent prosperity is quite as much of an offence to it as guilty prosperity. And there is another and a darker view. Goodness itself, when carried to excess, provokes the hostility of Heaven. Heroes like Lycurgus and Pentheus perished for excess of temperance, and the ancient dramas, as interpreted, at all events, by Euripides, startle a modern audience with a figure like Hippolytus, whose passionate purity brought destruction upon himself. It is as though a Sir Galahad were to be condemned just because he were better than other knights. The shrinking, uncertain, terror-stricken beings who looked out upon a world which seemed a stranger to their best instincts, envisaged for themselves certain dark, mysterious forces, which make for anything but righteousness and justice, powers which go on in their blind course, absolutely regardless of human equity and feeling.

Such a view of destiny could not endure. Sooner or later the effort is made to moralise this idea, to explain and interpret it as not negating righteousness, but in some inscrutable way fulfilling it. This is the second stage, in which destiny gets a new name, Nemesis or Apportionment. Nemesis is really a poetic way of regarding justice. It rebukes all excess, it apportions suffering more or less adequately to guilt. Insolence in a man will bring him to grief; such insolence, for instance, as made

Agamemnon so reckless a general, and so proud a conqueror. Because he had slaughtered Iphigenia in order to secure prosperous winds for his expedition, because he had ruthlessly sacked Troy, because he had brought back Cassandra to his home, and necessitated the strewing of purple carpets before his palace doors on his return from Mycenae, he comes to condign ruin, and is killed like an ox by his wife, Clytaemnestra. That is the notion of ὕβρις or insolence. Fate strikes down the insolent swaggerer; still more will it strike down the villain, your Iago or your Richard III, artists in villainy, who say to evil, "Be thou my good," who glory in wrong-doing, and execute evil for its own sake. But in Greek times this notion of moralising the idea of destiny was never completely carried out. Nemesis was one phase of destiny, often as capricious as fortune, keen to uproot and dethrone whatever happiness was high enough to attract its attention. In the modern world Nemesis and justice are strictly associated. The ancient view is that Nemesis somehow strikes the mean between excess and defect; the modern view is that Nemesis apportions suffering to crime. You will see at once that there is a considerable interval between Nemesis as a mean between superfluity and deficiency, a half-way house between the too much and the too little; and Nemesis as a link which connects sin with its necessary retribution, asseverating that the soul which sinneth, it shall die. Inasmuch as that is the precise interval which separates the Greek view of destiny from Shakespeare's, we can illustrate it by a contrast between the plots of Oedipus and Macbeth.

What is the story of Oedipus? There was a certain King of Thebes, called Laius, who married Jocasta. Like most of these heroes of ancient time he belonged to a house which, in one way or another, had incurred the wrath of Heaven, and to him came the dreadful oracle that if he should have a son by his wife Jocasta, this son would kill his father and marry his mother. The warning was precise and clear, so that when a son was born Laius resolved to make himself safe. Three days after the infant was born Laius drove iron nails through his feet, so that the child was called Oedipus (swell-foot), and gave him over to one of the shepherds to put to death. This man, touched with pity, entrusted the child to another shepherd, who took him to Corinth. There, in process of time, the King of Corinth adopted him as his own son, and the boy grew up to manhood firmly believing that he had inherited royal privileges. His was a strenuous and passionate nature—just the sort of character which, in the opinion of the Greeks, because of its confident and reckless boldness, was bound to inherit disaster. Some suspicion was cast at his birth, and young Oedipus, who could brook no insult, went to consult the oracle of Delphi as to who his real parents were. From the god he received no satisfactory reply, but was informed that he should be the murderer of his own father. So, in his turn, in order to avoid the threatened misfortune, he left Corinth, which he considered to be his home, and his supposed father, the King of Corinth, and journeyed to Boeotia. On the road he met Laius, driving in his chariot, and, because he had been ordered to stand aside, the

young man, with his fiery temperament, laid hands upon both the charioteer and his attendants, and thus killed his father. Then he came to the place of his birth, Thebes, solved the riddle proposed by the Sphinx, thereby freeing his native land from the monster, became King of Thebes, and married Jocasta, just precisely as the oracle had foretold. Many years afterwards a pestilence fell upon the land, and the oracle, once more consulted, said that the cause of it was the fact that the murderer of Laius was living at Thebes, and that he must be banished and put to death. Oedipus takes the utmost pains to discover who this criminal can be, and by a variety of concurring circumstances at length arrives at the appalling truth that he is himself the murderer of his father. So, driven by desperation, he deprives himself of eyesight, while his wife hangs herself.

Now here you have a typical example of the way in which fate or Nemesis, in the Greek conception, finds out the individual. Some slight suggestion there is, it is true, that the character of Oedipus was one which provoked the hostility of Heaven. But, as a matter of fact, we see that his doom was pronounced long before he was born, and that he is quite helpless in the hands of external destiny. Oedipus is throughout the doomed man. The Nemesis which comes upon him, the fate which overwhelms him, is both external and arbitrary—a bolt, as it were, from the blue, coming from that dark background of dim and mysterious forces which regulate the path of events without any care or regard for the individual. And there is another point which makes this a typical case of Greek

tragedy. It is the irony which seems to preside over the whole transaction. Laius, in the first place, thinking to get rid of his son, takes the very means by which his son would be preserved alive. The son, in his turn, in order to avoid killing his father, leaves Corinth, and takes the fatal road back to the real scene of his birth. Then—supreme stroke of the irony of fate!—it is Oedipus himself who is most anxious to discover who the unknown murderer may be who is bringing the pestilence on Thebes. Each step that he takes brings home more inevitably the sentence recorded against him. There is tragedy, as the Greeks understood the word. The individual hero, on the one side; the great, superincumbent destiny on the other. Every deed of the hero only makes the destiny more certain, and, as though the fate which rules the universe had a wanton pleasure in mocking at the sufferings of humanity, the whole of the oracular action involved in the play is suffused with a most caustic and cynical humour.

Macbeth may be usefully compared with this, because here, too, destiny works with irony, only with an irony which is rather justice in a mocking humour, than a mockery at justice itself. Macbeth and Banquo came back from successful war, Macbeth probably with some dim schemes already working in his brain. And then we study the rise and fall of Macbeth, as a most conspicuous and brilliant example of Fate apportioning punishment to crime. Macbeth's series of successes is unbroken till the murder of Banquo; his series of failures is unbroken from the escape of Fleance. Success occupies the first half: failure the second half; and

the turning point, the expedition against Banquo and Fleance, occupies the exact middle of the middle act. The two halves have each their respective characters, and the position which Banquo holds in the first half is held by Macduff in the last half—a point which Macbeth himself seems to realise, for directly after the appearance of the Ghost at the banquet we find the hero making the remark, “How sayest thou, that Macduff denies his person at our great bidding?” I need not, perhaps, dilate on the obvious irony with which the oracular action is conducted. All that the Witches say is ironical: everything that Macbeth does when he begins to fail, in obedience to the witches, is one more nail in his coffin. Reassured by the prophecy that only one not born of woman shall be his real enemy, he strikes far and wide, and amongst others injures the very one to whom the description “not born of woman” applies. So, too, because he has been told that only when Birnam Wood shall come to Dunsinane shall he fail, he confidently shuts himself up in Dunsinane Castle. But for this fact the English Army would never have approached by Birnam Wood, and the incident of the boughs would never have taken place. Macbeth’s fate depends upon a series of apparent impossibilities. By his action he makes them one after another possible.* A mocking fate, an ironical oracle, comes to be thereby fulfilled. But wherein lies the difference between the modern poet’s conception of destiny and the ancient? Each hero, Oedipus and Macbeth, is apparently the victim of a doom pronounced long ago.

* Mr. Moulton’s *Essays on ‘Shakespeare and Dramatic Criticism.’*

And yet this is not quite true of Shakespeare's hero, for two reasons. First, because we can view all Macbeth's actions from a purely human side, and say exactly where he made his mistake. If he had contented himself, for instance, with being elevated to the throne, all might have been well. He had allayed suspicion, and seemed to be firmly established. But no, the oracle had said something about Banquo's successors, that Banquo was to beget kings, though he was not to be king himself. Therefore Macbeth takes just the one more step which begins his ruin. He kills Banquo, Fleance escapes, and the crime is committed in vain. So, too, when he begins to suspect Macduff, he proceeds to take vengeance on Macduff's house, killing all his babes and little ones. But Macduff is not killed, and lives to be the avenger of his kith and kin. And there is a second and much greater reason why Shakespeare in his treatment of destiny comes closer to our consciences than the ancient dramatist. You have probably noticed that when Macbeth and Banquo, at the very beginning of the play, meet with the Witches, they refuse to answer Banquo. "How far is't called to Forres?" asks Banquo. No answer. Then he directly addresses himself to the witches:

What are these,
So withered, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?

Still no answer.

Live you, or are you aught
That man may question?

They signify in dumb show that they may not answer. Each lays her "choppy finger upon her skinny lips." But now, mark when Macbeth speaks :

Speak, if you can ;—what are you ?

Instantly they reply,

All hail, Macbeth !

It is the tamperer with temptation who has spoken, and he gets his answer. There is no question that Macbeth's secret thoughts, which he betrays in his guilty start, have already meditated treason when he meets the witches on the heath.

Or have you ever noticed another interesting indication ? The witches repeat the very words with which Macbeth opens the scene.

So fair and foul a day I have not seen,

are Macbeth's first words as he comes on the blasted heath. And now listen to the echo in the earliest chant of the witches :

Fair is foul, and foul is fair,

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Could there be a more significant suggestion* that what Macbeth is meeting is but his own wicked thoughts, his own half-understood purposes of grasping ambition and cruel murder ? But if so, what is the high light that we thus get on Shakespeare's conception of destiny ? What destiny was to the earlier dramatist, Sophocles or Aeschylus, we know—an external, arbitrary force, against

* The remark is made by Professor Dowden.

which the individual struggles in vain. But what was it to Shakespeare? Destiny is not external, but internal, carried within a man or woman's soul or conscience. The witches but voiced the thoughts of Macbeth himself. Destiny is character.

Naturally, therefore, if destiny is character, each man and each woman will regard the dominion of fate in accordance with his or her strength or weakness. Listen to the strong, direct, practical intelligence of Helena in 'All's well that End's well':

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.

Listen to Romeo when he had become indeed a man:

Then I defy you stars!

Listen to Cassius, who more than anyone else understood the proper means to the desired end:

Men are at some time masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
But in ourselves that we are underlings.

The fact is that few students of philosophy or scientific thinkers can persuade themselves that man's will is free; but every practical man at every moment of the day, or whenever he is initiating action, can never believe that his will is otherwise than free. Hamlet, the metaphysician, is a gentle fatalist.

"There's a divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

"If it be now, it is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now. If it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all."

So, too, in 'King Lear' we have a series of deliverances on this question, the deliverance in each case being true to the different characters. The good, stupid, honest Kent says bluntly,

"It is the stars, the stars above us,
'That govern our conditions,"

and Gloucester, in the first agony of his suffering, seems to chide heaven, as though it were malicious.

"As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport."

He knew better later on, and attains the higher level, which believes that the world is governed by justice, and that if we suffer we have earned our sufferings.

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us."

There is no such thing as a blind, unreasoning destiny which comes upon us from the outside and overbears our wills. We carry our own doom or happiness within ourselves. We must not, as King Lear wanted to do, take upon us the mystery of things as if we were "God's spies," but within the range of human activity which is open to us, we know that as adventures are to the adventurous, so are success and failure already implicit in our deserts. What is it that Maeterlinck says in his noble book, 'Wisdom and Destiny'? His words are almost an echo of Marcus Aurelius' meditations.

“Let us always remember that nothing befalls us that is not of the nature of ourselves Whether you climb up the mountain, or go down the hill to the valley, whether you journey to the end of the world, or merely walk round your house, none but yourself shall you meet on the highway of fate. If Judas go forth to-night, it is towards Judas his steps will tend.”

But what, you will naturally ask, about ‘King Lear’? Surely it is a little difficult to fit this stupendous drama into a philosophical theory that the only real fate is man’s character. I acknowledge that ‘King Lear’ brings certain difficulties with it, although its total outcome is so little discordant with the views that I have put before you that it ultimately confirms them. We sometimes forget that in dealing with Shakespeare we are dealing not with a philosopher, but with an artist. For instance, a philosophical theory of the universe will have to take into account a number of things which do not properly come within the scheme of an artist’s work. Shakespeare the artist generally tells you on which side you are to turn your sympathies. He will make you sympathise with Hamlet, although nothing is clearer than the fact that a king of this sensitive character, a ruler who is so introspective, so little inclined to the direct and prompt activity which administration involves, might conceivably do a great deal of harm in the State over which he rules. But in the play we sympathise with Hamlet. We are sorry when he dies. We are glad that before he dies he at least puts the malevolent Claudius out

of the way. The real saviour of society is, of course, Fortinbras, who comes in with his banners flying, the pre-destined king for Denmark, because he is not going to encumber himself with too much thinking, but heal the wounds of society by direct and practical methods. Or again, take the case of Macbeth. Macbeth is such an imaginative poet, so interesting to us, that we are in real danger of forgetting that he was a blood-stained tyrant. It becomes necessary to load his memory with stupid and pointless murders of Macduff's family, for fear that our interest should carry us too far with the man who, imaginative poet though he might be, was still a villain. Besides considerations of this sort, there are many other elements—bad people who prosper, good people who suffer, comedies which include deaths, tragedies which involve the mockery of wholesale disaster, which might properly come into a philosophical view of the universe, but which an artist, desiring to fix our attention on the main points of a story, would either soften or omit.

'King Lear' is not altogether a stage play, and for once Shakespeare is not so much an impersonal artist as an acutely suffering individual. Few people, I imagine, who have ever seen 'King Lear' on the stage can honestly say that they feel otherwise than crushed and over-burdened with the dreary tragedy of events, when the final curtain falls. Nor do I suppose there is any doubt that when Shakespeare wrote this play he was at the lowest depths of a personal revolt against the hard, adamant laws of destiny. Things may have gone wrong with him, for aught we know. Schemes of hope and

of ambition may have been frustrated; his own heart may have been lacerated with a thousand wounds. We do not know, and it is an exceedingly rash speculation to argue from what a man writes to what he personally is. But at least we have this play of 'King Lear' before us, in which, more strongly than in any other work, all the riddle of this painful earth comes visibly before our eyes. If I might venture to summarise the general effect, I would describe it as an immense panorama of stupid wastefulness in human products. A doting monarch, by no means always on the side of the angels, but still a man in whom the elements of good were stronger than the elements of evil, betrays a dense obstinacy, a foolish pride, a senile desire to get as much flattery round his declining years as he can. And simply through these weaknesses, which are pardonable, one would think, from any human standpoint, he involves everyone round him in inextricable ruin. Not only so. The evil men and women flourish exceedingly, although they do not do so permanently, and the good people, merely from the fact that they are related to, or that accident has brought them into conjunction with, the maleficent figures, at once go down in a sort of universal smash. The mere fact that a man or a woman is good seems sufficient reason in this extraordinary play for his endurance of countless ills. The final blow of all is that the pure character of Cordelia is offered as a sacrifice to the jealous gods. It was just an accident that her life was not spared, an accidental delay in the giving of a message. What more bitter insult could any dramatist offer to our human sense of

justice, to our human indignation at the hopeless waste of a good life? Of course, as you are aware, several ingenious dramatists of the age which succeeded that of Shakespeare altered this terrible conclusion, and made Cordelia live. So strong is the feeling that besets our minds that here at least our poet is unjust to his own theories, is too bitter, too hopeless as to the just governance of this world.

All these things are true, and if we were to attempt to construct a theory based on 'King Lear' alone, we should have, I think, to recognise that the world was governed, if not by chance, at least by some arbitrary despotic power, which did not care, I will not say, for the worth of human lives, for that is a small matter, but for the worth of human goodness. And yet can you explain to me how it comes to pass that when the five acts have been read, and the last page turned, depression is not the result, but a certain sense of elevation, as though a human spirit had once more incontestably proved its right to exist and to thrive? I may, perhaps, exaggerate this feeling; I may, perhaps, wrongly assume that this is an effect which the majority of readers are aware of. But at least every one of us can see one point. Say what you like about the hopeless ruin, and yet there is one thing which is not ruined, but confirmed. May I put it in this fashion: that the total lesson of 'King Lear' is that it does not matter the toss of a farthing what happens to us in this life, but that it matters immensely what we are? Even Cordelia, dead in her father's arms, proclaims the nobility of an innocent soul. Observe how keenly the contrast is put before our eyes between external

conditions and internal worth. The people who are rich and prosperous are not only evil, but miserable in their evilness. The good people, blind and helpless and maimed though they may be, are not only good, but in some marvellous way obtain a sombre kind of real happiness in their goodness. Which would you rather be?—for this is a test. Would you be Goneril, or Regan, or Cordelia? Would you be Edmund or Edgar? Why, the warm, comfortable rooms where the guilty live are, when we look at them, an absolute hell. The wind-swept heath, although the lightnings are playing round it, and the rain is descending in torrents, and inside the small shelter there is nothing but indigence and rags—why surely this is Heaven. And so, by a circuitous path, but yet none the less certainly, we come back to the principle which underlies the whole of Shakespeare's tragic theory. Destiny is character, which now we learn in a new shape. The essence of life is character; something internal, never something external. The value of the human soul emerges once more, whatever the conditions of this universe in which it is forced to live. Evil triumphs, bad men succeed, good suffers, the virtuous die. Let us even suppose that the world is ruled by blind Chance, or some arbitrary demonic power, which can blast and waste the fortunes and the lives of men. But it does not touch their souls. "I am the captain of my soul," as Henley wrote, emerges at once as the philosophical and the artistic principle of the universe. Even if we have to reform our theory, it comes to very much the same thing. We may not be able to assert in a hard, definite fashion

that destiny is character, but we can say that destiny is powerless against character, and that the victory rests, not with an external fate, but with an internal soul. It does not matter where or how I live, or what fortunes or misfortunes I suffer. It matters supremely, immensely, immeasurably what I am.



BYRON AND CARLYLE.

BY LAURIE MAGNUS, M.A., F.R.S.L.

[Read January 27th, 1909.]

I PROPOSE, with your consent, to consider in my lecture this afternoon certain points of likeness between two writers who seem at the outset to be almost utterly diverse, Lord Byron and Thomas Carlyle. I think, in this centenary year, and entering as we are upon a period very rich in literary centenaries, we, who by our membership of this Society are assumed to be fairly familiar with the works which adorn our literature, may appropriately devote ourselves to the task of synthetic, rather than of analytic, criticism.

The more remote the period of literature which we happen to be criticizing, the more commonly it will be found to present, in exterior appearance, a harmony and a singleness of aspect under which it can be regarded. Thus we speak—and we mean something when we speak—of the Hebrew or of the Greek note in literature; and, even in dealing with special periods of the literature of one country, we can speak—and we mean something when we speak—of the Elizabethan age in England, of the Renaissance, the Puritan reaction, the Age of Reason, and the Romantic revival. There, commonly, pliability stops. The nearer we get to our own times,

the more we tend to confuse criticism by rehearsing differences which disappear in the perspective of time, instead of likenesses which unite.

The literature of the nineteenth century presents to criticism a confused picture of this kind. It is only just now that we are beginning to appreciate the somewhat subtle threads which connect Keats and Tennyson and Rossetti under the common aspect of a search for beauty, and which unite William Morris, John Ruskin, and Algernon Chas. Swinburne on the one hand, Coventry Patmore and Walter Pater on the other, as men who came under Rossetti's influence, and who continued his search for beauty with individual variations of their own. Still less generally accepted is the view of the whole of that middle period of Victorian letters under the single aspect of the search for beauty—Rossetti seeking it absolutely, in company with the early Millais, with Mr. Holman Hunt, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones; Ruskin and Morris seeking it secondarily, as a condition of utility and practice, Ruskin translating it into economics, and Morris into crafts; Matthew Arnold seeking it as a sanction of morality with reference to the conduct of democracy; Mr. Swinburne breaking away from the Pre-Raphaelites into a passionate cry for spiritual freedom; Pater, Patmore, and Louis Stevenson cultivating beauty in style, and a certain sensuous enjoyment of the fleeting moments of pleasure; the novelists—Dickens especially, with Lytton before him and Sir Walter Besant after him—seeking to extend the privilege to the homes and lives of the poor; with the transcendental writers, Meredith and Browning,

and, less courageously, Lord Tennyson, adapting—Meredith most thoroughly, Robert Browning most dramatically, and Tennyson most popularly—the new philosophy of life, incorporating the Darwinian speculation, to the old forms of poetic interpretation.

All this is a matter for history. The historian of English literature in the nineteenth century may be trusted, when he comes, to render under one aspect its many-rayed facets of brilliancy.

To-day I propose to deal with two writers only, both of whom were born within a few years of the beginning of the century, and one of whom survived till within twenty years of its close. The external differences are obvious. Fate herself conspired to accentuate them. Byron was born in 1788, and died in 1824; Carlyle, who was seven years his junior, lived till 1881. Thus, though they were born in the same epoch, the one died when George IV was on the throne, and the other survived till within six years of Queen Victoria's first Jubilee. Two generations lie between them. The Reform Acts and the Factory Acts and the Education Acts lie between them. 'The Origin of Species' lies between them, with all the revolution that it wrought in the construction of scientific principles and in the reconstruction of principles of faith. The consolidation of India lies between them, and the whole of the fairly recent movement which is now described as Imperialism. Or take this decree of fate from another point of view in order to realize it more clearly. If Byron had lived till 1881—the year of Carlyle's death—he would not have been more than ninety-three years of age, the age at which Samuel

Rogers died. If he had lived till 1866—the year when Mrs. Carlyle died, and when her husband's zest of living departed—he would have been only seventy-eight, three years younger than Tennyson when he wrote 'Crossing the Bar,' and five years younger than Gladstone when he became Prime Minister for the fourth time.

The accidents of fate are final, but synthetic criticism may appeal from the accident of 1824, when the minute-guns at Missolonghi proclaimed the death of a Greek hero who was also an English poet. We may appeal from fate's harsh decree to the possibilities which it estopped. We may appeal, in Byron's own words, used in a different context, "from tyranny to God." Thus, too much stress must not be laid on the fact that many of us remember Carlyle and that none of us can remember Byron; and negligible too, in the perspective of time, is the difference in the rank of the two writers. It is negligible not because it mattered less a hundred years ago, but because it mattered so much as to produce the same result at both extremes. Byron was the grandson of a peer, and inherited the title as a schoolboy; Carlyle was the son of a peasant, and he remained a peasant all his life. But this class distinction which divided them was itself, more carefully considered, a source of equal strength. Byron was so much above, and Carlyle was so much below, the comfortable plane of compromise and convention, that each could afford to neglect the social proprieties of respectable thought. The moral and intellectual gain in each instance is immense, and it is not wholly to be measured by the freshness

and fearlessness which are obvious. Carlyle, the stonemason's son—like Burns, his fellow-countryman—pierced the hypocrisies and follies of society and politics with the peasant's shrewd independence; Byron, by virtue of his rank and of his fiery pride in it, indulged a contempt for the shibboleths to which he would not subscribe.

Let me illustrate what I am saying by an example drawn from either author. We all remember the opening of the first lecture on 'Heroes,' which deals with the Hero as Divinity. "Universal history," Carlyle tells us, "the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here." He reminds us that we cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him, and he calls the great man the "living Light-Fountain" which it is good and pleasant to be near. And then he goes on to his famous definition of religion; that a man's religion—or a nation's religion—is the chief fact with regard to the man or the nation. He does not mean by religion the Church-creed which he professes or the articles of faith to which he will subscribe; "his true religion—or it may be his mere scepticism and no-religion—is the thing a man does practically believe, and the manner in which he feels himself to be spiritually related to the Unseen World."

Let us turn at this point to the Fourth Canto of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage':

"I speak not of men's creeds—they rest between
Man and his Maker—but of things allowed,
Averr'd and known, and daily, hourly, seen."

And from that point to the end of the poem Byron displays the belief, first in the power of the great man to dictate or to moderate history, and secondly in the permanence of essential faith as a factor in human affairs, stronger than the creeds which men profess. By what a man believes Byron judges him, for his acts justify his faith.

I think the more deeply we read the works of Byron and Carlyle the more clearly we shall see that they were joined by a common ethical purpose, which their contrasting temperaments disguised. Carlyle was a Byron moralized and not bred to the fleshpots of Egypt, or Byron was a sensuous Carlyle. 'Sartor Resartus' and the 'Heroes' were Carlyle's 'Childe Harold'; his dramas were 'Cromwell' and the 'French Revolution.' These two contemporary writers of unequal birth and fate, and unequal length of years, display a true likeness beneath their differences. They both hated shams and pretence; they both believed in the strong man and in the sovereignty of thought:

"Tis a base
Abandonment of reason to resign
Our right of thought, our last and only place
Of refuge. This at least shall still be mine.
Though, from our birth the faculty divine
Is chain'd and tortur'd, cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd,
And bred in darkness lest the truth should shine
Too brightly on the unprepared mind,
The beam pours in; for time and skill will couch the
blind."

And Carlyle's similar utterances as to the thaumaturgic virtue of thought are too familiar to require

quotation. Both these writers read history in biography; both inveighed against custom and opinion; both are unconventional moralists and masters of the art of rhetoric.

Parallel passages are never so satisfactory as parallelisms of circumstance and temperament, but I may be permitted, perhaps, one more brace of quotations. We remember—it is unforgettable—that fine passage in ‘Sartor Resartus’ where Carlyle admits us to glimpses of the struggle between his soul, capacious of religion, and his mind rejecting its formulæ.

“The hungry young looked up to their spiritual nurses and for food were bidden eat the east wind. In the silent night watches, still darker in his heart than over sky and earth, he has cast himself before the All-Seeing, and with audible prayers cried vehemently for Light—for deliverance from Death and the grave. Not till after long years and unspeakable agonies did the believing heart surrender—sink into spellbound sleep under the nightmare Unbelief—and in this hag-ridden dream mistake God’s fair living world for a pallid vacant Hades and extinct Pandemonium. But through such purgatory pain it is appointed us to pass. First must the dead letter of religion own itself dead and drop piece-meal into dust if the living spirit of religion, freed from this its charnel-house, is to arise on us, newborn of Heaven, and with new healing under its wings.”

Compare, with this passionate utterance, a not dissimilar passage from Byron :

“Oh, Love, no habitant of earth thou art—
 An unseen seraph we believe in thee,—
 A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart—
 But never yet hath seen, nor ever yet shall see
 The naked eye, thy form, as it should be.

The mind hath made thee as it peopled Heaven,
Even with its own desiring phantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given
As haunts the unquenched soul—parch'd—weari'd—
wring—and riven.

“Of its own beauty is the mind diseas'd
And fevers into false creation :—where,
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized ?
In him alone. Can Nature show so fair ?
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom
again ?”

Surely in these extracts, allowing for the differences of temperament and upbringing, and for the fact that Byron was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and that Carlyle trudged from his native village to the meagre fare of Edinburgh University, we perceive a similar passionate desire for the realities of truth and beauty, though Carlyle sought them on the moral, and Byron on the æsthetic side. It was more than the artist's yearning to shake off the shackles of the finite. It was more than an escape from experience to metaphysics. Byron and Carlyle were both oppressed by the same sense of impotence in action. Remember, a year or two later, how comfortable Macaulay found himself in the world into which he was born. His first article in 'The Edinburgh Review' appeared in 1825, the year after Byron's death, when Carlyle was seeking among the Germans for a satisfactory language for

his needs. Macaulay's party view of life was forbidden to Byron and Carlyle, for both—from the conditions of their birth—were outside of the class which accepted it. Both sought a deeper reconciliation, a higher mode of independence, a more complete and universal self-expression. The right of freedom in thought, of freedom limited, if at all, only by the conscience of enlightened leaders of the community, was, at bottom, the object of their search, in the transition of the age from aristocracy to democracy, with the accompanying changes in industrial conditions, and in scientific speculation reacting on the dogmas of theology.

Byron, I have said, sought an æsthetic and Carlyle a moral way out. But even so we should not be too definite in our conclusions. Byron, too, in a sense—a very charitable sense it may be, and haply to the detriment of right action—was likewise pre-occupied with righteousness. Lord Morley, writing in 1870, when Carlyle was still alive, declared that Carlyle's doctrine had effectually routed Byronism, and so far the judgment coincides with the conclusion in 'Sartor Resartus':

"Close thy Byron; open thy Goethe."

But the fact is, Byronism was routed, not so much by Carlyle or another, as by the death of Lord Byron himself. Add to Byronism the fulfilled renown which Carlyle lived to inherit, and Lord Morley's notes of contrast are touched to a deeper and more vital sympathy. "Carlylism," he tells us, "is the male of Byronism," and for a true understanding of either it is, I think, necessary to sym-

pathize with both. Lord Morley notes that there is in these writers "the same complaint against the time, its men and its spirit: something even of the same contemptuous despair, the same sense of the puniness of man in the centre of a cruel and frowning Universe." But he adds that there is in Carlyle "a deliverance from it all," and that his despair is "a despair without misery." This is true, and it is fully justified, but it is not, I think, a complete statement of the case, which should include the fact that the deliverance by Byronism was interrupted while Byron himself was still seeking it. No review of the nineteenth century can, I venture to think, be complete without suffering the imagination to dwell on the course which that literature might have taken if Byron had been restored from Greece. The attitude of Carlyle towards the men of 1830 is clearly defined and easy to understand. It resembles, as far as any analogy may be suggested, the attitude of Milton two hundred years before towards the Cavalier poets. They, too, when the challenge to duty came, and the engine stood ready at the door, were discovered in a shallow dream, at ease in the Zion which they loved. The choir of irresponsible divines, with Robert Herrick at their head, did not listen to the trumpet. Milton had been summoned, in his 'Lycidas' of 1637, to a purgation of the Church, as Carlyle was summoned in his 'Sartor' of 1833, to the cause of social reform. But the noise of battle went by them; they were sporting with *Amaryllis* in the shade.

A like indolence and self-indulgence marked the work of Carlyle's contemporaries. They possessed

rare faculties and gifts—Herrick, too, had the charm of his kind—but their direction was remote from the highway. They strayed into by-paths and blind alleys. They made shift with a semblance of the night, of which Carlyle—and the Byron who would have been—clutched at the substance. They took shelter in corners of the field. They tended their delicate plants, and the great winds of power passed over them. Their “Neera” wore different shapes. For one, the tangles of her hair were the threads of a superfine style with which he played till they broke. For another, her murky shade was a lure for fanciful ghosts which drove the light from his mind. For a third, the echo of her laughter was louder than the music which it mocked. The radiance of Shelley and Keats was refracted in prismatic hues. The streaming confidence of Wordsworth was turned back to the emotions from which it sprang. Day was breaking unacclaimed, save by the prophecies of Carlyle. None other waited for the morning, to bring glad tidings from the East. The poets who should have gone to meet it lay dead in Italy and Greece, and the lesser voices of the twilight proved unequal to the call. The sessions of thought were invaded by the trivial, the vernacular, and the bizarre. Weeping was better than sorrow, laughter better than joy; it was better to die than to live.

From all this Carlyle delivered them, as Lord Morley affirms, and as the eagle flight of Milton had delivered his own generation two centuries before. But in all this surely we miss Byron even more than Shelley or Keats. The Pre-Raphaelite sympathies

of Keats—it is from a phrase in one of his letters that the name of the famous brotherhood was taken—were picked up by Tennyson in his early poems, and a few years later by Rossetti and his circle. The work of Keats, therefore, was so far complete that it found its proper continuation. And Shelley's inheritance is contained in the splendid wealth of lyrical poetry bequeathed to us since he died. We can hardly grudge him, at this date, his peace in a green island in the sea. But the broken column of Byron still appeals to our sense of what might have been. The old view of him as a voluptuary, and a dandy, and a sensualist and a fop—a man of mysterious wickedness and unfathomable conceit—is gradually being displaced by the more correct view of him as a man who was first spoiled by fortune, and was then impatient of the spoliation, and who did not live long enough to rebuild, on the basis of his own free self-expression, the successive structures which he reared and demolished on the bases of his friends' flattery and of his own mistakes.

If Byron had lived during the transit of English society and thought through the crucial year of 1832 (the year when Scott died and when the Reform Act was born) it is probable that he would have effected in poetry what Carlyle effected in prose—the deliverance of the soul of man from worn-out conventions and formulae. He had many gifts which Carlyle lacked. One of these was a persuasive, even an invasive style. I am not among those who speak of Carlyle's style as something fantastic and apart, and what is called unintelligible. This is one of the errors of the analytic method.

Over-mannered his style certainly is, but even so deductions must be made. No small part of the mannerisms is contributed by printers' devices of capital letters and italicized types. Further, he did valuable work in following the lead of S. T. Coleridge and De Quincey to German methods and models; thus giving English style a solid background which has been useful in moderating the not less valuable attack of French models in more recent years. Then, too, Carlyle made free use of certain figures of speech which, when we meet them in Greek poets, we greet as ornaments of style—*epanalepsis*, *ellipsis*, *aposiopesis*, *soraismus*, and so forth. The presence of these figures is unfamiliar, or is, at least, disguised in the prose of most English writers. But they do not make him unintelligible save only to the unintelligent. He “wants” reading in the current phase. He wrote for the mind rather than the eye. But once the surprise is overcome of finding in English prose a poet-theologian of uncompromising honesty, grand simplicity and unaffected tenderness, to whom truth and its anomalies presented themselves dramatically—who, like the prophets of old, sought strange images to expel his readers' torpor, and who laboured in a pregnant obscurity such as lay upon the Universe before the light—we shall find Carlyle sweet and pure enough, and shall say of him—as Robert Browning said of Aeschylus—that his eagle bark has somehow spoiled our taste for twitterings.

But this strength, and purpose, and originality are likewise characteristic of Byron. He, too, sought to shock the Philistines, and to arouse them from

their idle sleep. He, too, though always on the æsthetic side, sought to administer tonics to the senses of the smug British middle-class. He might choose a bull-fight at Cadiz, held, of all days, on a Sunday, to mock the rigid self-righteousness of dull Sabbatarians in London. He was not necessarily right in preferring the desecration to the observance, but, I think, he was certainly right, as he was obviously in agreement with Carlyle, in wishing to enlarge the horizon of his stay-at-home fellow-countrymen, and to show them that, not many miles away, right is wrong, and wrong is right, so that dogma is a matter of relativity, and morality is a matter of will. Carlyle travelled in the realms of thought, and applied to his discoveries an independent habit of mind. Byron travelled in the physical universe, applying similar powers. Both expressed themselves vigorously to much the same result. Moreover, both invented a *mise-en-scène* appropriate to the ideas to be conveyed. Byron peopled a mysterious South and East, deluding his untravelled readers with impossible heroes in unconventional surroundings. The whole atmosphere of 'Sartor Resartus' is similarly abstracted from common experience. But, on the whole, Byron went South and Carlyle went North for his properties. Still, I think that if Byron had lived into the same middle period of the nineteenth century, as his age entitled him to do, he would have been found at one with Carlyle in this protest against the twitterings—against the twilight timidity—of the writers who are interposed between the first and second periods of the "renascence of wonder."

The fifteen years—the half generation—between 1825 and 1840 must always strike the student of English letters as one of the most remarkable epochs in its history. The young men were just beginning to speak. ‘Poems by Two Brothers’ had appeared; ‘Pauline’ had appeared; Darley was dipping into the Elizabethans, and Beddoes was playing at philosophy. Lytton, in the prefaces to his novels, was proving that social reform was the key to literary success, and the greater voices had not yet been raised. Meredith, Rossetti, Swinburne, the true Browning, the true Tennyson, William Morris, Ruskin, Arnold, these are all Victorian writers subsequent to that period of timid speech. The only great writer who accompanied the transition with a constructive philosophy of life, and without parleyings with Whig politicians, was Carlyle, the stonemason’s son. Wordsworth was an old man in those days, and had almost ceased to see visions. Scott was dead. Coleridge was dying, and the rest were *functi officio*.

It is, perhaps, in this aspect finally that the likeness becomes clear between Byron and Carlyle. It may be an unsatisfactory conclusion to assert that the likeness must be sought in the work which Byron would have achieved between 1825 and 1840—in the fifteen years after his death,—but I think that no reviewer of those years whose ear is sympathetically attuned to the interpretation of the age by its prophets and its poets, can fail to read in the poems which Byron wrote the far greater poems which he should have lived to write. If Carlylism, to go back to Lord Morley, is ‘the male of

Byronism," Byron's admirers, faithful to his memory, may at least cherish the belief that the male Byron was germinant in the species which bears his name.

MR. E. H. COLERIDGE said—We have had the pleasure and the privilege of listening to a brilliant and instructive lecture. To do justice to the questions which the lecturer raises would demand another lecture by way of comment and reply. We have been the guests at a feast of good things—well refined. I will only attempt to analyse a few of the crumbs.

Byron and Carlyle were typical exponents of the Time-spirit, raised up or inspired to awaken the age and to turn men from shams and dreams and vain shows to the realities of life and truth. Their fan was in their hand, and they would thoroughly purge the confused heaps of chaff and husks, the superfluous layers of conventionalities and inanities and hypocrisies. In their own day and for long afterwards they appeared to be foes or rivals, but, now that the dust has begun to clear, we can see that they were fellow winnowers, and that we possess or inherit the grain. I may have marred, but I do not think that I have exaggerated or misstated the lecturer's contention. I think that he makes his point, but I would put in a caveat against the practice of marshalling great thinkers and writers into groups and periods, and labelling the group or period by some generic term. The time-spirit does, indeed, transmit the mantle of some older Elijah to the shoulders of some younger Elisha, but his powers are limited. There can be no doubt that Carlyle had been greatly moved and stirred by the influence of Byron before he took to slaying chimaeras on his own account. He was too considerable a man to be overtaken by Byron, but he had listened to him, and it is pleasant to note how anxious he is to do him justice—that he perceived that there was a real and genuine Byron underneath the "theatrical and easily criticised personage" who shocked the suburbs, but played to a crowded European audience.

In contrasting Carlyle's origin and early surroundings with Byron's, the lecturer observes that both men were equally removed from the mediocrity of the middle classes. They were the "better able to do battle with the social

proprieties of respectable thought." I think that in Byron's case this needs qualification. He spent his childhood in narrow if not squalid surroundings, and he formed his first impressions of men and manners from the standpoint of small provincial gentility. Both men missed the advantages of Macaulay's birth and breeding (see p. 242), and both in their estimate of character and in their social attitude and behaviour were betrayed into littleness and commonness. Can this be said of Shelley or Browning, or Coventry Patmore, or of Wordsworth, even after, in the lecturer's pregnant phrase, "his streaming confidence was turned back to the emotions from which it sprung?" I do not say that the peasant birth of one, and the noble birth of the other, were not potent factors in their life and careers, but there was loss as well as gain—even in their capacity for shattering idols.

The lecturer comments finely on the tragedy of Byron's early death, and the injustice of reckoning his premature manhood by the measure of maturity, which has had its chance of reconsideration and amendment. If Byron had been *spared* as people say, he would no doubt have ranged himself, come to heel, lived down his mysteries and scandals, and died in the odour of eminence, if not of sanctity. But whether, if he had accomplished the liberation of Greece, he would have joined in the liberation of England, or, —what say you?—of Ireland, is highly problematical.

It was all to his honour that he stood for freedom against oppression, and that in a day of trembling and dismay he spoke loud enough to be heard. His political energies sprang from a *generous* instinct, a lofty contempt for littleness in high places, a proud determination to see fair play. But his revolt was rather against persons than principles. He was on the side of the people against kings, but he cared no more for the people for their own sake than Wellington, or Metternich, or Castlereagh—ininitely less than the so-called renegades, Wordsworth and Southey. For better or worse, he was neither democrat nor radical nor humanitarian. There are some lines which the author of 'Paradise Regained' puts into the lips of his Divine Protagonist:

And what the people but a herd confused,
A miscellaneous rabble who extol
Things vulgar and well-weighed, scarce worth the praise?

I do not think that either Byron or Carlyle would have taken these lines amiss, or wished that they had been

written by another pen than that of John Milton—whose “commendation is glory,” to quote a great saying of Sir James Mackintosh—not, I think, retrieved in this ingathering of Miltonic tributes.

Of Carlyle, apart from his theories of government with which some would agree, and apart from his querulons and ill-bred and even unintelligent comments on public and private persons (I am not thinking or speaking of anything contained in the books published by himself) which no one would defend, we can but say—“Honour! Honour! Eternal Honour to his name!” He stands in the forefront as prose-poet, as historian, as critic, and the greatest moral teacher of his century.

Of Byron as a man it may be said, *Summum jus, MINIMA injuria*. On the whole he suffers from apology, and we must take him as we find him, and as he meant himself to be taken. But in spite of his European reputation which remains, here in England he has never fully entered into his inheritance, either as man of letters or thinker, or great constructive artist, or even as a poet of the first rank. If the Philistines can be induced to think that he fought in the same ranks with Thomas Carlyle they will be the better inclined to pay him his honour due.



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